

Early Through Winter

Jill Hemming

Someone went shooting rabbits last night
blasting any flesh too slow to dodge.

I track the powdered ground until I toe
a scarlet gash melted to concrete.

The red drags a few feet to a white jackrabbit
whose stiff legs thrust outward.

I try kicking snow to cover its trail
but the dead eye reminds me

of the chill
in my hands and I step away
to the street.

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