

How To Love Like a Raven Loves

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

Legend says birds mate on Valentine's Day and one year when it fell on a Sunday and the weather was warm for an afternoon in February I saw the territorial pair down front in the clearing, the female preening alone in light rain on top of a broken off red pine. She took long elegant strokes down her back as far as her head could reach. The male kept watch, scanning heaven and earth from the tallest tree at the forest's edge, but he turned away for shorter and shorter times until he barely took his eyes off her, his intention narrowing to one purpose, one word, "You."

