White Rabbit

The white rabbit is docile as can be.

Benignant to nature even in its darkest hour against the wild fox and keen eagles in the sky.

They shoot down as shards of hail to catch the rabbit from its tower of terror. “Oh rabbit, rabbit, so sweet and soft, so nice and smart, so lean and agile.” but they are wrong. As the sun dies, and the moon’s army of stars prepares their journey to the sky, the rabbits linger in the night, hidden in a veil of secrecy across the grass. Their fur matted and bruised, cut and uneven. Deadly eyes the color of blood waiting in the dead of night to strike the grass again. They pound their feet against the ground not to alert the other rabbits of danger, but to blurt their war cries. “Rabbit so docile. So sweet.” But that is wrong.