

White Rabbits Aubade

To be sung on the first morning of a Spring month.

I

The dove

moans in the morning

mourning talons

she can't have.

'I'm no owl, no owl.

But love me, love!

Do not release

your dog.

I'll do it too, I'll do it too:

watch over him

and you.'

II

A robin's beak meets

at breakfast time,

But he's not watching me,

and grooming

feeling the moment

His eyes, out of my sight, are

180 degrees sideways,

And in the garden

round the robin,

to catch minute

red bites on brown,

Faster than they fall,

my rabbit eye

staring and writing.

flickering

my imaginary ears,

stretching its back.

scanning

bird-wise.

drops all leaving

he has only time

reflections of himself:

against green light.

he's gone.

For once

in that white minute,

I don't paw the clock.