

## The Lonely Crow

Believe it or not I have seen you across the Meadow, and wondered if you could fly that far.  
Normally that would not be a big deal, for even when I was young I could just go from place to place;  
branch to branch.

The winters now seem colder than they were. Do you agree?  
They say it is hotter actually, but by my watching the others  
go their way; I would have to think that it is colder;  
and in that, I may have misspoken.

But none-the-less we still fly, and so it isn't much of an argument.  
The Sky is never despondent, and the Wind would never let you know  
What really has happened to it?  
Not that it wouldn't, but...  
well, it just goes, though they say it comes as well.

I have been "perched" on this one Lonely place, suffering from bewilderment.  
I have never seen such blasphemy. Even the Snow has lost its pertinence.

I am, at my own behest, about to fly across the Meadow,  
But this I mentioned, while  
alone, and recklessly missing a consequence,  
concurrently belching a voice not known for being assiduous.

I noticed I am black, only by virtue of not being something else,  
and all of you think I am able to make my way  
Day-by-day; you just assume that I will be here;  
Saying to yourselves "what is in evidence I have disregarded"?

I will tell you something about me that no one knows:  
I have been here watching you for so many years, that were I to tell you how many, you would turn your  
head in collusion, with each other, and with your hearts you would belie your response.

For I am that which you have Stolen,  
and, I must say I love the Golden Gimee.  
for you always allow me my Robbery;  
I take it and fly away and save it for a day - leaving my black where I stayed.

I stow it and think upon it daily.

There is a Mystery however, and I must oblige my ghost;  
my blackened tar soaked colors are, my shining-sparring Host,  
that in between point A and B, what's missing is what's most,

I can call across a Field and tell you to beware,  
I fluff my wings and croon my scalp  
while you prepare your hair. Conceit. Your hair is made of  
mostly bone and I am mostly air, but what I know in several months, takes you a million years.

This is what you hear me say, when sitting on the fence, concordance claimed from making Noise  
concealed within your Voice.

