

## Roadkill

Suede

Today I found a dead bird  
Crushed into the realbland clay  
Brittle bones like snapped twigs  
Velvet for the scurrying things

I cross myself, forlorn you lie  
Scraped and drossed by the wind  
Savaged by the tyres and tossed in the tar  
Broken on the English dirt  
A carcass for the carrion crow  
And for the beaks that peck  
Flesh beneath my flesh  
Soil beneath my soil  
Today I found a dead bird

Blind are the brokers and the unskilled workers  
Blind are the brokers and the unskilled workers  
Your wings beneath their wheels  
Your wings beneath their wheels  
Blind are the brokers and the unskilled workers  
Blind are the brokers and the unskilled workers  
Your bones beneath their heels  
Today I found a dead bird