

Wilderness House Literary Review 14/2

Van Anderson

Rabbits

A labyrinth of rabbit prints criss-cross
the snow. They were not here an afternoon
ago, the yard a blank white page. The darkness
brought them out for unseen sex or food
or frolic in the cold, who knows?

When we first wintered in this house two-dozen
years ago, each snowfall was untouched,
except perhaps by carvings of the wind.

But suddenly, as if by magic, a ball
of tawny fur appeared one summer day
to sniff and munch the clover down, stock-still
except a twitch of nose, a dart of eye
up towards the sky, a tilt of ear betrayed
the faith in seeming safety of this yard.