

## MELODY SEES HER FUTURE

Highway 36, Riverdale,  
road-number same as her bra size,  
skinny-hipped, pregnant, sixteen.

Fawn, standard roadkill  
of poets, bleeds out, spattered  
by a speeder, furred gray canvas.

Bending to the broken form,  
her stomach clenches,  
soft hair lifting  
in the wind, hers and the fawn's.

Flattened, eyes blasted,  
last thing it knew was mama  
leaping off the hill before it,  
before the car. Tender ears  
pasted to pavement, tiny hooves  
folded, forelegs broken, bloodied,  
first to fling out at birth.

She sees herself following  
off the steep hill  
onto the blinding highway,  
afraid she won't make it,  
won't miss the barreling speeder,  
world roaring over her.