

Hare in Snow  
*after Rothko*

She sits in stately dress; she is all White. Slur of the landscape.  
In the birches' breach, she waits: recompense for January's deadly  
beauty; rapid heart beating the downy body. Flaw  
in the opal of field. Not-yet blood festival. To be as still  
is to protest. *Don't go*, I think, half-dozing at the window, when  
she goes. Her shaming wakefulness. The poise of long feet  
come to use. The adults look babyish all their lives.  
It's Nature's trick, to feign innocence. Any intelligent thing  
rejects the unhappy present. The thought of her alone would be  
pretty, were she not true. And cruel as the feminine mind. Gone  
the mist she releases I interpret as *Mother's hairspray*.

She wears her fur, my mother. Pink-cheeked, she is  
the landscape. Its cold eternal sunrise. Young and handsome  
as my birth month. How rapidly we rushed toward each other  
then. How we are the flaw in the other. Her blood slows  
down. To be as quiet is to protest. *Don't go*, I think, waving  
goodbye from my car window. I go, and her waving  
shames me. Though she bends, in mirror, in her sweeping,  
she will always be younger than I am. It's a mother's trick,  
to be loved as a lifelong daughter. The thought of her alone  
will not do. She is pretty, and true. Any cruelty flies into wind-  
borne snow. Into mist my mouth drinks now as milk.

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