

Fall 12-1-1994

Rabbits Whiskers and Solomon's Wives

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Recommended Citation

Muthyala, John S. (1994) "Rabbits Whiskers and Solomon's Wives," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 1 , Article 22.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss1/22>

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Rabbits Whiskers and Solomon's Wives

by John S. Muthyala

Always save your pity for the living
who walk the eggshell crust of earth so lightly
in front of them, behind them only shadows

Shadows

Linda Pastan

She is small
this chit of a thing
twitches and curls
its nose
a raspberry blue

as I tell her
about the multitude
of silk dark boundaries
between dolls and guns

the first wet kiss
and lifting knees
how to be content
to be overcome,

that she is
waiting
for sounds in
a silent world;

soon she will know
that to touch the morning
like a woman
is a birth that will last a lifetime.

But first she will
tickle the rabbit's
whiskers leaning
against the moon.