

Floating Rabbits

Tom Brinck

10/7/97

in a clump among the horsetails
you'd think they were dead,
 floating like rags,
till a head pops out of the water,
 the nose twitches...

Brian threw one at me
 like a soaking nerf ball,
but he missed.

I told him it's in bad taste,
 like painting with chicken fat.

they bump and tangle with the currents
 and nibble on lily pads
 and compete with geese for bread crumbs in the parks.

they have no home or hostages.
they see thru your best intentions with radiation eyes.

effortlessly, they drift to sea.