

In Praise of Turkey Vultures

by Don Boas

Night-blind and passive,
they circle above the suburban grid.
They feast on last year's spark.
They toggle between before
and after. When irritated,
and who isn't, they vomit
bone and fur. With no voice box,
they hiss and grunt. If you have faith
in the resurrection, they shake it.
If necessary, they scarf
roadkill and stranded fish.