

## Lamping wild rabbits

Chalking gravestones with Dad tracing our family logic  
Inscribed but fading ancestors crumbling islands of stone  
Polaroids of people gone re-faced for posterity  
white-powdered cheeks dust marks death on my pants.  
Both watching gravestones falling out of the colour tv  
tombs advertising AIDS cracking the mantelpiece  
Hurt playing Richard Burton in *Who's Afraid of Sex?*  
Rock Hudson's *Dynasty* crashing into the spotlight  
the unknown casualties engraved nowhere  
to hide I'm a vampire belted in a closet.  
Lamping wild rabbits head-light executions  
reflected my fear the *myxomatosis* virus spreading  
swollen-eyed deaths of epidemic proportions  
discussed in armchairs with Dad, his pipe puffing  
out care for island burrows. HIV without him  
a rabbit-shocked face my gravestone standing  
waiting chiselled and painted peacock pink.

From *Throatbone*, UnCollected Press, MA, USA.