

The H(a)unting

There is a man in the house, I know it.
My little rabbit heart keeps pace with the whirling moon
In its glow, your glasses glint.
You are the man with no eyes.

But the man, he waits in every shadow, I know it.
I feel him in my neck when I chew
My little rabbit feet strain against the icicles
That you've threaded through my thighs

Even as I flee to distant lands,
The man's breath parts my hair
And my little rabbit hands can't dig a hole deep enough
To bury the cost you made me pay

The man lurks behind each door, I know it.
My little rabbit eyes have cracked into charcoal
You pluck them out and write your lies into my walls
Your jagged signature bleeds in my mouth

Was it the man or was it you
Who watched me cry in a dark stairwell?
Which one of you froze my body
the first time a boy fingered me?
As I dry heaved in a bathroom stall
Who sat on my chest and stroked my cheek?
My little rabbit teeth gnash bloody at the wire
Is it to free myself from the man
Or from you?