After The Deluge

Never trust a crow. The best you get from him is a promise under pressure just before he flies away. A twitch of his tail, a glare from his yellow eyes and he leaves you stuck there on Ararat. Nag him. Remind him he’d be drowned but for you. He’d as soon go for your eyes or pervert your young with hoarse laughter before he lifts on those heavy wings.

You won’t see him again.

A dove, on the other hand, does come back. And back, imploring more and yet more protection until she flounces off in a feather of pouting at your lack of feeling.

It seeps through that one good turn does not necessarily produce bread on your waters. Off on their own affairs. All of them. You must shape from these vast mud-flats some shelter, some sort of life that you, by yourself, can endure to live.

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