

Subtle, The Crow

(A ways outside the tower and turmoil of towns,)

In the quiet color cutting of another splendid sunset...
on the spit of wire spun between two telephone pole necks,
sits an awful fevered murder of crows.
Itching the dusk with the call that only they can lay low,
And so that day they did unwittingly dispose
themselves to the appetite behind all O
Men yet not comprehending their stick in the scheme
of the prey-on-prey ballet of ending day...

the prey-on-prey ballet of ending day

Those crows
(twitching with the omen they've become on earth.)

several thousand thick
in a fit,
of everything but empty.
Those crows sicked, their starving wings
on choking out the sun fall's sinking pinks...

Surrounded by the wellwater black of near night and become,
Those crows dove into the quiet of the half sunken in sun.
To set themselves against the same take-spark that aches in men.
their die, their dive, and their dire
became them...

and all that barged into the sunset's wellwater pith of a sky seeming what if, we're spit back out to
An obvious and ominous earth ode and
Threat to the soaring sordid appetite of man...

The sky has always been a complex death of all its hunting things,

And so (cause) So (cause) shall the crow
Cuts its throat's most awful cough
From its heavy metal song