

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