

# Rabbit in a Small City Front Yard

The rabbit's shiny, black-marble-eyes transfixed me  
and we shared a moment of quiet twilight.

Beneath a leafy tree where time moved  
slower than the pressing nightfall,  
slower than the pedestrian who walked by,  
slower than the soft breeze that rustled its fur.

Where the worries boiling in my mind  
turn cold and still like a frozen lake.

Where I trembled in awe  
at the moonlit hairs on its short fur,  
the delicate arch of its silver whiskers  
like whispers of shooting stars.

Let me be a hair on its soft back  
and ride into deep, quiet woods.

**Miriam Manglani**