

# The Mower By Philip Larkin

The mower stalled, twice; kneeling, I found  
A hedgehog jammed up against the blades,  
Killed. It had been in the long grass.

I had seen it before, and even fed it, once.  
Now I had mauled its unobtrusive world  
Unmendably. Burial was no help:

Next morning I got up and it did not.  
The first day after a death, the new absence  
Is always the same; we should be careful

Of each other, we should be kind  
While there is still time.