

March

by David Ackley

Distantly, two crows unlatch from a high pine
passing thought of crow on the pallid sky.

The top twigs make up-ended t's
or featherless birds hung in flight.

Attention nests in the gaps
They lure us,
Sentras to sinkholes.

*In March hone bayonet and harrow
blood inspires the corn.*

I see well enough your death
but your life
swallows itself whole

You vanish like a crow at night

