**Roadkill**

E.N. Loizis

We were taught: never talk about the private wounds your mothers carry

We were told: never *say I fear I might turn out like her*

a deer facing an oncoming truck in the dead of night

wondering how this tragedy could happen

amongst the trees and the foxes

the river and the fish.

*This is home!*

flashing through her head in neon fashion

seconds before impact—screeching of wheels

and her own held breath, the most

beautiful violence

the night will ever see.