

Crow

Echo stampede as of horses
Filmic, tested in sand and

How come you
Close these hoof gaps into

Sounds whose images
Lie in heaps among throngs

Inevitable as fire. So
The last day comes

And we who are in front
Make elongated shadows

As if moonstruck and benign.
Never is a word

Only an ocean might say
And only to the sky

When the dark bird
Comes to sit on snow.