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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