

“(verb:) fall.”

--

a dead bird sits in the middle of a suburban sidewalk.

spring rain frames the corpse like a halo

small frail rotten body,

providing just enough of a spread-winged umbrella to create the dry outline

creatures will come,

smaller than the sparrow,

more grateful than a sinner on his twelfth confession

and call the hollow cavity of its chest a sanctuary.

maggots and botflies join in holy matrimony in this chapel

buzzing hymns only they can understand,

an ancient tongue passed down through them

but long hidden from us,

the language of beings who exist only for death

once, eve’s apple would have pumped at the center

none would be tempted save for the snakes that could swallow her whole

now the fleshy fruit is on display

spoiled by the atmosphere, unprotected by the hollow garden walls

(evelyn mchale lives on in the infamy of beautiful deaths against her will

forever displayed and posed on the hood of a stranger's car, so stunning and breathtaking
a voyeur with a camera saw it his duty to immortalize her as a pseudo-saint,
much like the maggots will for the deceased bird)

with tiny feet curled up in agonizing prayer pointed towards an unrelenting sky and an indifferent
god

who decided the creature had outlived its usefulness and dropped it from the sky

nothing sacred or protected remains here;

a dead bird sits in the middle of a suburban sidewalk.