

The Crows

The crows are all about
me: shining, black,
they rub the air they turn
its coordinates to steam
row the sun's best shoes
out to the poplar leaves
or drown them here insane
as summer horses flocked
against each other; loud,
lazy, they wheel out time
and wheel it back unspun,
jealous of no one, afraid
of nothing natural they bait
the owl and eagle they fill
my eyes with more than wings,
foul my hair with nests
of eggs and bones and mice,
they feel my finger pull:
each shot folds up one,
one at a time they drop,
flapping winter wheat
green edges of the mind
ignoring how by ones
they drop from the sky.