

JANE AWDE GOODWIN

I AM THE CROW MURDERER

the crow with the broken wing lay sideways on the ground
the other two crows stand around him
one calling for help
facing away
a black shadow in the sunlight
his breath can be seen in the early morning.
the other crow is trying to pick him up by his wing
but his beak is too small and the bird is too heavy
and so they fly away to a higher tree
and the injured crow stays there in the parking lot grass
like a painting

they are still calling
they come back down
one is pulling by his wing dragging him
in the grass but he is too heavy.
Behind my curtains where I am watching, I call the bird people.

I murdered that crow.
I said I didn't have a laundry basket to put over him
and that anyways I was late for work.
I didn't have a laundry basket but I could have emptied the cardboard box
that I keep my socks in and put that over him in the parking lot
and taped a note to it saying: Do not remove box crow inside rescue coming.
But I didn't and I wasn't late for work.

and now a little piece of my heart is as black as he was.
The rest of the crows look at me like they know
whenever I walk by.