

Picture Window

by Jake Barnes

Picture a picture window. You are inside your house looking out. You are seated at the dining room table paying bills. You look up. Your truck is parked at the curb outside. What is that you ask? Bunny ears? There is a bunny in the street below the curb by the side of your truck.

A head appears. A wiggly nose. A white and tan rabbit. Not a wild rabbit, a domestic rabbit. You call your wife. "Do you see what I see?" you ask. She opens the front door and goes outside.

Two boys appear. Young men. They are dressed in work clothes. One kneels down in the street and peers under the truck. The other looks at your wife who is walking slowly up the sidewalk.

Your wife disappears. When she reappears she is holding a landing net. It is a net with a long handle. The show continues. The rabbit appears. The hunters appear. The rabbit disappears. This is repeated several times. One of the young men is holding the net now. Your wife is standing on the sidewalk watching the proceedings. Her arms are crossed.

You shake your head and finish writing your check. Then you stand up and go outside. One of the boys is stuffing the rabbit into a box that the other young man is holding. Your wife is smiling. She stands there like a benign goddess, a water nymph holding the net upright like a trident.

The boys are working at a house down the street. They live in the neighborhood. They are going to bring the bunny to Missy who lives around the corner. Missy has rabbits. Everyone calls her The Rabbit Lady.

You smile. Your wife smiles. The boys are not smiling. They are late for work.

