

## As a Deer Decays

Her body lays strewn on a leaf-covered  
hill halfway between two trees. She's been dead  
over a week. Black flies frantically hover  
above bloated belly and use her head  
to house fat maggot children. Already  
her eyes are eaten away, her fur lies  
patchy on her dirtied bones- her deadly  
smell drifts down to the street; a neighbor sighs  
and rakes lifeless leaves as the decay plagues  
his lungs. Crows circle, awaiting a half-  
eaten meal, as it's rank odor persuades  
them closer still. Their hungry caws are laughs,  
agitated for the flesh they will raid.  
A feast on parasite-ridden remains.