

Poets and Roadkill

by David Ackley

It is indisputable that poets love roadkill,
that in poems, animals are put to painful
and implausible deaths, that the struck doe
with her fetal living fawn is pushed over the
embankment by the poet-assassin, that the
quiet
poet's
wolves
bloodpainted
in the
groaning
hedgehog is mauled in the blades of the
mower, that bears are stabbed in the gut
by the poet's swallowed bone-spear, that
serrate their tongues bloody on a
honed knife, and bleed to death, somewhere
tundra not far from that agonized bear,
over its gutting.

In the best, dying is neither quick nor kind,
but cannot be ignored. We are invited
to attend, while there is still time.

