HERE HARE HERE for Chris Torrance

the gates are open & all the paths are clear

autumnal

pelage

orbital

hinging between September/October stress forces a seam from the temporomandibular to the jumping muscle sub say say grey hares white rabbits

intimations of seizure lunacy lunalepsy the flickering of little hares

old moon rising, a blood filled cuticle

aerial pappae of bristly ox-tongue holding the fading light though the presence of darkness is proving the universe while infinite is neither eternal nor unchanging

don't come to me with your tall tales wide smile of intent, your hidden agenda

o spoony eared one

a fine tilth/tilt of the earth the fidget-foot, the foldsitter the gobyground, the mumbler of cabbages the windswift, the side-looker the stealaway, the frisker in hedges

mazing a

stubble grown long shadows grain too poor for flour mazed: hic a'ter hock hicker to hacker

this season

rendering down to feather & bone

"she ran her life away, her blood gone all to froth" (such a rare cruel hunt)

flattened stems of redshank; torn integument a form like the impress of a human knee

bulge of the eye so prominent from behind we could see through directly set so high jewel-cold through which the ordinary becomes luminous

the aqueous humor

discharging focus across the motor

random

sightings

diverting attention from individual error & carelessness of execution is it

malum omen

to be late on reaching your destination, to be *kissing the hare's foot*

yet the shape of your path was visible from the very beginning

when all is done they say a hare

is a hare is a hare

cortex