

January, Storms

How to stay on the bare branches wind
carriages mow down? A dozen ranks
of crows want to sit statuesque
not flimsy as the green, months gone
from oaks. Like the repetitiously wed,
some flee branch on branch to find the sure
place, alight in their shaky neighborhood.
Now the sudden signal-break camp—
and all lift, robbing the tree vaults
of eyes and possibility. What
can they do but mutter into their wise beards,
these empty stations trains of wind pass through.

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