

DANEEN WARDROP

Hare, Saint

A hare crosses the path ahead.

As if the hare could fool him into forgetting rhythm,
it halts,
plays at rock

so the looker might retrain his eyes
to hare-tricked rocks

and never recall quick. Full invitation
to retrieval? Maybe, if the seeing were dropped,

if the moving were forward
and retrieval smelled like a still path.

The hare's face in side-view,

only the quiver of one eye
bright and black as running water—