

My Crows
Yuan Changming

I.

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.

II.

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.

Yuan Changming published monographs on translation before leaving his native country. Currently, Yuan lives in Vancouver, where he edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Qing Yuan. Credits include ten Pushcart nominations, Best of the Best Canadian Poetry (2008-17) and BestNewPoemsOnline, among others.