

at.tension

I cannot draw these crows.
they speak: crow on snow.

peck their way in and out of *plots*
I cannot

follow.

up there
on the lamppost a word
separates us. falls. empty.

opaque. dissolves on a sunlit wing.

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in the lymph light they ripple
in the *frantic* search for a morsel.

as the tide goes out
we follow its footprints—
the raw flesh
it leaves
behind.