

The Gift



We saw it on the side of the road,
its back legs splayed
like scissors that have come unhinged:
a rabbit dragging its ruined parts,
insisting on the sweet grass beyond the curb.
We knew it was dying, Susan and I.
We said *We should leave it,*
as we stopped down the road
and asked for a box
and came back with the brown, corrugated thing:
an offering of safety
or help in forgetting the green field.
After we had brought it to the fire station
where the fireman offered to beat it with a shovel,
we watched its breath become heavy and slow
until the eye went out and we were gone.
Then driving down the road,
at a restaurant, or waving through the street
in the summer wash of tourists, Susan would say
Dead bunny
and we'd laugh and laugh:
our secret code for our brokenness,