



Poetry Daily needs your help! Click to find out how you can support our website.

[MORE](#)



Sign up for our weekly e-mail newsletter for the latest about upcoming events on PD.

[MORE](#)



Cultural freedom, diversity and creativity.

[MORE](#)

Stray Crow

Once, long ago, I played the rescuer to your lost kin, stray crow. Not ten years old, I found a soaked near-drowned bird in the filter of our pool. Is water memory,

the flood that bears us, stunned, into what's next? If so, then I'm surprised that we're so calm, one of us having flown, somehow, through time: some cosmic rip intangible, yet near—

It must be you, because I'm all grown up and you're still black, bright black, like polished stone layered, engraved. You're grounded, but alive,

and if you had the power of speech, would you bring news of that boy or, perhaps, his father who removed you, saved, till you took flight?

•

Today, I find you, tail askew, successor or original, where you took shelter after storms, now hobbled. Stairwell dweller towel-caught, eyeing movement through the weave

and basket lid, you glimpse my wife (she drives us to the Rescue in her stalwart Saturn, having traveled time to be with me and save you, too). What joins us is some pattern

no one knows, that prints its secret text upon our lives... And when the sign appears, a flaming phoenix, nailed to a post,

I know I'm in the present, not the past from which you flew, stray crow, the ride uphill, sun-crossed, leaf-shaded, heading into light.

[NED BALBO](#)



Previously
on PD



Recommend
this poem



Printer
Friendly

Tweet



Copyright © 2016 by Ned Balbo

All rights reserved.

Reproduced by *Poetry Daily* with permission



[Today's Poem](#) | [About PD](#) | [PD News](#) | [Archives](#) | [Support PD](#) | [Contact Us](#) | [HOME](#)

Copyright © 1997-2018. All rights reserved.