

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.