

Harrowing

By Cheye Bieber

His nose does not twitch
To smell the flowers laid next to him.

His long ears do not perk
At the sound of my sobs.

His coat, like silk, is in the ground -
Black fur melting into black earth.

His eyes, that once held the constellations in their depth,
Are now glazed over.
While mine blur from tears.

Resting, are his sprinter's legs
In his final burrow,
That took all my strength to dig.

There he lays,
In the cold dirt -
A mismatched home for the warmth of his curiosity.

My retired Easter bunny -
In the ground to live,
Giving life to tree roots,
Like he has given life to me.

For Fiyero
2013–2019