

## 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.

from *Song of the Beast*