

Roadkill

Faun Fables

To the coyote lying dead on the side of the highway:
I've been through your land countless times
Without asking your leave.
But now it seems that I am free to go on my way
While you would left there broken
With only burning father sun
To grieve and bleach your bones
As white as the moon.
As white as the yellow moon.

To the vulture flying low along the line of the highway:
You won't have to wait very long
To eat your fill.
'Cause the river of grey that divides the horizon
Will surely leave a carcass in its wake,
A twisted golden braid of fur and meat,
Turning black,
Black as the road.
As black as the grey road.

And the grey road is the great worm
That meets itself on the far side of the world.
And the grey road is the great worm
That eats its tail beneath our feet.

To the man selling blankets on the side of the highway:
The sign says you're friendly and nice,
And I have no doubt that's true.
But one of these mornings you gonna rise up singing,
A song that your grandfather knew
but your father forgot
And buried
And was paved over by the grey road,
The same road that you walk now
As nice as a man.
As nice as the last man.

And the grey road is the great worm
That meets itself on the far side of the world.
And the grey road is the great worm
That eats its tail beneath our feet.