

the crow
standing in the burned out blackness
of a burned out fall field
cleared of stubble
weeds
pests
and seasonal diseases
finds the character of our darkness
with its back turned towards me
but i know
about its infernal eyes
of hunger
focused and scanning
studying the winter field
like a battleground
with an instinctual philosophy
for anything alive that can keep it alive
for its existence.

are we more fortunate just because
we can study the same thing
and name the season.

the crow standing in the burned out blackness.
wf.h.
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