

Crow Games

Will Reger

How high fly the crows?
Thirty stories up I've seen them
Swimming in currents of air,
As confident as children in puddles.

Black flecks of night that twirl
Upon a trampoline sun,
They piggy-back the wind;
Play chicken with the parking lot;
Shadow puppet among
The mirrored high rises,
Dancing and diving with neither
Fear, nor science to ruin
The magic they conjure
With their games of tag:

*Red rover, red rover,
Send Corvus right over!
Olly! Olly! All crows free!
Kiss the clouds and make them cry,
Then stick a talon in your eye!*

Those are the games I recognize,
The games I played when I was a child,
When I soared like a bird
Through anonymous woods
Tucked somewhere between
My nowhere and elsewhere—
Anywhere the crow flies.