

Death Speaks of the Beauty of Crows

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God's mistake
was not loving them enough.
Old Tricksters,

blue-black as ink drops:
ambivalent midnight,
color of the in-between.

Crows name
the sadness of living,
the boredom of phone wires.

Crows pose, picturesque,
in the artist's wheat fields.
Crows, like Time, are thieves.

Don't scorn them.
Let their cries
ignite your own loneliness.

Welcome the murder
of crows that descends
when one has fallen.

If you are lucky and pure
of heart, some day a crow
may lengthen its wings

and invite you to nestle
within the deathly feathers,
then fly your body,

small ant that you are,
into the blue-black sky,
into its forever dream.