

Road Kill Threnody

Volume Three



*the Welsh
edition*

South London Roadkill Threnody - Volume Three

This is the third collection of short poems by Chris Roberts celebrating the brutally shortened lives of a variety of creatures in this case in North Wales. Like Dylan Thomas, Roberts is celebrating the death of these Welsh beasts in the English language. That is where the similarity stops though as this is way more under milk truck than under milk wood.

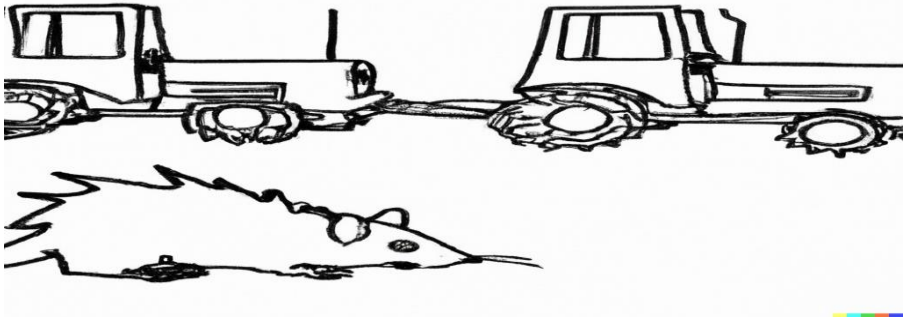
Most of the victims were spotted on trips starting from or around Wrexham. It's a great pity that a future Hollywood career may have been cruelly snatched away. Deadpool indeed.

Post on your socials under the hashtag
#roadkillthrenody
#cerddlladdffordd

Chris Roberts
Images generated by that there Intelligence Artificial (dealluswydd artiffisial)

Taming of

Shrew shrew how do you do?
Not so well, it seems, since a tractor
Ran over you.



Road Brock



No fields will be ploughed overnight by your
mighty snout,
But you are, at least, out of the range of
government hired snipers than when you were
alive.
Oh lorry crushed badger on the A5.

Poleaxed



The glamorous life passed you by too closely in the form of a speeding Bentley but there was no shortage of beauty in it oh polecat done in. Lying like the stole of a leading lady in the ditch of dreams on the approach to Prestatyn.

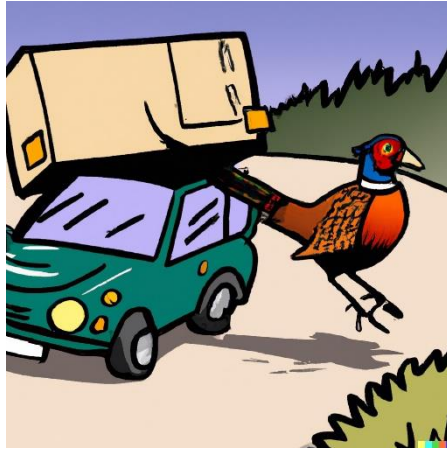
By the “Hollywood” Sign



Your dreams of Chemsex parties and interspecies rutting in Dalston will go unfulfilled my foxy friend.

After the rough caress of a livestock wagon on the Wrexham by pass (Ruabon end).

Revolting



The pheasants are revolting but your grouses are over after a caravan side swipe just past the white church, or Corwen in Celtic. Cheep misery for someone else's holiday you might say if you were being ironic.

Fulmared Metal Jacket

Yesterday you were full of fish and flight,
today you are dual carriageway carpet.
Life can turn out to be a bit shite,
(or shit)
oh flattened fulmar near the Old Colwyn exit.



Pigeon Holed

Mail for the borders and news from Abergele
But no last (pigeon) post for you
Oh battered rock dove made jelly
on the Holyhead line.



Instead a train on your membrane (a train on
your brain).

Road Hog kills Hedgehog



Oh Mrs Tiggie, Mr Tiggie won't,
get his winkle out anymore.
For you and (careful) passion
on the floor because you
are road kill flat to the core.

Deadpool

A newt and frog and toad went to cross the road
now they are car mangled flat are newt and frog
and toad.



This is the third collection of poems dedicated to dead creatures seen on the roads of, in this case, North Wales. The theme remains the same though to celebrate the curtailed lives of the animals. As Yeats might have written:

*What rough beast when a car came round too fast,
Lies squashed on the road to Bethesda. Wishing it hadn't
been born.*

This volume and future ones are available to download as PDFs from www.thecityoverthewater.com .

On social media #roadkillthrenody
#cerddlladdffordd