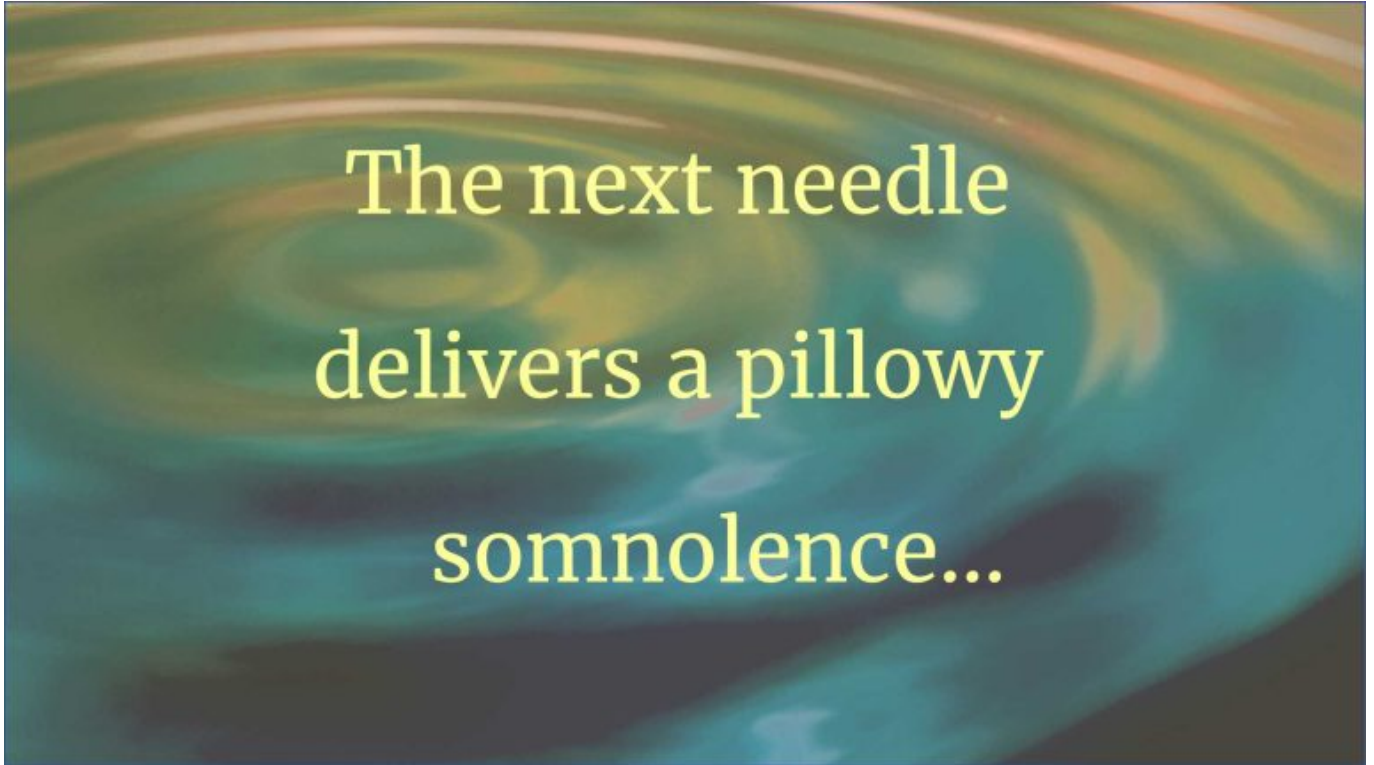


Three Needles

Category: Poems

written by Jane Desmond | August 29, 2025



First the catheter, slimmest filament,
slid in by expert hands

The next needle delivers
a pillowy somnolence
your russet-furred rabbit face falling
gently into my cradling palm

Then the final dose,
doctor calculated for your now boney, bunny frame
all that is left of your once explosive
haunches and exclamation-point ears

The wait—
Watching the breathing

the breath
the
...breath
the.....

Steel disk pressed to your chest,
—the doctor listens long
and hard, making sure there is not

just one more beat

of your once racing
heart

before she lifts her eyes to mine,
and nods.