



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

the aqueous humor

discharging focus  
across the motor cortex

random

sightings

diverting attention from  
individual error &  
carelessness of execution

*malum omen*  
is it

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