

## VERSE

## VULTURES

Fat vultures hold black wakes  
above the carnage of our endless wars.  
Each burial and brief, uneasy truce  
is temporary interruption to their feasts,  
those predators who gloat  
on our inevitable sacrifice.

When wiser generations make enduring peace  
and sun no longer darkens with their huddles,  
then we may feast and frolic in the sun,  
while they, starved and crouching mourners  
grow lean and desolate as we once did.

—*Alice Mackenzie Swaim*