



The rabbits three  
They hop towards me  
Before they turn around to flee

The rabbits stop, inspecting clover  
They reject it, pass it over  
Before they turn around to flee

The white one stops, the black one flinches  
Backing up a couple inches  
Before they turn around to flee

To and fro the rabbits go  
Never stopping, never slow  
They go wherever (or ere) the winds do blow  
And turn around to flee

**SEAMUS FLEMING**  
**Bradford, VT**



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