

## The Hunted

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*Inspired by Sylvia Plath's poem, "The Rabbit Catcher"*

*It is a place of force –*

So I imagine myself watching the hunted, near  
water, in a cold, open prairie. Brisk wind echoes  
sounds bounding from the end of the world.

I'm bundled in down, delicate glass wrapped  
for shipping, while he sights honking geese,  
fatty, greasy ducks. He can only take three

shots before loading, cocking, shooting – again,  
each shell exploding in a wide soaking spray.

*There is only one place to get to.*

And this time I'm a rabbit – white, nimble,  
quick, running loose in a backyard booby-trapped  
with brambles. Two hard dark nipples peer

from beneath his worn undershirt, a second set  
of eyes tracking me. He waits for an enticing  
patch of clover, a shock of cottony tops. When

he fires, my fur moistens with warm sticky liquid.  
The blood clots so fast, I never really bleed.