

Andrew Sneddon

ROADKILL

Uncanny how the dog's frantic wail
Caught the pitch
Of the screeching tyres exactly,
And held it.
Looking embarrassed,
Penitent,
Frightened
He limped and hopped away from the road
On his three good legs,
Seeking out a warm, dark corner
And the delicate, pink-tongued
Lick, lick, lick of self-misery.
He careered once into a wall
And turned to chew at the bricks
(Good, hard, tangible things—
Things you can grind your fangs against),
And he gnashed his teeth at the deep and bewildering pain.

At the first awful scream
I saw a big-shouldered builder
Lay down his plasterer's trowel gently.
He walked towards the crying,
His hard and weathered face
Turning eiderdown soft with worry.