After Watching My Dog Eat a Bunny

Bones soft in early spring—
she swallows the bunny whole

but not without showing me
its slack legs.

Add it to the list (the only thing of mine
that grows) of embryonic things:

raw kernels of popcorn,
clay molded to her molars,

a bag of skittles just
to deny me a rainbow, and Yes,

an entire container of cocoa,
bittersweet on her small tongue.

The next day, sad-faced, she reflects
on how her heart had raced to the hospital

but didn’t pop or take new shape.
What if, she thought, instead

of devouring my 35 mm film
so tightly rolled, she merely nibbled

each end, fraying what violet horizons
and white sand beaches I’d captured?

Would I be quicker to develop
the others? And what else

could she eat, stuck
in the limbo of becoming?

Would she eat a plane
before taking off

or a first date with real laughter?
What about the new moon?
A glob of paint, her beard
blood red? To prove a point,

would she eat me? To whom
would she present my limp body?