



Killer

Sunny morning, crisp and cool
The day begins just the same
The drive, the route as every day
With no intent to maim

Around the bend and up the hill
Sunlight from the side
Atop the brow I see a shape
Poor thing has no place to hide

The head turns sharp and eye meets eye
The distance closes at pace
He turns around to head for home
A decision made in haste

Too late for any change of course
No chance to slow or halt
The horror of the sound of death
A life brought down to naught

What can I do? What can be done?
To make amends and show remorse
For a squirrel lost on a Monday morn
My gesture, this simple verse. . .

