**It Was Dark**

Özge Lena

It was dark and the road was flowing.

It was dark and they were stacked stiff

in a truck, headlights off, escaping

from hunger, thirst, looters.

It was dark and they were migrating

to the North, the sacred land with melted

ice-waters, frozen-food depots and with breath.

It was dark and in the air was a slight hope.

It was dark and they were dead silent behind

gas masks when the driver stepped

on the brake pedal suddenly.

It was dark and they hit something

loud and silver and wet with its own blood

reflected nothing while it was howling endlessly.

It was dark and one of them shot the thing.

It was dark and they pulled it out of the road

without knowing it was the last animal

alive and it was their last night alive.

It was dark and the road was glowing.