

Seth Eric Evans
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Der Lowe – a homage to Eugene Delacroix

A vast expanse of
cave – open, windblown,
carved into the earth by
what force?

A single rabbit, still,
solitary, but not alone.

Der Lowe,
The Lion, cradles the hare.
Powerful jaws surround its neck
breathing warmth into the
chilled body.

A kiss of compassion.
A prophecy fulfilled.
The lion lies next to the lamb?
No, with the rabbit.

A star falls from the sky.
Another, more.
Water boils faster at higher altitudes,
is boiling now
at the lowest.

Der Lowe watches,
unconcerned. The
rabbit shivers, but the warm
paw is comforting.

We huddle together in the
dim light, the lion and I.
My world is soon ending,
But I am not afraid.