

# *My Crows*

by Yuan Changming

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1.

Still, still hidden  
Behind old shirts and pants  
Like an inflated sock  
Hung on a slanting coat hanger

With a prophecy stuck in its throat  
Probably too dark or ominous  
To yaw, even to breathe

No one knows when or how  
It will fly out of the closet, and call

2.

Like billions of dark butterflies  
Beating their wings  
Against nightmares, rather  
Like myriads of  
Spirited coal flakes  
Spread from the sky  
Of another world  
A heavy black snow  
Falls, falling, fallen

Down towards the horizon  
Of my mind, where a little crow  
White as a lost patch  
Of autumn fog  
Is trying to fly, flapping  
From bough to bough