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.