**Cottontail**

by George Bogin

A couple of kids,

we went hunting for woodchucks

fifty years ago

in a farmer's field.

No woodchucks 5

but we cornered

a terrified rabbit

in the angle

of two stone fences.

He was sitting up, 10

front paws together,

supplicating,

trembling,

while we were deciding whether to shoot him

or spare him. 15

I shot first

but missed,

thank God.

Then my friend fired

and killed him 20

and burst into tears.

I did too.

A little cottontail.

A haunter.