

Sonnet Destroyed By Crows

by Erin Malone

the day was divided: tulips erupting
In their sockets

the lights popped and crows raised

in the yard and dark clouds. I was doubling

again. My knife on the wood a wife, snap-snapping

an onion against the cutting board,
a cry like memory that won't walk

Between our house and the neighbor's
rests. Chewing

pencils, they pace like

Make their circle

A crow had killed the power. Something in me never Hundreds of them

scuff on the street: One crow nudged

the dead one.

Crows are the lowest kind of weather.

around us, naming.

generals, aim.

Feathered

the hall to bed. I wiped my hands.