

# Crows by Eric Evans

An Ink Publications Broadside

## A Thousand Or So Crows

It's five-thirty and I have a date  
with the crows. The moon is  
wrapped in gauze and the  
treetops are heavy with oily  
feathers and fidgety silhouettes.  
A mesh of call and response traps  
and smothers all other sounds,  
suffocating movement. All is quiet  
and all is still. One twitch of a  
wing and a thousand or so crows  
depart in unison, sounding, for  
all that flapping, like the sky  
is on fire, invisible flames licking  
the rims of swollen clouds.

12/08/00

## The Crows (Don't Give A Shit)

The crows don't give a shit  
and that's okay.  
They don't know about bloody  
wars and the politicians  
who start them;  
they don't know about poverty  
and who blames whom;  
the crows don't give a damn  
about visitation rights and  
cut-rate lawyers, about front  
row seats and the smell of  
smoke.  
They don't care about out-of-print  
books or lousy movies or a woman  
dancing naked atop a moving  
fire engine.  
Not one crow cares about cancer,  
death or taxes, not missing children,  
drug abuse or all the isms in the  
world.  
The crows don't care about you  
and they don't care about me.  
They show up every night at  
five o'clock, emerging from  
the pink and purple horizon like  
army planes on a mission, taking  
their places on the empty limbs  
and surveying an abandoned  
downtown that they'll soon rule.

11/20/03

## A Kind Of Tradition

Every year, late autumn,  
I seem to write something  
about the crows, the ones  
who crowd the power lines  
on my way home, who  
overwhelm with their hundred-fold  
presence, as beautiful as  
they are frightening and  
intense. It's been a  
busy year and I haven't  
gotten to it yet so here  
I am, tardy and hurried,  
but officially mentioning  
the crows.

12/08/05

## Murder of Crows

It's a bit misleading, isn't it?  
Branding crows by the dozen  
a murder, I mean. They're not  
such evil things at all, just  
defamed and much maligned,  
victims of the easy out.

Politicians? There's your murder.  
Generals, preachers, salesmen,  
there's your murder in its own  
particular way. The crows simply  
do what they do and do it with  
wonder and volume.

11/02/06

## Dissent Amongst The Flock

Are there rebel crows, loners  
on a glossy wing? Do they  
claim the solitary branch,  
own the power lines with a look  
and a caw, fly the extra mile  
just to make a point?

Are those squawks and cries  
just small talk or an argument,  
battle plans or the details of  
an inquisition? Is there nuance  
in a fluttered wing or is it  
the final word, an ominous  
flicker of what's to come?

Do the crows move as one as  
the streetlights make it seem  
or is there dissent amongst  
the flock, a call from the fringe  
for a re-examined murder, the  
whisper of an alternate route?

There must be factions and  
alliances, agreements and pacts,  
a fragile peace, a tenuous hold,  
a breach in the feathery armor.  
All those creatures can't possibly  
be of a common mind, nothing,  
we believe, moves with such  
singularity. There are graveyards  
full of the dead, though, who  
might tend to disagree, who've  
seen the failure of such optimistic  
logic.

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