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Where have all the rabbits gone?

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Where have all the rabbits gone?

Voices, I'm hearing voices again. Ah, delightful. Why, a wee little one running around, there! Her laughter is floating upwards, like freshly evaporated dew milk. What a completely gorgeous sight this pleasant sound is! Oh, she is going from left to right, from right to left. Oh my, oh my, but the tickles have returned once more, while here was I thinking that feeling already in the faded past. Dreadful it would be if she fell, silence would come again. Careful, my little mouse, don't trip all over my big roots, for I do enjoy having you near. With two arms, two legs, the fresh-faced charming little one. Ten little toes, two rushing feet. Adorable pinkie, ten fingers in total.

There's more! Many more? Nay, I have encountered unlimited more, here is only five. Wonderful, wonderful. An only privilege is more the like, a unique verse. Five little privileges, five! Oh, what happy thoughts, a happy day. What sights I see from up here. What sights it makes me remember, those years past...

I am being awakened once more, pity for my dreams. For though I do adore company, it seems sleep has evaded me this winter. But, shush! Listen! A rendezvous is in order, soiree. We must be silent, for often company won't mix well with kindness. Shall we take the lucky day of joining the two?

Oh, hush all you, with all your exhortations I will lose the sense of their hopeful visit. Here they go, here they are! What handsome rabbits gallop around our shores, one a touch smaller. Male and female, the two. Man and wife. Two more human visitors. A flowery verse is what I hear, with poetic clouds these words have been forged.

Little mouse, little mouse! Don't run away again, stay here with the rest of them! Oh, how she runs, how happy it makes me. But mommy mouse, do look after her, if you please, don't let her trip. Oh my! Are those little pigtailed! And the other wee mice? Ah yes, I see the start of the timid adult in you, not yet fully wanting to be out of her hold, do you? And I also see you, my third little one, past a few years of being weaned, not quite as grown as your kin playmate, not as young as my little pigtail mouse. All three children.

What a surprise to be awake once more, it's been too many years, a forgotten memory left from past.

Mamma mouse, how beautiful you are. How tender with your young, how will you ever let them go? Careful my love, your oldest will soon let go of your hand, how precious she is. But do right those pigtailed of my wee one. She woke me up, you see? But I'm not bothered, quite the opposite. 50 years of sleep is too much even for me.

The gorgeousness of the painted scene in front of me. The carefully laid blanket beside my trunk, protecting from all elements but them. The two rabbits incapable of laying, how love's energy runs through the wilderness of mind. United, you see. Hush, I said! You will disturb the tender portrait. Let them be, for I was as surprised as all of you.

Catch the floating fragility in their aura. A feeling of preciousness among these two. Reaching out and coming close, undivided attention. I told you little society of mine they wouldn't be troubled by you. Well now, dare you say I'm all antithesis? I admit defeat, I did defy your absence of silence with the hope of a longer sensation.

Papa mouse, in all his goatee glory, pigtailed on his shoulders. Will you look at that sweet smile on your almost stripling, she's yours still. The weaned one also smiles, her mother's smile already distinguishable on her features. The loveliest sounds I hear. What sweet sensitivities I find in all you, new privileges.

Grumpy old fool, as I would have defined me. Five smiles for my own now, five smiles in my reawakening. I shall have to remember now. Where it all went, shall I stop to think about it? No. To succumb to them, I don't want to be them anymore. Little mouse with her flying limbs, take the other wee mice, run, run, run.

Grouchy, aged stooge, as shall I define myself. In uncertain moments such as these, they lighten up the dying glow. Petite rabbits, always scampering about, toppling upon me. How cumbersome, how dreary, with my lack of sleep. Tiresome, I say. Oh, of these mistaken thoughts.

Sing them a song, my littles, sing them the embrace of the clouds around them. For the rabbits are sometimes scarce, the less of them will appear at intervals. See the love in their eyes, under your song. See the link between them, feel it as I do.

To stop and think of the last time such a small gathering was with me. Alas, even my society is long gone, lost in the embrace of time. I also fell with it, I lin-

gered until I could no longer. They would awaken me, the little rabbits. Sometimes, too long would not come, sometimes they nearly lost me. Until I too drifted, with my younglings, with no more rabbits left. Until my heart, my new five, these five smiles on the faces of my mice. The sounds with those smiles, the ultimate challenge for me. Forever has it been the one everything to awaken me, my favorite time of the day, the laughter of them.

Dreary years, all of these ones, how glad I am to be here once more, there was too far away, too foggy to remember. Lunch time, little mice! Puffy cheeks filled with sweetness mama made. Oh papa mouse, sneak a little more, I peep at you once in a while, lovely you are too.

The two. As one.

What lovely rabbits, as two peace doves, spread your love! Let me shade you from the darkness beyond your grasp. Sway together, no more than one is needed to make the full completeness. Lie on that thin cloth you brought, gaze at the clouds my littlies made for you. Leave the guilt behind, for it was a restless sleep I was suffering, too much chaos. Leave aside the dead for a moment, don't linger on the ruins of a previous home. Provide the peace, share it, share your love, and fight the desolation of the fight.

No!

Close your eyes once more, rest your neck. Fall in the love once more, my sweet rabbits.

No!

Maintain the smiles on your face, don't yield to the unharmonious sounds, don't allow for the disturbance of peace, don't shift into the uneasy. Small thumps, small bumps in the silence. Small drums, small thunder too loud. Small crashes, small explosions. Too many bombs.

I do not know. Not yet grasping the longevity of time, not yet acknowledging the passing of it. Is fifty to be a mere figure or shall it be considered overwhelming, you see my dilemma? For my kind, should it have been more, not a wink to tell of it. Fifty years drowsing after the last moment of the dispute, how horrible to remember.

The energy forms around my pigtail mouse, do you feel it not? What little pleasures are left in the world now, shall I dare hope it to be reawakening too? Shall I hope it never faded away like me? To consider possible the dew on the grass around me, to consider possible the green in its background, to consider possible

the emergence of mice and rabbits beyond their animal personifications, to consider possible the renewal of life. I dread to consider it possible, you see? For my slumber was not of an accidental nature, a forceful state to elude the collapse of the definition of my meaning. Falling into sleep as the creations fell into pieces around me, falling into forgetfulness as the rest forgot all that fell with it.

Gone.

The untroubled, unbroken, uncut love.

Gone.

A word I'd have hoped never to have learned. Betray me in my deepest desire. Gone, they did that to my rabbits. Gone with the bombs. Bombs, the ghastly word. Bombs, progressive era I heard as definition. Bombs, a promise of a future. Bombs, the nonsense, from what I could gather in my threadbare thoughts. Gone were my rabbits, the love, the hope, the life of them.

Laughter from my mice, a hope reducing me to a reckless memory in a desperate search for serenity once more. A family to give way to the energy I had been hoping for. Slowly my society, my birds, my squirrels, my insects, my continuous life heed to their call. Slowly, slowly, and then faster with every peal. It's time to awaken once more.

Bioprofile of the author:

Esther Alós Ordiales is an undergraduate student of English Studies at UCM. Having done an Erasmus year in Copenhagen with specialised master courses in English writing, she has expanded on her passion for writing. She has written a great number of poems and has been writing and managing a creative writing blog since 2013, centring on short stories of abstract nature.

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