

The Scavenger

by Glen Binger

I am a scavenger. I sit on the telephone wire, a ravenous vulture watching a man and a woman arguing across the street. The clouds remind me of ashy marshmallows I found in a fire pit yesterday. The woman starts violently shoving the man; he stumbles backwards. I am not sure if I feel bad for the man or not. I am a scavenger with emotions. The woman keeps saying, "That isn't what happened." I don't know what they are fighting about but I want to know, so I perch on the wire for a while. I am a curious scavenger. I feel spiders webbing webs in between my legs. An hour goes by and the man and woman are still arguing; the woman is still pushing the man, and he keeps stumbling backwards closer to the street. A car is coming, driving quickly. I don't think it can see the couple arguing. I feel anger towards the woman in defense of the man. I am a guardian scavenger. Finally, as the car is about to pass, the woman pushes the man harder than before; she doesn't see the car. He trips backwards, head landing in front of the passenger-side tire, popping as if it were a balloon being sat on. The woman gets spattered and looks shocked. She flees. The car slams on its brakes, realizes what happened and speeds away. I fly down to devour the remnants of the body. I am a hungry scavenger, tired of waiting.

