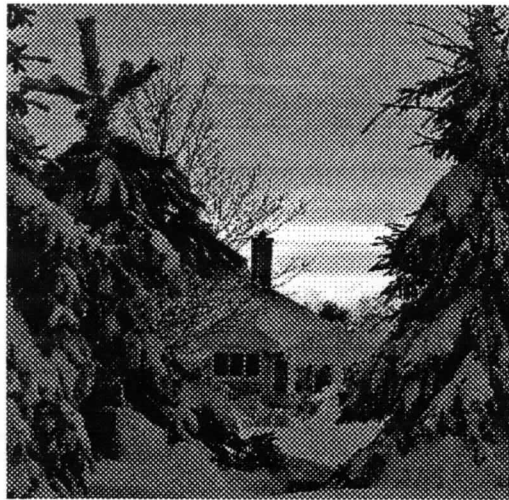


Southport Village Voices

A Little Magazine
by and for the
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POETRY

by Sandy Bernstein

CROW CONVENTION

Early one summer morning
I woke to the sound of a hundred crows,
it started as a distant cry
as they took to the sky,
what all that squawking was about
who knows?
But louder and louder it got
till the growing flock
took flight over my rooftop;
"There must be a thousand!"
I declared,
and rushed out of bed to see
them circling across the way,
landing on a grand old oak tree.

Much to my surprise
the swarm of cawing black birds
perched ever so boldly upon the massive oak,
did not compare in number
to the concert level heard,
and as a matter of fact
the symphony of the two dozen or so,
be them raven or crow . . .
I'll bet Edgar would know,
were accompanied by a lone owl,
who, with a battering of its wings,
joined them in flight
as they flew out of sight
to conduct their boisterous tension
elsewhere down the road,
for another crow convention.

