

Beatitude for an Inventory of Roadkill

ALBERT ABONADO

Blessed are the black flies and the mosquitoes
the moths and hornets that smear the windshield

a light tap each time like sorry to bother you
This is the beginning of many Blessed is the opossum

claimed by my friend's mother who pled feverish
when she drove over its spine We inspected the jaw

while we waited for the bus wide open
thirsty for the sky What could we stuff into it?

The pages of our math homework The residue of our erasers
Blessed are the squirrels and the foxes the family of raccoons

three or four of them spread across the road drying
in the sun I give them the names of loss I don't wait

for them to confirm This one is my Lola This one my Tito
Every year I add a new name to the list I tell the rabbits

as the night poured into the distance between us
tell the deer that shattered my father's headlights

Take this aneurysm Take this genetic sequence
This index of carcinogens This bad water and boil notice

The list grows too long I give names
to the crows who pick at the lungs of a deer

To the apple skin and the comma splice
How else should we discuss the countless silences

that gash us? My father hoses off the grill
The headlight flickers then fails What else can be said?

The darkness came alive
Nothing could be salvaged

