

## To a Turkey Vulture

Serene, you ride the thermals, float  
    until attention shifts  
below to a bit of fur that bleeds  
    just inches from screaming tires.  
You hear noise but sense no gore,  
    maybe a meal for chicks,  
perhaps a tidbit for your mate,  
    and spiral inward toward meat.

Yellow eyes ablaze, a pack of feral and famished dogs arrives,  
deranged by the smell of pooling blood. They snarl, snap at one another,  
knot themselves in a Gordian tangle of legs and teeth, propelled insanely  
toward trucks and cars that roar with them along the highway's edge.

Unperturbed and grateful, you glide  
    above the tumult, aware  
there will be enough to feed the whole wake.  
    So, you hover, bank, and buoyed  
by the planet's life sustaining breath,  
    demonstrate for all  
just how diverse love's calls can be,  
    how generous is our earth.