

Achilles and the Hare

A bobkitten sits beside a bunny
body with half-closed eyes

chewing and tearing while its mother loafs or observes
each eyeball gleams patiently into the space ahead

like a red dwarf fusing slowly
steadily for a trillion years or more

why then does Achilles cry out in urgent fury “It is late,
I have chosen my fate — is the shield yet fit?”

Hephaestus replies, fiery forge reflected in his eyes,
that a great lion wills to kill or be killed