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## Crow Hour

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*Jane Satterfield*

## Crow Hour

As if notes of a symphony slid off a page,  
crows and more crows  
than I've ever seen in winter-wan

stubble-fields, in any dream or fever  
of fandom,  
feathered kin where leaves would be

in warmer months. Who can read  
the cantos of  
their conflicts? Like scops of some

upper kingdom whose dialect grows  
diffuse or resounds  
with each night's re-telling—

the sharp calls ratcheting and rising—  
assembly, scold,  
and warning calls. Here in sight

of the arboretum, your Hyundai  
hums in lamplit  
curb appeal. You crack the window,

enlarge the field of my cellphone camera,  
all crowdom now  
within your range. Grounded after

delayed flights, each day here with you  
is an added measure.  
Meanwhile the roost awaits the big reveal—

what fields are best to forage, where they'll  
settle for the night.  
For now, roost chatter carries on, a broadcast

not unlike our own—who cached  
or faked, news  
some awesome shiny object.

Tricksters, schemers, or dark  
omens—call crows  
what you will. Our questions of travel

are notorious and few. In shards of day,  
oncoming night, who wouldn't  
hearken home, gather close, refuse to sleep alone?