

a pair of rural bros i keep encountering

this time in a pickup truck, black & phat.

RUMBLE on the back like a gun rack.

they roar by honking, craning from the windows, laughing at we slumping pair of Rabbit Savers.

they can't believe our signs: RABBIT SAVE, STOP THE SLAUGHTER, WHAT'S ON YOUR PLATE? our bristol board, bendy-lame, flapping at our side.

they're laughing at our school-approved fighting style.

they toss something small & white, a crumpled ball that skittles to a stop at my feet.

good shot i mutter, as i bend to it.

i tend to take the bully's bait. Sure & Thanks i say for the oddly-shaped bubble gum - a piece they've peeled from concrete, molded into passable, then farted on.

all the cronies gather round, grinning at the showdown.

the offer means: bro you stink, have paki breath. my taking it confirms i deserve it.

i take the bait, am weak for written info. i read the back of Lysol cans, sitting on the can - am one who "knows his cans", am an over-thoughtful cow-hand who scans the corporate smallprint, a self kept apart amid the camp.

the crumpled ball flattens to a postcard.

on one side, pencilled fast & hard, is

FUCKING PUSSIES!

other side, the front side, is promo for a gun show. addressed to A. Blacktree, R.R. whatever.

i take it as a taunt to a deathmatch. **SHOW YOUR GUN** is how i read **GUN SHOW**. the time & place? tonight, at their crime-farm, their meth-brewing Uncle's where they party at, a pussy-hound like them.

i take it as a prod to get us up to speed on tactics. we're pussies cuz we keep bringing signs to a knife fight - the fight inside the slaughterhouse, from crowded crate to hangline. a fight that looks like business, so unnoticed our resistance is, so wholly are they winning.

we're pussies cuz we've fallen in with Facebook vegans. these country boys are telling us to quit our little peace-trip, to catch the fuck up & get serious.

these country boys are rabbits and they'll pull the truck around to help: all that we can load before the sirens.

milo's teeny, superspeedy. springs from any shadow so i call his name at every threshold, hail with every step.

i offered fifty dollars for him. five is all they wanted yet i pressed my generosity, my holy waste of cash.

snake-feed breeders, brother farmboys. one does rats, the other does the latest thing from Africa that can't scream - so doesn't make my little girl cry says an old Euro snake guy, two stalls right.

i can't fit the business with the healthy cheer & decency. their nature-momma comes along, sets up on the side with her chamomile & dandelion pressed into ziplocs. talks about her boys with a pride shining thru the shy smile.

they took my red banknote, surprised. the bill was my Conditioner, prop in my Behavioural mod. red is my mnemonic dye they'll link with the Score, with a pleasure playing Seller to the rat's side, for once.

