

June, The Smell of Death

Out across the desert
something dead: a head
of beef . Maybe several.
Maybe larger numbers
of smaller bodies. The stench
is disgusting.

Mid-June,
the upper Sonoran, two weeks
at least before monsoon.
Black and white signs
go up on fenceposts:
RABIES QUARANTINE.

At daybreak under the almond
another laying duck
dead of a broken neck.
Under the bed last night
the cat crunching bones.
Under the dark of the moon
dogs barking and growling,
this morning gnawing on
a jackrabbit's head.

That slow
series of staggered small
arms reports out there
to the west where wind
comes from before dawn dawn.