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Snow Hare

They placed him on his side a silhouette against the pillow, skin stretched over long thin bones

his limbs in constant spasm, as if he might still jerk himself awake like a dog chasing dream hares

leaping fences; and I followed through that cold February night covering wordless mile after mile

a whole country mapped between us, fields and mountains, lochs and burns, half frozen rivers

and an outline up ahead, white on white, passing out of sight.

Eleanor Livingstone

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