

there is such softness
imbued into the first syllable
of that word. a child mispronounces
“r” as “w”, even softer now,
but the “t” catches you
off guard like a trap
snapping shut. [t]
dyed, heat
stroke, cannibal
-ized by their own
mother rabbit, the balls
of fur meet their end swiftly
in our childhood care, don’t they?
i have never owned a rabbit’s
foot, despite owning a baby
rabbit named Corbin for
a day, a dog for a year,
a fish, a pet rock. i
find it garish, to
hold onto the
smallest
piece
of
an animal,
as a testament
that you can use
it and have need of it
far more than they do in
another animal’s stomach, or
even a little shoebox grave
in the backyard. i would
rather, and do, the gray
fur earrings I own,
soft as touching
a soft spot on
a newborn
still, still
revolv
-ing in the
same cycle as
the universe, a
beautiful first eye
of calciform, vessels
and skin translucent as a

bubble on a pond's surface
part air, part water, part something
else entirely. i do not want to
know the rabbit who died
so that i could have stew
the deer who became
venison either. i pull
at my own skin,
it puckers and
drops down
to its place
over my
body
a
good
organ,
doing as
it is told with
out too much asking.
will we hunt for rabbits?
will we take our smallness,
ready it like a clawing, biting,
trapping thing that survives off of
what it kills, then grooms its darkened
feathers or fur, unaware of how closely re-
lated they are in the animal kingdom? flesh
of my flesh, blood of my blood, little rabbit the
size of my foot, and trembling just as much
in the hopes that i do not see it crouched
in the hollow by a tree root, brown fur
camouflaging it enough to the some
unwary eye, that has not become
alert to small things becoming
still, still things erupting in
movement. it surprises me,
how much desire i have
to swallow the wild-
ness you possess,
i lick my teeth,
catch scent,
catch prey,
catch.
eat.

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