

RABBIT HOLE

the rabbit repents
for the breaking of lent
he runs the green of the field
into a hole neath a tree

but the farmer intent
to claim a payment of rent
as the air starts to freeze
and the crop's eaten freely

rose bed pink, a chalice gold
the blood wine flows
take a drink, lose your soul
in a rabbit hole

and the robin's red breast
calls aloud to the pest
as the day's work is done
and the danger relieved

in a temptation test
with the crimes unconfessed
through the fence he returns
overcome by his greed
his filthy greed

a shot rings out from shadow dim
a punishment for mortal sin

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