

## Vultures

Circlingbiting heavy  
calculated

a black river preying

a thick smoke.

I know this:

the moan of the mother

bile swelling in the throat.

Viscerally

fleshy, throbbing.

...

Why does my face still drain white?

...

People put their hands on me and

tell me I'm strong.

I will become anything you need me to be.

...

If I could be anything I  
would be softer.

...

Few people never truly think of where death ends up.

People think of what they must. I envision vultures

tearing  
tough and gamey skin, oily feathers brittle bones.

....

I wish to write something lovely, but I am  
obsessive  
and often wonder what lost life now calls my bloodstream home.

...

The forget-me-nots, the same color as his eyes, spring from the ashes.

The deer won't eat them, so they spring  
back, year after year.

...

The others will ask

to dig up thick red clay  
mold it  
knew his  
& pretend they  
whole person once.

...

I don't remember much at all.

...

I still cry.

The tears spring back year after  
year, never softening.

...

What about the vultures?

Over and over  
circling biting  
calculating  
a thick smoke.

...

A bite that may keep me alive:  
my shadow is not ethereal nor looming. It is just a shadow.

...

The others, see, they  
scurry and burrow  
because I am alive and

toothier than before.

...

Can't they hear it, too?  
The long moan

the beating?  
rising?

Can't they feel it?

the bile up their praying throats?

unashamed.