

'The Blue Hare'
Jackie Gorman

Stepping off the path,
a silver car rushes by.
I never saw it coming,
yet I felt the ground give way.
I knelt down within myself.

The hare that lives in my mind,
snug in her thick coat and
safe in her wide-open eyes,
breaks free and runs across me.

She purrs, sniffs my body,
looks up, pisses and moves on.
So it happens that I am reborn
into my warm russet fur and strong legs.

Mountain hare, white hare,
Irish hare, blue hare.
Many names, one thumping spirit.

A hare will not move until it has to,
stillness and camouflage its defence,
safe in its form of flattened earth.

What does it mean to be free ?
Hare breath touching the ribs.
Watching everything going still,
galloping through swirls of thyme,
sedge and gorse.