

Elegy for Hedgehog

I'm so sorry, you're not looking good
in death.

The service is yet to start,
not a soul has sacrificed for you
yet. Laying, shambled, like an orb
without a sceptre.

Each passer-by gulping up
the shame of your
flatness.

This soft refusal to absence,
sculpted into

a life. On the road: leafless and spine-wrung, rolled
over into fur saliva. The baby is not surviving,
she's only where she came from.

But you know if I could, I'd anoint you,
name you a painter, a poet,
have your mangled shape
shipped far
away from here.

You would be an ornament,
for a while, but soon,
a cause.

Perennial. Eternal.

The way leather,
over time,
changes in the sun.