

**Shani Cadwallender**

**'A Crow's Diet'**

Your skinflint sentence,  
My disquiet  
Chews on scraps;  
And a crow's diet  
It's not much,  
But costs me  
Dear  
I eat my words  
To keep you near.

My glossy side-eye  
Pretty, cagey  
My best shot  
Intriguing, maybe  
It's not much,  
My folded wing  
Beneath your hand:  
Just everything.

And just what exactly...?  
The question remains  
Exacting, exact as  
An increment gained;  
You, grey-eyed, cat-mouthed,  
Spring-wound, silent;  
Fly as I might now  
You run  
In my veins.