

## 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 crushing bones.  
Under the dark of the moon  
dogs barking and growling,  
this morning gnawing on  
a jackrabbit head.

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