

## Manicheans

At the impassable end of beach  
where the creek mouth, debris-wracked  
sputters over slimy cobbles,  
turkey vultures congregate  
with their plucked, boiled faces, no-necked  
heads ridiculous marbles on a 6 ft. span.

Untouchables at their melancholy chore,  
chattel to carrion, labouring for the meat  
that perisheth. Offal scoundrels, what is  
their recompense? To love thee, garbage, more.  
To delve deeper into detritus: rotten salmon,  
washed up chopped seal.

Does their demeanor signify mortification?  
Inarticulate, they squabble over titbits,

turn from our reproach, loft off.  
Two tones on the underside  
of each wing; mud and cloud.  
Diurnal dualists, they soar dihedral.  
In flight, a loveliness far surpassing  
that of swans. A contrariness  
that endureth  
to everlasting.