

No Winners

When the stag died, it left behind
its body on the dark, damp grass.

A vulture, ever the opportunist,
swooped in to dine on the carcass,
unaware that his brother
had already begun to eat.

The two vultures eyed each other,
talons curled, feathers flared,
each knowing there was enough to go around
but neither willing to share.

They fought beneath the summer sky,
splitting the air with shrieks of fury
and hatred, hatred, hatred
as they grappled and tore at themselves.

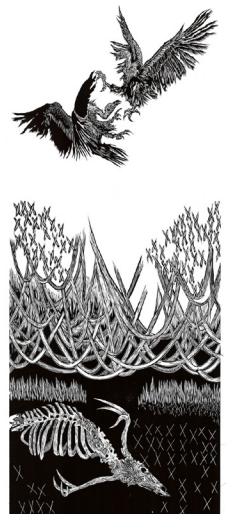
As the winds blew colder,
and the brush lost its leaves,
still they fought
until one or both were dead.

In the end, he won,
and his brother lay unmoving.

The prize was his at last.

Victorious, he turned to feast—
only to find nothing but bones
in the dark, damp grass.

-Katelyn Wang



Adrian Rhodes
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