

11. MR COWPER'S HARES - *Deborah Harvey*

And so he sits without moving
holds them in his lap

not so tightly they'll take fright
leap through the window, scream up the lane

outripping every attempt to catch them
hurling themselves from rock to moss to wild supposition

till they've gone beyond all returning
no longer know they have a home

and not so softly they'll take fright
bolt down the passage, out through the door

dodging the grasp of passers-by
plunging almost suicidal into tan pits

brought back half-drowned in a sack
caked with lime

and so he holds them without moving
pent between his hands

sees his reflection in their mad
amber eyes