

## After Eating a Rabbit Heart

You think too much  
now.

It comes from something that you ate.  
I understand—

When I tipped the wine glass up,  
I glimpsed a red sea and a clear sky.  
I was Moses,  
And God was in my lips and tongue.

But grape-hearts are not quite the same.  
They taste like first love  
(so certain, so bittersweet),  
like everything you ever wanted,  
nothing you'll ever need.

And rabbit hearts taste like missed appointments,  
Like clover and deep earth.  
Do you fear the hawks now,  
cutting the sky with their obsidian wings?  
Or foxes,  
wet noses pressed against your neck?  
Or the echoes  
of the palpitations in your own chest?  
one drum alone in the dark,  
one frantic rhythm from the hollow place.

Hearts do more than pump blood, I say  
because I have been drinking wine,  
But you don't need reminding.

The taste has never left your mouth.