

# Phenomenology- Short Stack

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## **The Odors**

Odors of life surround you. Dinner.  
Litter box. Mildew growing  
in the small cracks you can't see.  
Life is largely malodorous.  
It's chemical, not moral. Shit happens,

as the saying goes. Life is full of stink.  
And fragrance, as the flowers  
strive to draw the pollinators in.  
And the courting couples flourish,  
dabbing and spraying irresistible scents

## **Fly**

The fly comes in against my will  
and hers. She would prefer  
the wider world with its piles of shit

and dead animals. I have no desire  
to house a fly. She buzzes. I try  
to beat her compound eyes

but can't. She annoys me for a day  
and then my wish to open the door  
and hers to flee coincide.

## **A Murmuration**

of trash and fallen leaves  
swirls in a whirlwind up  
and around, bends  
groundward to collapse  
in a scatter of castoffs  
covering the spidering cracks  
of the decrepit cul-de-sac.

