

Sonnet Scroll

Magnificus

By David Landon

Beyond the window of our favorite room,
there are—because we like a lot of friends—
three quite impressive stations for the birds,
and on the masterpiece—chateau with moat,
crammed with the choicer bits—*Magnificus*,
a crow, in all his majesty, is perched.
And standing at the window watching him,
I start to feel, between my shoulder blades,
a potent urge, as if at any moment now,
I'll lift my wings, puff out my feathered breast,
stretch up my blue-black neck, and caw
my raucous presence to the world. But no!
My much-loved wife is napping on the couch.
It's time to study modesty in doves.