

Sonnet Scroll

And Don't Forget the Crows

By David Landon

At first, it's something small: the toothpaste tube,
squeezed almost flat, left open on the sink.
And then you can't pick up your socks, or find
the energy to pay your bills. You start
to see the mess you've made: the piles of mail,
the stack of unread books, the cookie crumbs.
Then almost anything will do you in:
a beetle in the garden ate your rose,
or no one called. So why go on? It's clear.
The world is for the birds. Hey, yes, the birds.
Look at them out the window as you lie,
plop on your couch. So quick, so many kinds,
chickadee, titmouse, finch, and there's a crow.
They're hungry. Up! And fill the feeder. Now!