

The Birds: 3 poems

written by Guest Contributor | June 22, 2021



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good of you

a crow lands just in front of me on the blackwire
turns his beak sideways his opal eyes canine
he knows i walk here most days knows i eat an apple
knows i throw the core where it can be seen knows i have been
faithful to my wife knows i drink in silence knows the pills
that sleep the lack sweep the sheet clean
knows i used to speak to god and now
now

a crow glides down grips white flesh
right after i throw it down and i glance back
to give my respect but he is feast-rapt eyes deep
talons entrenched and i used to think i could speak to god
but now i just talk to crows and cottonwoods
and to the mists obscuring or retreating
and as i round the corner by the homeless tents a
robin

flits up surveys me placidly at eye level
i say hello, god, good of you to send word
i'm glad your arms can still
fly

* * *

Crow (Voiceover):

You have no idea we can hear your thoughts and taste your pheromones.
You believe that this is all a human invention. You think it is miraculous
that you can have several selves—some asleep, some flying through walls.
You have no idea how porous the sky is—how leaky the places between

each of your steps. We live here in the flash between each of your thoughts in an echoing silver field where the dead still shift and flutter through gaps.

There are more holes than solid places. You are not observant. But we observe you. We only care about you because of what you discard. And you discard everything without even knowing it.

* * *

supplication

when i walk the same stretch of path
where i shared an apple with a crow
yesterday

two crows now stand atop the light posts
and they supplicate for more open
flesh

each of their calls streak flat in the glare
because i have nothing to share
today

sometimes, god, i have nothing to sacrifice
(plus it is windy and i forgot my
hat)

and as i turn at the end of the abandoned
middle school field i see a net strung to deflect
balls

from sailing into the maintenance yard
but the fabric has as many holes as a cauterized
lung

i know my defenses look this way in the light
it makes me feel like i am on display my
psyche

waving open in silver wounds like a flag
or a confession i never have enough to give these
gods

which whisk in the mind i never can cover
the holes when i talk i never have enough
skin

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Scott Ferry helps our Veterans heal as a RN. His third book of poetry, *These Hands of Myrrh*, will be published by Kelsay Books in late 2021. You can find more @ ferry-poetry.com.

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