

Morning Is a Rabbit

I said that morning
is a perfect rabbit.
When you died,

I needed the soft
binge of like a like
comparison.

Your socks were –
are! – limp with
the furnace.

Death like a stallion?
Too purposed,
missionary.

Death like a sleeping
dog. Too literary,
too brown.

Death like a serpent?
I ask at the sky
so you'll know it.

*Too biblical, you
smirked from my
idea of where you are.*

*Forget the past
while death dangles
nameless on the blind beams*

*of THIS moment and
laughs while it eats
its morning rabbit.*

—Karina van Berkum

