

# Cottontail Morning

*by Gary Hardaway*

A murder of bunnies  
nibble the St. Augustine,  
especially the rain-plumped rhizomes,

in the shade cast by my building  
while the air is yet cool.  
They are sleek and beautiful

and seem utterly unafraid  
to occupy the interstitial spaces  
of this aging suburban city.

They eye me calmly and munch  
their Sunday morning breakfast,  
peaceful and oblivious.

