



today the crow in the pine is a story—  
its harsh charred voice pulls the morning

out of the water. ripples  
the city's dissolving dreams.

they walk in broad daylight *through* memory  
lanes lined with walls so thin

you can see where the dumpsters used to be  
benches  
where we sat and held hands.

under the water a book turning pages.  
slow words come undone

float to the surface black oily and slick.  
flow under bridges arches aches

the *marrow* of the quiet the writing down  
and what a crow tears out of

*such silence.*