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# POETRY

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## THE TURNCOAT

I saw a rabbit on the lawn today.  
And what was strange about that?  
    you say,

Well, nothing really at all, except  
That he was brown as you'd expect,  
But his ears were white.

Now I've never spoken to him before  
Though I'd seen him sitting by the door  
During the winter. In sober white —  
Early morning and late at night,  
But now his colour was brown.

I had to say to him, "Look Bunny  
Please don't think I'm being funny  
But make your mind up about your ears  
And turn them brown, For summer nears  
and white's not right!"

He looked at me as much to say  
"Mind your own business," and hopped  
    away

But as he went he turned his back  
On me, and I saw as he hopped on  
    another tack  
His scut was also white.

I haven't seen him again this week  
Maybe he thought what I said was cheek  
But in this world you've got to be  
Either one thing or the other you see.

## AND THIS RABBIT WASN'T!

- Dorothy M. Lacey, Box 1855,  
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## PERFECT PICTURE

Past the boat  
In a dead man's float  
A shining rock  
Began to slip  
Then dip  
Beneath the dock.  
Then arose  
An ebony nose.  
Glassy eyes peered  
Feline sharp ears  
Reared...  
Nonchalant,  
This gallant,  
Sensing human presence,  
Pretending not to know,  
Proceeded with the show.  
Slunk below...

Then the watery curtain parted  
And upstarted  
The star  
To centre stage.  
On that rocky boulder  
Light-footed stood  
From tail to shoulder.  
Front paws cupped;  
Chin tilted up,  
The beaver chose  
To pose.

- Margaret P.M. Luke, Box 206, Porcupine  
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*Snowshoe Hare*

*Gary W. Seib*