

## CROW VISITS

At the 'stone threshold of the winds' stood  
one Darnella Frazier watching the conversations of the clouds.  
He sang (even before Hughes) Crow knows everything.  
Got it all mapped! The curious un-guarded secrets,  
and suggests Ted's photo-mimic of Crow's  
Crow's-foot peer an exact careless representation.

Fear? Crow knows it not. Safety first will him out  
of exchange of attack when groaning fly offs  
happy or angered yet upright  
child and confessor it seems his reflector Black.

At the county dump gaining refresh from a house without,  
passing the trash-compact operator, Crow in his own chair hopped,  
even as within arms' reach passed.

Here the poet's laugh and shake of head at self in that.

So, of that operator had to ask, 'Friend of yours?' 'Pet?'  
Only half-shake negative and shrug, with impression left,  
Crow was visiting and relaxed from Crow's own confidence.  
Here is self-thought Wittgenstein's 'Don't think. But Look.'

Crow said, I have one neighbor's chicken-coup on watch.  
And patrols I another's doves out, using as close-near  
your bee-bee gun yard, activator! I said, With eyes and ears,  
I see and hear that! Victory and protection!

Butterfly, god of feints, skipped by. *Crow* this time shrugged,  
old cold eye kept. All things sit their platform, he, Ground of being!  
Hope for that spark that animation is. Is electric magnet chemicals spryly  
savor that flavors fields of rays frequent. Still more, ultra-violet to decay  
to nothing much. Save all the rest opposite not it. You or I. You  
not you Markov Blanket. They the eye-spies in I fulfilment.

There will be a day, he kept going, You will be out or not  
and the neighbor's doves will be in the pine. It being neighbor's doves pine time!  
Someone on the left, smaller, a whistle chant lays, alarum, and almost  
a huge sheet of paper crumpled at once, or like from inside a truck busting  
merch on, or thunder break ... anyway, right, wild flight,  
all forty forced pinion leave tight. Sharp slice beige-white  
a tunnel only he could, wizard while, out-early Owl  
precise a tree at chase will incise. Now turning, see  
just in case, returns he to fall-through break-upon position.  
But nope! All Gone! So Back to bandy Barn.

Also, *your* hands may be too wash of dirt. A thirst that sharely drew *you*!  
Where *we* were, There was earth. Sky blued dark, it was all pretty and health!  
But Georgia is Georgian And Is?issippi? Disconscious? Minne what? Flori who?  
Forgive me Native You!

I shook my head and said, It's brilliance how the big bees sometimes come  
stealth without buzz, and the open spaces hum.  
I said, I think of how Tetrarch makes me cry all day, when I hear em!  
Growl, Thrash, Bang! Grunt, not a single un Heavy moment or bit of stunt!  
My marvel account. And, "I did not want that to end!" Mat, has been me  
Every time I've heard em! Anthem, non-burlesque Epic, Rage,

Address the Public that art is! Speed Grunt Grow! Pith and Pitch!  
I love them! They're so good! All The Guitar I Could Want! And DRUMS.  
Big sound these all! Did I say I need the growl lyric, the Roar, and Disturbed  
Indestructible, and Killswitch Engage and Sion and anything Howard Jones...  
speedy guitar hands riff and warrior stance? And a Rage tear of Joy,  
and 'We don't give a shit!?' Crow laughed. I straightaway went back.  
I had gone too far. And this was a man Crow treated such,  
playing amusements to heart's stop.

Crow said Caw! I've had by enough but as go, tell,  
Is not direction dimension through the cash floor of life? Are not your  
seed-wished solecisms like ice cream on the stifle field of seems?  
And man! is he not the melt 'burlesque' one philosopher\* said is?

Did twangs the net, drag-knuckle hate spewers reach?

All questions proved rhetoric with his one-hop fly off.

At the hold circling with others seeing spiccato - as I ear bent,  
he sniffed chortled Nothing but trash for us is of worth there among them!

Another day. In the sun, for any cloud.

Crow thinks Hawk is a *chump!* Dip Dive Crow sets up angles comin'-at  
pecks harass of Hawk until something got! with Crow's last attack.

So off, Out! he. as Hawk completes her circles.

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Note: \*Arthur Schopenhauer. Spiccato – [L.] Spicatus, spicare, arranged  
in the shape of grains of wheat. Spica. Spiked. Also, to detach, pick off...etc.