

The Crow

Cody Tieman

Grandma handed me the serum
she bought to fix her crow's feet,
which she saw as a sign of age
lines guiding traffic
to her freckled green eyes.
As the crow's feet curled
deeper into her skin,
Grandma told me

how the crow avoided
all criminal charges, it cawed,
releasing the knife from its beak,
wings beating against gravity
as the weapon twisted in the air
like a vengeful baton.

This morning, Grandma didn't walk
with me to school, instead she fussed
with her nest of hair in the bathroom.
The last drops of serum soaked
into her skin as she turned
towards the window where
now, the crow's feet clutch
at a branch in her backyard,
missing the weight of the knife.