

White rabbits

A shaft of sunlight falls diagonally
across the corridor in front of us.

He points towards it.

Look, he whispers,
transfigured by the sight,
as if he too were full of light. *Look!*

But all I see is how meagre the light is
and how it cuts through the clean glass
of the nursing home window like a razor,
slicing through curtains,
bleeding
onto the mean
linoleum.

He looks up at me then, his face alight,
the subversive fire still burning in his eyes
after all these years.

And I am full of wonder,
not of the light,
but of him.

The wardens patrol the corridors
looking for fires
to put out.

Oh, but the inmates are wily—
they hide their fires in the corners
of their gowns and wedged down
the sides of their chairs:

The sick, the lame, the invisible—
those still capable of remembering
lives bigger than
the reduction
perpetrated here.

The wardens are hired for their guile.

They know how
to put out fires—

they've been trained.

They know how to strangle rabbits.

But my love is a magician
and pulls his rabbits out of thin air.