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.