

The Return of Crows - merci, SFQ

March 7th:

Once again, on your predicted date,
the crows have made their annual return.

CAW! CAW! CAW!

Hearing their corvine anthem before I see them,
reminds me that I heard your voice before I first saw you.
Before I learned just how empty
the sky or a human heart can be,
and how much room there is
for the expansion of needful things,
like feathers and friendship.

Usually, I am saddened when they appear:
watching them without you is bittersweet.
But this time, as they emerge from the blue -
descending like little, ebony astronauts,
succumbing to Earth's solidity,
to its promise of seasonal succor -

I am thinking of how joyful you were at their arrival.
I remember your face glowing when you expressed
your appreciation of their plumose beauty,
and the affinity you felt for them.

With your leaving,
I learned that connection, too, can be seasonal,
but I am not sad.
Because your friendship, albeit transitory, was true.
And it flew into me -

and flies still.

Dell Konieczko