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Category: Poetry

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## A Hare and a Leg of Lamb

*after the painting by Jean-Baptiste Oudry*

I asked my mother to hang a hare  
above her bed. She'd always said that  
the sailboat painting over the headboard was  
too serene for her. But it was the leg

of lamb it came with that bothered her.  
Practically the size of the hare,  
she asked me *why do its entrails*  
*look like a piece of pie?* I said

*if you look close enough, you can see*  
*your reflection in it.* She doesn't ask me  
questions anymore. It's been a week  
and I know she wonders why

I leave it in front of her bedroom door  
every morning. I won't tell her  
that this is the only thing in her life  
she's chased that didn't run away. At night,

here in our hunting lodge  
she drags men in by the legs  
and in the morning they're either dead  
or under the covers with me. Maybe

she could finally get an arranged marriage  
out of this. Two ducks for future dismemberment.  
Her betrothed doesn't have to know  
what they're for. Inevitably, he'll abandon her

but at least then she'll be left with the hare  
to take his place on the right side of the bed,  
whispering scientific reasoning into her ear and all the while  
stroking her leg of lamb as it pries metal out of its lucky foot.