

Grapefruit Vultures

The day I stop loving you is the day the vultures show up. My grandfather always told me it was a myth that they circle around animals that are dying, but then why is a group of them called a *wake*?

I hear them first, then look out my window to see their hunched tombstone bodies creating a black feather graveyard in my front yard.

They look starving. I stay inside and imagine tiny vultures circling the drain of my sink while I'm washing dishes, even though I'm trying to forget about the vultures just like how I'm trying to forget about the way the flamingos at the zoo smell, and forget about the documentary I watched on how chicken nuggets are made. I try to forget that I am flightless.

The vultures won't stop following me, so I string the horrible kites behind me as I drive across the city, until a vulture flies right under the wheels of my car while going 80 down I-10. In a self-sacrificing suicide I hear him tell the others, "Eat this – this is my flesh." How strange to witness death decay. I drive past my exit. I pray for the roadkill. I divide into my body until I am dust on my dashboard. Until I am sugar dissolving into the memory of scraping your grapefruit heart clean with a silver spoon.