

ROT

Rio Cortez

All the tall buildings in downtown Havana have halos of carrion crows. The autumn sun burning Italian tourists is obscured by black Vs in the sky-blue sky. They hiss and grunt into the palms, almost blind, circling by smell. They say they're the vultures other vultures follow to prey.

After the hurricane, running along the malecón I saw two white dogs bloated, floating near the rock bank. Do they circle, mistaking diesel fuel for flesh. Or is it the mold, eating the wooden frames of our houses, the iron filigree swallowed by rust. Walking to Vedado, I crack the head of a dead bird with my sandal. Or is it something coming. Something about to die.