

# The Summer of Starting Over

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The sun never set while the deer carcass rotted away. It was near the end of a summer, the bones of my heart [b]leached in the suddenness of desert.

We the living can only see death in melodrama—slow-motion impact, rent flesh; then comes the collapse, the final breath into animal lungs. We see dust

eddy. We know nothing of endings really, only what's left behind: the hovering  
stink, the fly clouds, the death grimace widening into a smile. An invitation.