

The Seer

by Patricia Thrushart

A lone crow sits on a high branch
For no other reason
Than to drink in the pure joy of the view;
It sits, stoical and settled,
Surveying the wide winter world —
A dark seer who waits
for the seeker.

I envy that crow
On the high branch,
Still and silent —
Nothing to accomplish but to contemplate
The distant bound, round bales
Spaced rhythmically, ready;
Cows on the wind-broke side of the hill
Facing east with no purpose;
The sweeping fallow fields, resting,
With some snow still in the harrows,
And all gilded by the early, slanted light.

