

Owl

Down the tunnel of light
there is only road.
Yellow stripe, yellow stripe.
Yellow stripe.
It's like this for miles.
For hours.

And then, sometime before dawn,
an explosion of white,
as if I'd hit a pillow
or a snow bank.
But it's a bird, an owl.
I don't know the species,
only that it is beautiful
in cream and caramel.

As I pull it from the ruined grill
the bird is still warm in my hands.
Supple.
Nearly alive.

I smooth its feathers,
this creature I meant no harm,
and lay it by the roadside
before I drive on.