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Dear Crow

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Dear Crow

this morning too
the papers are black as rain
words burst inside the mouth
like cheap candy or gunshots
no entry or exit wound
only a bluethroated howl
of an eye being opened
with a wild honeybee sting
the center folds
like the palms of a girl
looking for her brother
they say at the Maheshwara Yagya
when Bramha-booned Ravana
ravaged the sages
gathered around the Agni
it was you who saved Yama
with your dark dark wings
but dear crow
who do you save
in a country where everyone is a god
of death