

Politics

A conclave of vultures stood
contemplating what was
once a deer until
the reflection was broken
by one that seemed to want
a closer look at the subject
and leaned in rousing
another out of its torpor.
The pair flurried wings
and bumped chests while
a third observed coldly
when the curious cathartes
suddenly sprang skyward
with two strong strokes.
The victor stood triumphant;
the observer was unmoved.

Overhead another turned
in a circle with a lean,
either a late arrival or
remaining above the fray
by choice; it was impossible
to tell for certain.

This was quite a find,
intact and as yet unmolested
by marauding coyotes, and so
the vanquished hung close
and all eschewed the mundane
in the form of a former
jackrabbit lying in the roadway
awaiting the arrival
of the bickering mob
of magpies to come.

We are moved to scrutinize
the specifics in these situations
despite the fact that the conclusions
have proven to be inevitable.

— Jeffery Greb