

Temple of Crows

This wrought-iron bird searches,
its unblinking black
marble gaze
plows the cloud-cluttered sky.

Its cold, dull wings
flat against its sides.
No perfect wire feather
ruffled by the coming storm.

The crows mill
beneath the windowsill,
revering its majestic stillness.
They offer prayers,

rattled knucklebones in a lacquered cup,
to the sentinel staring defiantly up
at the roiling heavens.
Rain pocks the dust at their feet.

In ones and twos, they cast
their fragile bodies into the wind.
Their silent iron idol
searches between the raindrops for their return.

