

# 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