

MICHAEL BENEDETTO [MURDER]

A murder of crows huddle together
Over fur and blood and piles of
Pink tubes steaming in the frozen air.
Splaying thick black wings
They drift into the trees
To hang upon heavy branches.
Feathers reveal short charcoal hairs
That shine in waves, a limp tail, and
The slender face of a Chocolate Labrador.

He used to chase birds through the backyard,
Leaving dead presents at the door and
Muddy paw-prints inside.
Training suppressed instinct,
Eating meat from cans and
Sleeping on goose down.
Taking his place at the foot of the bed,
Curled into a sleek crescent moon.

Deep in his blood wolves skulked and prowled
Yearning to live wild in a world now tamed.
The forests where he would have hunted
Are now roads that murdered him.
Morning traffic flows on forever as
He dangles from a sharp black beak.