

# The Easter Bunny

a Poem by Mary Brandolino

I remember Easter Sunday  
It was colorful and fun  
The new life that I'd begun  
In my new cage.

I was just a little thing  
When they brought me from the store  
And they put me on the floor  
In my cage.

They would take me out to play  
Love and pet me all the time  
Then at day's end I would climb  
In my cage.

But as days and weeks went by  
I saw less of them it seemed  
Of their loving touch I dreamed  
In my cage.

In the night outside their house  
I felt sad and so neglected  
Often scared and unprotected  
In my cage.

In the dry or rainy weather  
Sometimes hotter sometimes colder  
I just sat there growing older  
In my cage.

The cat and dog raced by me  
Playing with each other only  
While I sat there feeling lonely  
In my cage.

Upon the fresh green grass  
Children skipped and laughed all day  
I could only watch them play  
From my cage.

They used to take me out  
And let me scamper in the sun  
I no longer get to run  
In my cage.

Once a cute and cuddly bunny  
Like a little ball of cotten  
Now I'm grown up and forgotten  
In my cage.

I don't know what went wrong  
At the home I did inhabit  
I just grew to be a rabbit  
In my cage.

But they've brought me to the pound  
I was once loved and enjoyed  
Now I wait to be destroyed  
In my cage.