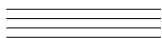


M A D O N N A O F T H E R A B B I T



M A X F R E E M A N

I wonder if maybe I was born
With a bike helmet over my vagina.

I've been saving myself so long
I don't know what I'm saving.

I know my virginity is backwards.
Sometimes I do think, so what?

In a painting, the virgin holds
A white rabbit with her left hand.

Against her deep blue robe
Its whiteness is nearly neon.

Through the warm fur she feels
The swift contractions of its heart.

Is it the rabbit that makes her happy?
Why hasn't it made me happy?

If someone else touches her rabbit
She'll die, like the painter's wife.

This cross I'm nailed to is stupid
And inevitable, or is it?

Well, we all misunderstand
The mystery of sex in our own ways.