

**Raven's Love is an Omen**

Crow! Crow! The wicked trickster!  
 Gypsy dog, she saw you as a fingerprint  
 to her black eye;

saw your lolling tongue hang open,  
 saw it glisten in the day and swallow  
 worlds at night. And she was right  
 in her own way: you are mirth and the gray  
 blur at the corner of a prey's vision: spirit  
 of the trick.

Taking chaos to feast like a suitor,  
 she was an oracle. Crow took one look  
 at Raven's love, made off like a storm  
 was coming.

Saw something neither you nor I could  
 see past us.

**Crow's Prophecy is Cruel**

Daughter of First Coyote,  
 there is a cruel irony here:

When First Coyote was busy creating  
 the world, the glassy lakes and the woodpecker's  
 rhythmic hunt—while he was busy with the fin flip  
 of a fresh-spawned trout and the fall of mammoth  
 beasts

he forgot about you.

That one day you would come, howl feral, love  
 through the grin of your teeth.

And so when Coyote was created,  
 mirth smiled, spun her  
 a birth in jest.

**The Trick**

Coyote, you are the trickster whose fate  
 was tricked. The joke, after all was never  
 your laughing jaws or pointing teeth, savage  
 heart or slide of mind, but simple irony  
 of an omen. Crow cried out blood-call,  
 so the heavens rearranged

and it was true. Crow pressed her eyes  
 to the jugular of time and prescanned  
 your story. Stole psalms from your life,  
 traded them back sullied or poisoned.  
 But she was right, my gypsy beast: you took  
 to dying. Your body rebelled and pocketed  
 your skin. You grew yellow and thin. Slipped in  
 and out of hospitals, the stink of man;  
 took medicine. Until one night the bottle rang.  
 You answered howling.

**Coyote, Who Tricked the Gods**

Coyote, who tricked the gods,  
 is continually resurrecting—  
 they have played with time.

Coyote, called coma girl, eater  
 of man-made poisons

was handed the trick of eternal.

Great small Coyote who spent youth  
 beating at the gods and stalking

through life, sees more than Crow,  
 laugh's lazy, sometimes—  
 sometimes in pain.

Coyote, Raven loves you.  
 Your thinning beast of yellow skin

**Carrion, Squawked Crow**

1.  
 You are the trickster, unraveled;  
 I caught sight of you as the games tore on,  
 landed on your carrion life, cocked my head  
 to the left,

Said: Coyote, there's a gleam about you; I have  
 an eye for the finer things, for the possession.

Said: I don't care who has previously  
 laid claim to you. I don't care

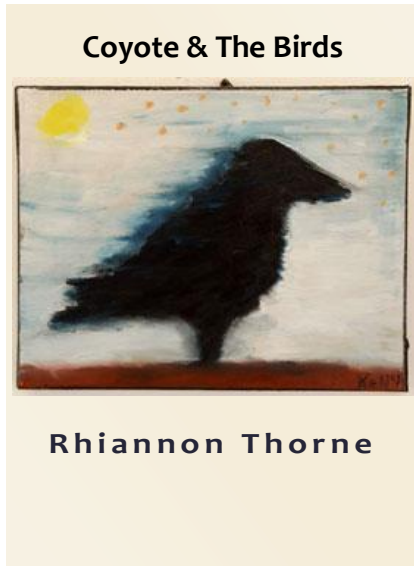
what bodies are on the way. And you laughed

tongue fat and pink, lolling against your  
 bright white teeth.

2.  
 Crow caught wind  
 and crooned Carrion! Carrion!  
 you were death and spoils  
 to the things you touched—

Death and spoils to flesh and love.

*for Kate Hammerich*



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**Origami Poetry Project™**

**Coyote & The Birds**  
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