Waking a Sleeping Rabbit by Surrounding Him with Grapes

In this frame, I am the fruits of tight skin
lined artfully round your twitching

The still in still life
as buck legs stretch
to pulse and jump in dreams

You honk and squeak through
imagined banana bites,
parsley roots and dillweed
(you've yet to smell red dripping sweet)

As an eyelid peels its lens
we are frozen in symbiosis –
you, lying side-like, looking shot,
me, a membrane, doubled womb –
and it's unclear who's the sacrifice

God is the hand that splits me even
now, as your teeth range free from
sleeping to waking, free for so long from
decaying till times coils and I am once more a vine, vining

Round a rabbit-shaped negative space
waiting for the thumbnail's knife
to slice me open, please