

# 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.

