

*Let me finish dear
 .rabbit the fine story
 of teeth-holes and sun reflections.
 When I was young I died
 and they were civilised
 because they ,bought flowers
 With money and they buried me.
 I forgot about my comfort and started
 running about to see what
 I could do. I remember
 telling myself: 'if you weren't
 dead yet, what are three things
 that you wish you had done before you died?'
 I couldn't answer because it
 was really stupid.
 I kept on wasting my
 time dear little rabbit
 problems with chicks with my mind with life
 now I sit around the tombs
 that have fresh flowers in them and try to
 remember how they smell or how the wind feels
 or how it looks when the sun is about
 to go down. It's useless.
 I'm not even glad that you are
 here because I don't know if you are
 here I don't feel sorrow, or apathy, anger
 or fear - only anxiety - but they are all
 words invented by civilised men. Whey you
 die, will you be buried by civilised rabbits?*

Kwin