

What the Raven Said

BARBARA CROOKER

as he balanced on a branch of Douglas fir,
was that it's dark under the stars, the planet
spinning through space like the toss of a coin—
It's winter, and the currants grow sweeter
under their cover of frost. The river bears its load,
weighed down with what comes from upstream.
The season of loss, the longing for light
like sugar on cake. The form that memory
takes, straight shots from a tumbler of gin.
That was the breath of the raven, its harsh song,
movement and line, the snow, falling.