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## To the Crows

Wilda Morris  
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# To the Crows

Wilda Morris

Your caws punctuate  
the song of cicadas  
in the late morning sun.  
I hate those crows,  
declares the stranger  
passing me on the walk.  
Not I. I love the ebony sheen  
of your feathers, how you stand  
out against summer greens.  
You are bold, not blushing  
like some shy resplendent quetzal  
hidden behind foliage curtains.  
Keep up your complaints;  
they are no more brash  
than the incessant chatter  
of wild parrots, no more repetitious  
than killdeer calls  
or bobwhite whistles.  
You loudly, proudly declare  
what you think needs to be said.  
Dine on my lawn when you will;  
you are welcome to all the cutworms  
and grasshoppers you hunger for.