JOHN KINSELLA

Canto 5

As when they discover that the collective for a gathering of crows dragging their caws across each other's abrasive beginnings

and whittled endings is the verbally lush and conceptually shocking "murder of crows," growing excited with poetic

possibilities, looking for reactions on their neighbors' faces when a line drops like a lamb's eye or a morsel

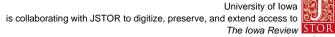
of Poe into the workshop, emery cloth on flywheel of grinder cutting sweetly into the stainless steel of the cutters,

swinging on the pendulum like an entire schema of crows and the effect is musical, rhythmical, ear-muffs cutting out brutal tearing,

goggles thwarting showers of sparks as angry as language used to describe them. Outside, in a pall of smoke come up

from forest fires south, the wrathful choke and splutter, and damn barbed wire they set to keep theirs in, others' out...

catching skin like timing-chains of truck motors, guiding their selves into a brighter light, sun suffused



on the horizon like conjunctivitis. And so, it's the 175th anniversary of York: oldest inland town

in the state of development, and an abattoir is on the cards with a sky where a celebratory

zodiac is hung out to dry; it is 4 a.m. where we begin. New York, in the main, sleeps...in wiry upper branches

of York gums, night birds remain calm in gleaming leaf clusters, the slightest of breezes singing

happy are the merciful, for they will see mercy, as if skin will grow back in places of skinning, and the angel will cast its own system.