

Raven

The New York Room

raised hedges in the wilting grass
stalks of broken straw
barren fields and broken glass
barbed wire fence
as day breaks, a white light
shines through the fog
the sunrise climbs higher
inside the sky
raven fly, come with me and all the long flocks of black crows
their legions wait in counted rows
and with each day their numbers grow
wait here with me in their shadow
and when the north wind starts to blow
they will take their place and they will show
us all that they wish us to know
they will fill the sky, they will steal your soul as the locusts are swarming
you will hear their cry, you will feel their sting
and when the season turns to spring
the mighty raven spreads his wings
and you will hear the beacons sing
come and receive the gifts they bring
and in their claws our bodies cling
all through the skies their screams will ring

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