

roadkill

ANNA R.

bright lights flashing
show mangled reflections looking back at me.
i try to move,
but i can't look away.
it's getting hard to breathe.
i've seen what happens;
jacked up tires have no mercy.
i know there is no stopping it—

†††

but if I'm good,
and i don't get blood on your seats,
maybe you'll take me as a trophy,
mount my mutilated body.
i'll escape hell's highway,
and you can brag to your friends.

please!

i promise to be the prettiest shrine in your living room.

†††

but your music's blasting,
and you can't see.
rock and roll drowns out my screams.
so i'll stay splattered on the pavement,
sticky and red,
and watch the cars try not to hit me,
now that i'm dead.

