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.