

Crown of Justice

She watches the leaves rustle
and bend in the stinging wind,
takes her tired satin back
to the oak by the horse barn.

Is this worthy of an old crow? Quarter
cup of seed all day and too tired
to scout for more? She is trying to figure
how the leaves can bolt this way and that
with an egg yellow sun showering
the weeds and paddocks.

*Muddy water under the glare, she says,
vipers and bugs. But nothing to swallow
and her thirst is like a fever, strong
enough for tears in her unblinking eyes.*

They have friended her, yet now
she has nothing for them,
no encouraging caws on their first hunt,
no fresh love on the fly.

Why isn't justice raining down?
Where is her feathery ebony crown?

The broken cry of a crow

it cuts across the marsh
and she wonders what an old crow
is doing at Sachuest
a place for hawks and high-flyers

mice and rabbits, fox and insects
carpeting the brush on their account

nothing fresh on the road for a hungry palate
no roads at all in the dense weeds

just one old crow in her satin cloak
canvassing for a future

under the dormant twigs and leftovers
in this season before spring



CROWSPEAK

BY

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Cutting Across the Path

Tears well as the oldest crow moves
off in a black huff, it's only a few feet
but she can feel the offense, read

the language of insult, of royal disfavor,
and it's her, her again, her in the way,
in the middle of someone else's
perseverance and intention. I was
moving into her path, keeping her from
her appointed crow ways, the walk

across the road in full view of the squirrels
and jay birds, the digging for worms.
She hadn't noticed the possum

past the big house, looked to be two
of them yesterday, today it's only one.
Was it really there – that other?

A Recent Death

They surround the broken cries
with austerity and commiseration,
hear if not see, bright black
against the maple leaves, voices
overcoming wind, whinies,
a wailing child in the courtyard.

Life is seeping out, only a year
in this world of air and seeds
and rain and branches and eggs.

She is too young to go,
senses the others high in the trees
sitting regally with their good
health and patience not qualified
for all this truth.

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Origami Poetry Project
CROWSPEAK
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