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Chasing Rabbits

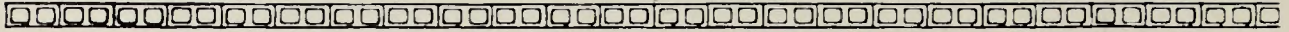
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CHASING RABBITS

Jennifer Bleuel

When we were small,
We'd chase rabbits in the garden.
Running through the fields,
The elusive white tails
Were always just out of our reach,
Though we wouldn't have known what to do
Had we caught one.

Even if our hopes were fairy tales,
I loved those days of chasing rabbits.
Under the fences
And through the brush,
We always escaped to the cool of the barn
Just before the rain.

But then one day,
I caught hold of a rabbit in the ivy.
It was soft and warm,
But it squealed when I hurt it.
I hurt it
Because it wasn't supposed to be like that.

Now the days and I are cold,
And I sit and remember.
And I try to decide
If the greater punishment lies in
Knowing that the chasing of rabbits is worthless
Or
Wanting to chase them
Still.