

George Gott

SYLVIA THE HARE

When I married you
since we had nowhere else to go
we went to live with your relatives.

And when things were not so good
we moved on to your master's establishment.

And since he was only interested
in breeding and slaughtering
we were put in an all-wire cage
with no look at the sky
with no look at the fields.

He must have thought we
were a covey of chickens;
he looked at us and spoke
of profit and loss.

Theory and intensity,
breeding and slaughtering.

I know what I am good at
and I know my meat tastes good.

But the butterfly takes flight
through the crack in the wall
over and across the hills;
and, oh, the visions I have
of the way it could be.