GOAT’S MILK

In the cool Pine Valley mountains above an August desert heat, every goat gave three quarts a day of smooth and creamy milk. Herders kept one-third, sold the rest. Then one sunrise the southern sky burst into light like a match and slowly darkened to a pink haze.

Eleven million curies of iodine-131 caught the winds at detonation then sprinkled back to earth like salt over the horizon’s shoulder, like small angels of death the color of goat’s milk.