

The Goat

by Sarah Terkaoui

I remember how it hung
by its back legs from the tree
the blood that had escaped
from the black smile of its slit throat
in an explosion at first
finally slowing to a trickle
and how the flies danced in
and around it and the children
kicked a ball across the dirt yard
nearly but never quite
hitting the white enamel bowl
that steady collector
its *snick snick snick* a terrible clock
and how we stopped the car
to buy mangos and paw paws
from the woman at the road side
with her breakfast glass of rum & Boost
who smiled at us with her gums
and how we squeezed the fruit
turning them over in our hands
letting their overripe juice drip
onto us and how we turned away
from the goat and the bowl
and the children and the dirt