

## DUST BUNNY

Nothing to it but dust, germs, and a few other things  
I don't want to think about, forming

colonies under the bed and the couch.  
*What interesting habits we share with the rabbits.*

These bunnies multiply  
among the lost pens, a favorite earring, a battery or two.

They are not like tumbleweeds rolling and bouncing  
over the desert under a clean sky

where the wind rolls its hoops  
and the weeds shout *Hop on!* as they pass.

These wads of whatever skulk in the dark,  
creeping into the corner and up the wall

like the Jimson Weed  
taking over the rhody and the retaining wall

which retains nothing. Time to do a sweep—  
get down there and deal with it.

The city does a regular sweep through the park.  
No more rabbits for a while.

They always come back.  
You can see them at dusk, little disturbances in the dark.