

JEAN-MARK SENS

Rabbinical Rabbit

In the cemetery lives a rabbit
 a celibate, white rabbit, white like a wise man's beard.
 He goes around, hopping away, stealthy,
 takes shade by the rain poked stones—
 a rabbit that gambols and jumps
 crosses the road from the Catholic graveyard to the Synagogue
 a rabbit rabbi, layman at heart who never preaches above his soul,
 soft-blue tinged under a full moon halo.
 Crossing and re-crossing
 refusing the apostasies of old and new for the perennial grass,
 never parochial in his arrondissement of heaven
 he merely scratches the earth for his burrow—
 rabbitical, rabbinical
 no atheist for the rabbit God does not exist
 Buddhist, God "is" in his frolic
 a same pulse, eternal
 passed on from rabbit
 to rabbit high-eared to heaven.