moonsong of sister rabbit

my mother moon
conducts the sea
directs daredevil bats
and crabs which hustle over bare, bright sand.
she brings me here.
soon the indifferent beach
will print the footsteps of the dangerous
and i'll be gone:
solitude for free creatures has a different song.
i used to sample hutches
and the best of leaves
endure the killer charm of dogs and children.
my race of rabbits
no matter what the personal shade of fur or soul
is either tamed or wild.
we fluffy does
albinos with pink eyes
are bred for softness.
claustrophobes like me
shamed and appalled by cages
simply flee.

mad as the march one
cunning as old brer
i search our myths for rabbits to admire
practise karate leaps
(and seeming scared):
my biggest predator is
history.
the horse and the bull

you dreamed
my patriarch
of the blunt bull, nose lowered;
of the resentful horse, eye red and restless
tremendous noises clamoured you awake.

i dreamed.
it was a weekend when i tried to be your girl
(instead of my own woman)
we flew north in a small boat
past the great maori hut which marks new york
you had been wrong, your mother was not dead
but stumbled out of sleep to welcome us
robed in forgetmenots.

you dreamed again
master, lord of your lovely manor house
of fire.
i sat, a fury with a smile,
stuffing the flames inside your very pillow
your mother
composed like a dark statue in a church
chatted with shiny firemen in the drive.
no-one cried out but you.
i only wonder
that you turned to me for comforting.

armoured friend
it is not i who am wild as a crisis
ordered as a ruled page.
you charge this way and that
longing to be someone’s cuddly toy
in a warm lap you’ve lost.
but do you know that horses cannot kiss

with bridles on?

the dead
quiet of your rule
afflicts you
it baffles your wounded rages.