

Three Crows

Three crows fall from a bluing sky, talons entwined,
beaks glistening, toward a rock-strewn stream:

First up is fish crow flapping from a sycamore
for the day's forage at Raritan Bay;

Next your garden variety drops from an oaken perch
high above Chimney Rock;

Then a northern raven drafting above First Watchung dives
into the fray.

Three crows peck and flap, peck and flap, peck and flap
tumbling along the basalt hillside inured to the certainty
that one will thrive, another survive,
a third die
in the rolling waters of the Middlebrook.

- from *Delinquency Lessons*, 2008