

We the Rabbits Have Teeth

Bronze, iridescent, the kind of pearls you swirl in the basin, a wispy brush sweeping along cheeks. There are flecks of powder scattering the countertop and smudged with liner, red stamps in a row and you're not sure which stick to choose for the day. What would go nicer on my lips, what could fit in my purse of the day, to be shared around as a baton, a trophy, a kiss of good luck. And you stagger out the door with a face fully carved, with lines like swords that sharpen, fending off the cat callers.

The wind latches onto the satin skirt that is wrinkling and billowing, fluttering a train behind and wrapping around your legs. *Jumping*, the tulips are humming, through the rigid fencing that files down the alley, into something more of harmony. You spy the man who waits idly at the traffic light, whose board has been battered and beaten, and he rides it through the street. Ignoring the lighted figurine as it flickers red, red, green, green. He glances around to see the spectators of his wicked demeanour; the tulips close their eyes.

Smiles turn the corner faster than you, they dabble down the cobblestones leading the final stretch. You pass the leaves that fester and crunch, abseiling from above, twinkling through the light, fraying at the edges. Should they catch ablaze, step aside.

There are textbooks peeking at you, their heads are perched on zips, in bags, in hands and they think for a while; how nice it is to have some air. Silver linings with fingerprints, hands that grab the rail and lurch it forwards and into and beyond. Students dancing the *cha cha cha*, as doors fling and exhale, ceasing the day and rippling down the quad.

maui is lurching at the sun and it begs to the west, hurtling down the strip and reading; blue, yellow, lavender, pink. And eventually it will go grey, but you can't think of it yet with its candle-lit glow.

To be is to whoosh and away with it. And flashing in the masonry striped tower is the clock that chimes of fatigue. Assembling its jigsaw and hollering *au revoir!* See you all next time, to win the game chased as a rabbit in the race,

by the hounds with gritting teeth

that bite your nails to the quick and retreat.