

Complaint Against Crows / Elton Glaser

In the August cornfields, the crows
thin in winter, tumescent by May
lurch black and sleek as politicians.

I hate their icy hearts,
their dry, scrabbling feet . . .

They are boring
like the letters I sent long ago
complaining to you of love.

What do I complain of now?

These words
and the small defections of the mind.

The way the breasts
of women at sixteen
sweep back and forth in their gaudy halters
like radar.

Exile, a northern sun
scraping on the windows, the palaver of leaves
from a strange tree, the explicit
silence of snow.

The soft fall of money in another hand,
praise fitted and draped on another name,
peace expanding a worthier heart.

The inquisitions of the future,
the inquest of the past . . .

And these crows, these insolent crows
fat with satisfactions of the harvest,
beating their black wings against the grain.