

## Father Figures

In the outsized oaks the crows  
Repeat their one word which means  
*I hate you and move your ass*  
To the hawk they've chased  
From their trees where they must  
Be nesting, though—my fault—  
I can't imagine a crow as mother,  
Though as father figure, perfect:  
Very short on words, beyond laconic,  
Kind of strong, or at least heavy-set,  
And just about always angry, angry  
At the sky or the leaves or the grass.  
And at sunset, forget about it.  
*Get the fuck out of my way*, they say,  
As they drop little ponds of waste  
On the tar and cement and bark,  
Before they come home to recount  
Nothing about their day. They love  
Night best when they seem to disappear  
Into the darkness, their oily black  
Feathers just a layer of midnight,  
Their beaks shut up, and they're always  
So surprised when dawn comes again  
And says, *You're still alive*. They rejoice  
With their sounds for war and power,  
But wonder what it would be like  
To just vanish, evanesce, get it  
Over with and get off  
The grid, the oaks, the sky entirely.

