



David Winwood

ROAD RAT

He was dead by the time I
first met him. Hit by a heavy duty
Goodyear Grand Prix-S which had left
its dotted imprint as a braille signature
on the spread of his bowels.

Blood seemed curiously absent
as if the red had ingrained itself
with the gritty asphalt. Eyes open,
tongue stuck out, fur in shreds, but with
a blue hue emanating from the organs'
membranes: the body's packing foil.

Passing him day after day
on my pushbike, always braking
never stopping, I saw him lose
his shine. An introvert
withdrawing into the road surface.

Now they've built a communication
tower only fifty yards away. Round
the top several parabolic aerials,
like rat's ears listening to answers
from heaven. It's truly
his memorial, his cenotaph.