

“A thousand crows”

I remember the summer
When the thousand crows
Flew over our house

My mother and brother

Pulling me inside
Safe

From all the great ifs
Of this life....

.....

And my wife

18 years later
Would tell me
She saw the same old
Sight from her bedroom
Wondering if she
Would become a crow
If they would all come
Into her room

Her bed

Her head...
And leave nothing behind
But the flowers.....