

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.

