

## Poem Beginning with Lines by Elizabeth Barret Browning

*But I could not hide*

*My quickening inner life from those at watch.*

*They saw a light at a window now and then,*

*They had not set there. Who had set it there?*

Not me. I'm just a slug on the wet inner-face  
of the discourse, chirpsing the wind;

I've no idea what drags the chair, bruises  
the fruit, leads a child towards a dead rabbit  
and bids them not weep, nor laugh, but sing.

My childhood neighbor recalled how I rode  
my bike down the hill beside our house,  
and practiced my dying; arranging my body  
in the bushes, lying still. All summer I did it,  
repeating the drama, which is how a song  
is made; you make a phrase and turn it  
over and over like a dead rabbit, finding on  
the other side, o look, this rabbit, dead too.