

## Rabbit Pie by John Broadhurst

In the middle of the night  
Beside the busy motorway,  
Caught in the car's headlight  
Furry bundles white and grey.

Some rabbits have learnt to co-exist  
With the traffic, whizzing by  
Man must himself resist  
Turning them into rabbit pie.

The learning process has been long;  
There've been tragedies its sad to say.  
This poem tells in simple song,  
Of those rabbits who have shown the way.

Below, set out in humble verse,  
Our furry friends, their tales unfurled.  
Sadly, many are much the worse  
For tangling with the moving world.

Near misses and narrow scrapes,  
Many great rabbits fallen from grace.  
Sad fatalities, miraculous escapes,  
Much the same as in the human race.

\* \* \* \* \*

First of all there was little Jane  
Who wandered out into the busy fast lane  
She tried to hurry back again;  
But, sadly, it was all in vain.

We rabbits all loved our Granny Min,  
She was getting old and growing thin;  
But she made a truly awful din  
As the post van hit her on the chin.

A lucky rabbit was nephew Paul  
Who for his age was rather small:  
He was too close for comfort when the car hit the wall  
Miraculously, he was not hurt at all.

We all remember Uncle Bert  
Who was too old to stay alert.  
The juggernaut tried hard to avert;  
But only squashed him in the dirt.

Then there was poor brother Will  
With a bit more sense, he'd be with us still,  
He wandered out one night until  
A minibus made him rather ill.

I must tell you of orphan Meg  
Who had an artificial leg;  
She sat beside the road to beg,  
The farmer hung her on a peg.

Many's the day we think upon  
The fate of dear old cousin Ron.  
He thought the traffic all had gone.  
He should have looked out for number one.

And then there was brother-in-law Ken  
Who, unfortunately, did not know when  
To stay inside his cosy den.  
He won't argue with a bus again.

Next there was my best friend Jack  
Who flirted with the inside track  
The lorry caught him coming back,  
We had to take him to the quack.

We often think of red nosed Tim,  
The motorbike it did for him  
Caught his ears in the rim.  
Poor old chap was rather dim.

We still remember with great regret  
What happened to our young Annette  
The policeman caught her in his net  
And took her home for his daughter's pet.

I must mention our little Dave  
Who thought he was so very brave:  
In the middle lane he'd stand and wave.  
It nearly earned him an early grave.

Another narrow miss was had by Claire,  
Dazzled by the headlight's glare,  
She frantically ran here and there,  
Escapes like hers are pretty rare.

Then there was Josephine  
Who saw herself as a Rabbit Queen,  
We often wonder what might have been  
Had the young motorist not been so green.

The youngest of all was baby Roy  
For a rabbit he was rather coy  
He became entangled with a marine convoy,  
And now he's a much wiser boy.

I almost forgot my sister Sue  
One night she wondered what on earth to do.  
Playing with the traffic seemed fun and new.  
With a bit of luck, she should pull through.

Dearest of all was simple Joe  
Who wandered out into the traffic flow.  
To this day they'll never know  
How he survived such a body blow.

Lastly there was Grandpa Fred  
Who normally spent his time in bed.  
One night he wandered onto the hard shoulder instead  
And a maintenance vehicle knocked him on the head.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so each night the traffic speeds  
By us as we eat,  
And peacefully enjoy the weeds  
Which are a rabbit's favourite treat.

From these examples now we know  
The rabbit highway code.  
Rule One is never ever go  
Onto a busy road.

For those who wander from the fold  
Now know that they may die,  
And, instead of them growing old  
They'll be made into a Rabbit Pie.































