

The Rabbit God in Its Repose

~Beth Cavener, "L'Amante"

I am, as they say, the One Who Fucks.
All the blessed bunnies flow from me.
I take my portion of every flower
And berry bush you plant. The tip
Of each carrot nibbled off in my name.

I am not easily dandelioned,
I shield my children from the Red-Horned Hawk,
Who would drag them to its nest in the sky.
There is a burrow that will never flood,
The bluegrass throne, the seat of my kingdom.

I, the Rabbit God, have foregone
My shredded cedar bed, embracing stone,
As is my destiny as a god,
And etched the stories of my kind
From my twitching nose to my fluffy tail.

I have assumed this shape,
Made into image, perhaps
Unchanging. I am still the milk
And the honey, still the dodge
And the leap, my ears full
Of whispers from over the hill.
This is the work, this the contradiction:
Look at me look so alive.
Even as stone I know you long
To touch me, and I dare you.

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