

Wings

The crows remember me...

when I fell
and scraped my knee against the stone
in the brambles; and didn't cry,
(being man-like);
in the days of chasing nothing
through wheat-fields. Laughing
at the farmer
and his shotgun mouth
that scattered crows and me
to the four winds and hidden streams
in thickets...

...gone to tarmac,
and nice bricks;
black windows: housed-in:
shut out.
Homeless.
Washing flapping on the breeze,
and all that's left
are the crows;

but I know
that the crows remember me.

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