

CHARD deNIORD

Comfortcrow

I stood naked in the frozen field below the house.
Time dressed in darkness.
I sang a silly song about me and my shadow.
A crow flew overhead, then landed on my shoulder.
He was my priest without a collar,
the right hand of nature.
I uncrossed myself and smelled the snow.
There was no forgiveness.
My heart glittered from above like tinsel.
Turned dull as stone on earth.