

Murder of Crows

It's a bit misleading, isn't it?
Branding crows by the dozen
a murder, I mean. They're not
such evil things at all, just
defamed and much maligned,
victims of the easy out.

Politicians? There's your murder.
Generals, preachers, salesmen,
there's your murder in its own
particular way. The crows simply
do what they do and do it with
wonder and volume.

11/02/06

Dissent Amongst The Flock

Are there rebel crows, loners
on a glossy wing? Do they
claim the solitary branch,
own the power lines with a look
and a caw, fly the extra mile
just to make a point?

Are those squawks and cries
just small talk or an argument,
battle plans or the details of
an inquisition? Is there nuance
in a fluttered wing or is it
the final word, an ominous
flicker of what's to come?

Do the crows move as one as
the streetlights make it seem
or is there dissent amongst
the flock, a call from the fringe
for a re-examined murder, the
whisper of an alternate route?

There must be factions and
alliances, agreements and pacts,
a fragile peace, a tenuous hold,
a breach in the feathery armor.
All those creatures can't possibly
be of a common mind, nothing,
we believe, moves with such
singularity. There are graveyards
full of the dead, though, who
might tend to disagree, who've
seen the failure of such optimistic
logic.

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Crows

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A Thousand Or So Crows

It's five-thirty and I have a date
with the crows. The moon is
wrapped in gauze and the
treetops are heavy with oily
feathers and fidgety silhouettes.
A mesh of call and response traps
and smothers all other sounds,
suffocating movement. All is quiet
and all is still. One twitch of a
wing and a thousand or so crows
depart in unison, sounding, for
all that flapping, like the sky
is on fire, invisible flames licking
the rims of swollen clouds.

12/08/00

The Crows (Don't Give A Shit)

The crows don't give a shit
and that's okay.
They don't know about bloody
wars and the politicians
who start them;
they don't know about poverty
and who blames whom;
the crows don't give a damn
about visitation rights and
cut-rate lawyers, about front
row seats and the smell of
smoke.
They don't care about out-of-print
books or lousy movies or a woman
dancing naked atop a moving
fire engine.
Not one crow cares about cancer,
death or taxes, not missing children,
drug abuse or all the isms in the
world.
The crows don't care about you
and they don't care about me.
They show up every night at
five o'clock, emerging from
the pink and purple horizon like
army planes on a mission, taking
their places on the empty limbs
and surveying an abandoned
downtown that they'll soon rule.

11/20/03

A Kind Of Tradition

Every year, late autumn,
I seem to write something
about the crows, the ones
who crowd the power lines
on my way home, who
overwhelm with their hundred-fold
presence, as beautiful as
they are frightening and
intense. It's been a
busy year and I haven't
gotten to it yet so here
I am, tardy and hurried,
but officially mentioning
the crows.

12/08/05