1985

The Hare

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Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0743-2747.1155
Even for the most zealous hunter it is too cold.
The fox is an incurable aficionado of meadow mice
and the game of that hunt, the clean-broken neck. Lucky the hare!
the snowshoe hare at rest with the beat of its heart.

The hare rests with the beat of its heart and the sweet taste of sap on its teeth,
and the hare understands it’s a hare in its tight ring of heat that turns snow into ice.
With brown-trimmed ears and brown eyes

the hare finds itself in the deep-drifts of evening, in the perfect warmth of its form,
and the hare’s brain is not much bigger than one of the berries, one red hawthorn berry in the sharp-frozen wind.
Lucky the hare whose track
is inscrutable, who steeps
in the buoyant bowl
of digestion, who hears
the white owl
and disappears, whose business
is to eat to survive
to repeat the rhythm
which echoes and circles its brain.

Lucky the hare whose bones
burn nearer and nearer
the hare-shaped ossuary
in the snow, the hare
that passes only for itself
while the earth
whirling in the ears of the hare,
pipes and whistle and groans,
Lucky the hare!