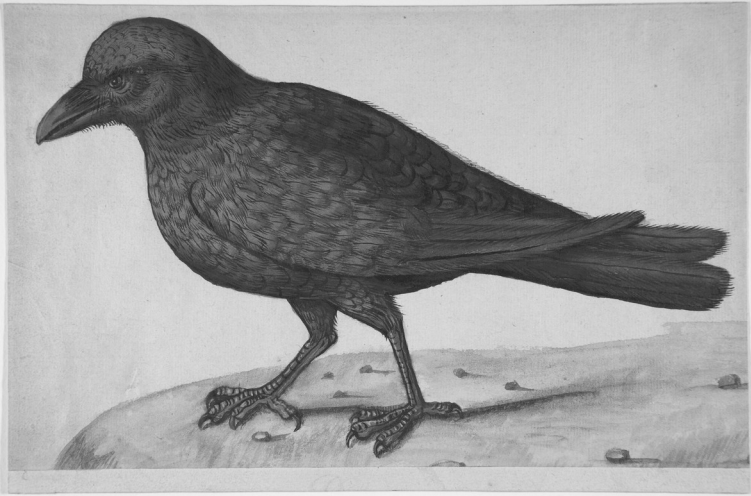


# Corvid



by  
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## **Part I: The Tattered Victim**

Hiding beneath the sun  
was a hovering bird  
whose black feathers flamed  
and stung from solar flares.

Patiently it burned,  
a little and then a lot,  
a lot and then a little,  
a little and then none.

As the sky turned orange,  
its shadow weighed upon the sun,  
and the arms of the sun's fading rays.  
shooed it into the night.

It devoured stars unseen  
in its dark beak,  
and perched on the moon  
like a king upon his throne.

Deftly, it would swoop,  
and the invisible birds of the night  
would follow it through dark skies,  
and perch upon the Church.

Bird upon bird,  
would soil the roof,  
pecking at shingles,  
scattering them to the ground.

Finally it was seen:  
a man with long hair,  
a manicured beard:

the object of their desire.

His trench coat sagged about him,  
like a statement of faithlessness.  
His eyes shimmered blue,  
but they would peck at his eyes.

A single bird rested  
upon his shoulder,  
and the victim smiled  
in feigned nonchalance.

Another came swooping,  
and its claws tore his coat,  
and he battered the bird  
with his wide-open hand.

"Nevermore perch  
upon my dear self,  
begone and leave me  
to uppers and wine."

But the birds came in murders  
that covered his body,  
and he swayed back and forth  
batting at them with zeal.

His cool nonchalance,  
gave way to a panic,  
as birds scratched his face,  
his hands, and his clothes.

Tearing his coat,  
his shirt, and his pants,  
blood was drawn

by their strong corvid claws.

With romance dispensed with,  
the birds became vicious,  
cawing and clawing  
his clothes from his body.

As blood ran like wine  
onto the pavement  
in front of the church,  
he cried out in pain.

Then came the bird  
from the sun and the moon,  
which cackled a curse,  
and then pecked at his eyes.

Blinded in red,  
he cried tears of blood  
that pooled on his face,  
now covered in scratches.

The birds pecked at his skin,  
and ate supple flesh  
as their beaks struck sinew  
and pulled it from bone.

He screamed for his father  
dethroned from all reason,  
as beaks tore his organs  
away from his body.

"I peck at thine eyes,"  
the crow did say loudly  
as the birds flew away

with the flesh that they won.

The corvid flew up  
to a now bloody moon,  
and perched as the ruler  
of a vociferous night.

## **Part II: The Murderous Sun**

With rays that reached out  
to strangle the Earth,  
the sun gods demanded  
a stiff recompense.

But the murderous crows  
still flew on the Earth,  
with beaks and claws bloodied  
by blind, bloodied angels.

A voice:

"By whose will do you nibble  
on the veins of dead angels  
who trod upon Earth  
that lies under our rule?"

The birds cawed and flew  
to roost in the palace  
inside of the sun  
where the gods were impatient.

The birds:

"It is the beast in the hearts  
of angry old men,  
who put down the needle  
and call forth a murder!"

A voice:

"Such treacherous men  
who hate all that smile,

called forth such dread birds  
to plunder the Earth."

"Having their fill  
of every desire,  
they sought to destroy  
new victims on Earth."

"Sunshine shall blind them,  
moonlight will find them,  
lightning shall strike them  
and all that are like them."

With a smash of a hammer,  
thunder roared freely,  
and bird feathers fell  
onto the blue Earth.

The fury of daemons  
guarding their homes  
fought off the dread birds  
who flew through the skies.

Imbued with the anger  
of the strangling sun,  
the golden rays scorched  
the bodies of corvids.

Their bodies fell swiftly,  
smoking in yards,  
and the porches  
of those who called them to task.

A dope-fiend with spell-books  
he used between fixes



paced with discomfort  
at the hot, burning stench.

He said:

"My magick has failed,  
to deliver the moonlight  
into my arms  
so that it could do harm!"

Silvery crescents,  
perfect full moons:  
waxing and waning,  
they steal the sun.

But sun had brought forth  
the rays of the dawn,  
and his sour demeanor  
turned more sour still.

His corvids lay dead,  
but they had had their fills,  
of skin, flesh, and innards,  
as they flocked for their kills.

