Dark Mischief

The antic shadow of the crow
clowns the crow’s path
shape-shifting across lawns,
leveling along pavement, scrambling
in swift and comic angles over obstacles.
Mimic and mindless,
it speeds its carbon route, shredding
and reuniting seamlessly as the crow follows his black agenda. Then
it vaults in crazy angles up
the wall, arriving exactly
as the crow arrives, barely in time
to dart under and vanish
at the precise moment that the crow tucks his wings.

The bird’s unflappable, he perches
in charge of his world.
His shadow has to catch its breath.

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