

# The Rabbit Cage

Matthew Haughton

Those wild dogs were hungrier than I was told.  
They ate our rabbit alive on the year's last true  
snowfall. My brother told me she'd escaped,  
that her tracks ran back to the woods in the snow.  
In truth she didn't make it further than the hollow.  
Our father buried her remains behind the cage  
to spare us from grave-digging in the snow.  
After that he never had the heart to raise more.  
Some call this country death, but death is death,  
the meek will never own another. It comes to me  
that a boy should learn to be a keeper of rabbits.  
He should know the sharp of their teeth bucking  
his dipping hand in the cage, the thick of their ears.  
The fur over his fingers through bailing-wire gaps.

*Matthew Haughton is the author of Bee-Coursing Box, a chapbook published by Accents Publishing. He is a graduate of the University of Kentucky.*