

# Studio One

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## Rabbit Hole

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## Rabbit Hole

dropping to my knees the younger me  
had looked into weedy ground  
to see rabbit holes,  
the industry of insects,  
the families of plants,  
hidden things—  
I stared at the smaller and smaller world  
growing larger until I understood  
the impact of steps upon the turf,  
the unavoidable losses of my take and their give,  
“pardon me” worth nothing,  
better to piss in the field,  
I thought, standing at impossible heights,  
I can never see the balance of it  
or know what the plants said or understand their pain,  
yet I hoped for a life for myself  
and sensed the stepping it would take,  
a girl, marriage, the toys of man—  
the damages to be done traded for a life well lived—  
funny how little it bothers me now.

-Bruce Bagnell  
Berkeley, CA