In the market café

He’s looking at us,   
with his sightless   
eye – this rabbit,   
skinned, who’s hanging   
from a hook  
outside a butcher’s   
stall that closed   
two hours ago.

He sees it all:   
the white wine in   
a red wine bottle,   
the dish the English   
menu says is *fishes* –  
white flesh lying   
in a yellow   
slick of oil.

We’re strangers and  
he feeds on our   
discomfort, takes   
the side of his   
own gods, even   
the ones who flayed  
him bare and left him  
 hanging here.