

# RABID RABBITS AND POT LUCK



Rhea Dillon

Please cover up the rabbit hole  
Fill it  
Twitch your chubby fingers, prod it, suck it, clench a fistful of limbo lost limbo found  
Scramble out of the-  
Dig  
Dive deep learning the subcutaneous  
Scraping the cross hatchings of your mothers careful harvestation  
Blood red raw  
Clawed down to the smooth bone  
Flesh eaten by loss of limbo  
Limbo lost  
Lost engrained  
Deep beneath the surface  
Pullover momentarily (that lasts a lifetime)  
A lifetime of, 'Where's the neck hole of light in the darkness?'  
Carry me  
Carry me fill me up to the rabbit hole seal  
Course, I won't stumble and fall. I wouldn't do that to you.  
Remember:  
Pot holes are good luck  
Step on every one to  
hold down the darkness that bubbles below your skirting