

We walked through the night
Wordlessly, both wanting to see and feel
To taste the fragrance of the cool February evening.

We were together, but separately lost in thought.
Our joined hands kept us warm, a safe comfort--
Touching something familiar

She looked up, her hair falling back around her shoulders.
I turned to watch the moon's reflection,
A shining circle of light
In her dark brown eyes.

She felt my stare and turned to me.
"Can you see the rabbits?"
I looked as she insisted,
"The moon is one sleeping rabbit curled around another."

Tonight I remember her voice,
My affirmation of her vision
Alone now, ashamed of my inability to see, or imagine.
The lie I spoke has passed--

I sill can't see the rabbits.



Tonight, it was dark.
I was driving back to my room,
Heading to the mountain.
Suddenly, I saw full moon above the mountain.
The big rabbit was sitting in the bright golden moon
Against the black sky and the shadow of the mountain.



I thought of you and wondered
"Have you seen the rabbit yet?"