

Making Roadkill

Cretin

Shambling down the roadside
Cheering as he goes
A manic, flailing cretin
In filthy, tattered clothes
Dead things are his playmates
He takes them in his care
Clutching limbs and tails
He whips roadkill through the air

He uses them in puppet shows
Hung around his shack
Stuffs his backpack full of fur
Some bloody—most are flat
Tied onto his belt of rope
A skirt of sunbaked stink
Running out of furry friends
He strokes their pelts and thinks

Setting makeshift traps
He titters and he claps
Birdies, fish, and rats
Are crammed in burlap sacks

He drags the critters to the street
Waits for cars to pass
Then throws them at the tire wells
It kills them very fast
Sometimes lucky animals
Scurry past unharmed
Cretin screams and gives up chase
But catching them is hard

Drags them from their dens
Yanks them from their pens
They bite his scabby hand
He tosses them again

One day running after prey
A stormy winter day
An orange van hits the man
And breaks both of his legs
He drags himself back to his fort
Despite the biting pain
And wraps himself in animals
Roadkill that he made