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# Swamp Rabbit Collection

by Hayden Cox

## *Swamp Rabbit I: Mortality*

countless burnt orange leaves  
crushed by a speeding scarlet bicycle  
the setting Sun surveys the scene

longing to remember what it's like to feel  
the amber of the city's lights  
warming her face

longing to remember what it's like to feel  
the cool sensation of the South Carolina wind  
whispering softly in her ears

longing to remember what it's like to look  
down on the broken asphalt  
and watch the centerline flick by

Tic. Tic. Tic.

she can't remember how it felt  
to look up into the robust green of the surviving oak leaves,  
    relishing in their vigor  
despite the knowledge of their fate

soon they will lose hold of their tree-mother  
to be lit by amber as they slide softly through the wind  
down to that broken asphalt to lie patiently and expectantly

waiting for a cool evening in fall when a scarlet bicycle comes speeding  
by

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*Swamp Rabbit II: Junkyard*

Selfless

Rust

Forlorn

Tire

Empty

Window

Forgotten

Junkyard

Time eats the automobiles

Unaware of the millions of miles of memories  
tucked into the decaying leather seats

John's first view of the Grand Canyon

Caroline's first road trip

Rachel's first drive

Michael's first kiss

Their owners are dead, forgotten by all

Except the Fords, Chevys, and Chryslers

They once couldn't live without

*Swamp Rabbit III: The Water Tower*

A timeless sentinel rises

from the Earth on four posts of concrete or steel  
at this distance, I'm not sure which

What I do know is the old codger has ruled  
over this domain since before my birth  
perhaps before my father's as well  
collecting it's cool corrosions

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I wonder what it has seen  
in its years of watching over these upcountry hills  
I wonder what wisdom it may have  
to offer the next generation

If only I could speak its language

*Swamp Rabbit IV: Barbed Wire*

A bulb of red trickles down his thumb, testing the wire. I remind Cole of the “No Trespassing” sign posted on the fence. He replies stubbornly by taking off his shirt and wrapping it taut around his hands. He grabs the wire and hoists himself over in one motion.

He turns back with the same sheepish grin that has gotten us into trouble more times than I can count. “You coming?”

I glare through the chain links  
beyond his skinny torso towards the hopefully abandoned, half-collapsed  
shed  
caked in illegible graffiti.

Goddammit Cole.