

Spring 5-1-2006

## The Rabbit in the Hutch is Let Go

Steph Ziemann  
*College of DuPage*

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### Recommended Citation

Ziemann, Steph (2006) "The Rabbit in the Hutch is Let Go," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 26 : No. 2 , Article 47.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol26/iss2/47>

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# The Rabbit in the Hutch is Let Go

## Steph Ziemann

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There's this rabbit that's dead in my backyard.  
Except that it's in this hutch that looks like a house  
and its skin is hanging in on it just a little.

I called its name

Bunny

Bunny

and it wasn't napping and its dish was empty.

It refused me

and I was embarrassed but its tactlessness.

I come inside and tell my mother it's dead.

She gives me a stern look

so I go in my room and watch America's Next Top Model.

I read about breast health in Organic Style magazine.

I can scoop it up with a dustpan in the morning

before anyone else wakes up

and slide it off into a shoebox

and bury it by the toolshed.

I can take its dish inside

and put that in the sink

and something will have been done about death.

I'm not sure what.

We will put the hutch out

for the garbagemen to take

and i will catalog this memory

as a mysterious occurrence

I won't be arrested.

I just don't know what happened, I say.

I chew the corpse and its fur tickles my gums.

My teeth puncture the tarp over its bones.

Thin, icy blood spills off the back of my tongue

and poisons my full stomach with a dull, watery sting.

I toss my head violently and rattle the corpse

and it flops for several terrible moments like a sorry teddy bear.

I stay up late drinking ginger ale

because there is a dead rabbit living in the house by my window.

I am the boss and tomorrow he is fired for not doing his job.

I don't understand why I have to bury the lives I buy.

I'm so inconvenienced.