

Crow

BY KATELIN STANLEY

Bobbing black head
Swagger like a champ
Sleek, downy sides, liquid tar
Seated on scaly legs, black dragons' tails
With talons, impish, not sharp
Eyes of onyx, beak opaque,
Obsidian shard
From whence the sharp calls
Of hollow mouth
A toy filled with sand
But smart, he remains
Aviator in a tailored dinner jacket
Bright is his eye's white glimmer
As he picks up a morsel and
In a flash of shadows
Disappears