

Angels

I. Crows

At field edge, they swing through
dusk like black swords. Quick
swipes, steep dives. Screams harsh as fire
lash dead tree branches, the owl
teetering in the highest.

II. Owl

Need for more
pulled him to this high
place. Grateful for flesh
abandoned, crows lower themselves,
satin-winged, to bodies of perfect loss.
He craves movement, squeals
and twitches. For this he rises,
peers down through coming night, ready to devour
anything that breathes.

III. Exile

Jabs like stinging hail: crows
have heard the owl's proud hoots, his booming
claims. Seen him strike, crush the unsuspecting.
They circle and swoop, pierce his feather
robe till he leaps from the bough
to a place darker,
lower.

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