The dawn had defeated  
the chaos of night,  
as the black-feathered birds  
were choked by sunlight.

The junkie said:

"Such an intelligent creature,  
what merciless god  
would strike down such beauties,

with such noble hearts?"

He spoke double-speak,  
and twisted his tongue.  
He muttered a mantra,  
a powerful mantra.

The birds ceased to smoke  
upon his green grass,  
and twitched back to life,  
then flew away weakly.

He found his death-bringers,  
had had enough  
And flew away battered  
into the sky.

The dawn spoke softly:

"Your words mean nothing,  
to my radiant light  
that turns the sky blue--  
I let them take flight."

"Now, back to your needle,  
your powders, and pills;  
and your opium latex  
that you pilfer from flowers."

"Let withdrawal consume you,  
and my light make you vomit--  
it comes as you fiend  
with dilated pupils."

"Maybe when dopesick,

you cry out in hate,  
at all of the fools  
who sealed your fate."

The junkie's daemon came  
as a hallucination.  
and tried to talk sense  
into the dawn.

But its arguments lacked  
any grace or tact,  
or any basis in fact,  
like a disgraceful tract.

A thunderbolt struck  
a tree in the yard  
from a single stray cloud  
that pilfered blue sky.

A god said:

"Thunder-armed I could smite you,  
your house, and your fortunes.  
I could make lightning strike,  
and instigate ruin."

"There's no corner of Earth,  
that is safe from my bolt;  
no hamlet too distant,  
too warm or too cold."

"Why do you send birds,  
to peck at men's eyes?  
Such a disgrace!  
My ears heard their cries!"

The junkie sat fearful,  
in stark misery  
with a liter of whiskey  
to dull the withdrawals.

He looked outside:  
a tornado drew near;  
he saw flashes of lightning  
as his nausea churned.

He picked up an axe  
which shook in his hands,  
and cut the air with the might  
of a weakened addict.

The tornadoes parted,  
but a bolt struck his axe,  
which exploded and shattered  
his trembling hands.

A voice laughed:

"Trees and iron!  
Weak splintered hands,  
with shattered bone  
that dials up pain!"

"Rolling in laughter,  
I promised you magick,  
but you pecked at their eyes,  
yes, you pecked at their eyes."

"I promised you riches,  
mansions, fine wine,

if you gave me your heart,  
your brain, and your hands."

The junkie scowled:

"Beast that I am,  
I spat at your offer,  
made my own way,  
and pecked at their eyes."

The voice said:

"You peck with a beak,  
animated by me,  
it is my will that guides it  
into their eyes."

"They flew with feathers  
crafted by me,  
and their wings cast shadows  
on the treacherous Earth."

"This bird, you see,  
makes men its victims,  
the sound of its caws  
echo through your veins."

Then the bird did swoop  
from some hidden place,  
where its bloodlust was chained  
to the sun that contained it.

It opened its beak,  
and out fell some dope,  
wrapped in a package

with nefarious symbols.

The junkie was grateful  
for such a fine gift  
of forbidden pleasures  
that could soothe his pain.

He felt like a fool,  
with a smirk on his face.  
No guilt crossed his eyes,  
and he accepted the bribe.

### **Part III: The Bird Returns**

After doing its errand,  
the bird roosted high  
in silicon skies  
amid cosmic lies.

Ten thousand birds  
converged on a planet  
as dead as a fire  
with no winds to fan it.

The birds cawed on the rock  
devoid of life's breath,  
then let out a caw  
and let feathers fly.

They pecked at each other  
over distasteful rocks,  
that on other spheres  
would have some form of life.

They decided to quit  
this dull, joyless rock,  
flew near Jupiter  
and met with more corvids.

They determined to fly  
onto the wet Earth  
with spectacular cries,  
and made their way there.

Though the sun stood high,  
it was obscured by darkness  
as feathers, claws, beaks

ruled in the sky.

People hid in their homes  
as the birds tapped on doors,  
and children were warned  
to hide in their beds.

Men came out with guns,  
and were all pecked to death,  
their eyeballs were bloodied  
as they breathed their last breaths.

No one dared come outside,  
lest they be torn apart  
by birds that were angry  
with a sun blotted out.

The ground swelled with blood  
on this darkened dead Earth,  
as the corvids did feed  
their ravenous hunger.

Windows were broken,  
roofs were removed,  
curses were spoken,  
as chaos ensued.

Attics were nests  
for thousands of crows,  
as they all did their best  
at bringing man low.

The daemons stood silent,  
the gods did not speak.  
The people were left



to suffer and perish.

Then finally,  
thunder did clap  
through all of the clamor  
that darkened the sky.

A voice spoke loudly:

“My bolt scatters these  
magnificent birds  
who did their dread work  
upon this dead Earth.”

“Hallowed be the blood,  
that came from the peckings,  
that disemboweled  
the denizens of Earth.”

“I scatter these birds,  
and cast them aside.  
My power does strike  
these dark clouds away.”

The sun shone freely  
on bones picked clean  
by the plague of corvids  
that swooped from the skies.

But now they were gone,  
to a different sphere,  
having served their dread purpose  
with gusto and flair.

The thunder god smiled,

and looked at the Earth,  
where nothing remained  
of civilized life.

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Many thanks for reading this chapbook.

“Caw, caw, caw...”