

"The ruby rests on a square of sun-faded green velvet under a dusty case in a maritime museum in an old fishing village many branches off a spur of the interstate between Peabody and Salem. Flies have perished inside the case."

-B. Mukherjee

A rotten cantaloupe sits on a crawling patch of crunching, sucking fly larve under two layers of rancid compost in a poorly ventilated Rubbermaid bin many steps from my back door between the dead grass and the crooked fence. Only a fool would lift the lid.