

Roadside Funeral by Sara Raztresen
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Who mourns the dead, the wild dead,
knocked off their savage paws?
They splatter out, pink and red,
a squeak from their mangled maws.

Who hosts their funeral in the sun
as they lay dressed in gravel?
(And who will report this hit-and-run?
What judge will swing the gavel?)

Who hires these swooning, wailing ladies,
black and buzzing loud,
bidding each soul down to Hades
to join the roadkill crowd?

I drive along in a daily procession,
my sympathies with the Sept.
Killers continue their speeding aggression
and I wish I could say I wept.