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Zac, That's Not a Rabbit

Matthew Schnirman

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ZAC, THAT'S NOT A RABBIT

What do you think is alive in those woods?

But Zac hasn't thought a thing all day. A weight

transfers to the earth in unknown throes, in death-traps. Every single step is like falling and landing

in a clearing where we fall to our knees again
in a space of green fields. Wind winds through a border

of rivers, trees, and gullies. Animals keep hidden, conducting wild sex, their body heat charging through narrow passages.

I grow desperate in territories. *I'm happy if you're happy.*
I hide the self, rest it in a cave, and listen to the pendulum

of my heart knock against my ribcage. I can mask
a bitterness with another bitterness; classify a carcass

as another carcass; shit and barf, writhing
in worm-pain. *There are so many things that can go wrong.*

You only want to live once, so you should
know what it takes to survive:

a fire, first;
a fear of god.