the animals I see when driving towards a small town
by Emily Carnevale

the deer:
he's on his back,  
the white belly like a flag.  
his thin legs cracked  
and bent like dead branches  
after a storm.

the raccoon:
flattened, thrown  
to the rumble strips  
on the road that remind  
us of the long stretches  
of night ahead.

the mystery:
I wonder who you were,  
black fur and flattened paws,  
before your end, in the same way  
others will wonder who I was  
before they drive away.