

# The November Crows

And the evening crows  
fly the crimson-lit skies  
some sprayed  
like black leaves  
on the barren  
November branches

And then some  
flew  
then all in unison  
up and down  
in swayed motion  
like in orchestrated harmony

As the  
twilight hour  
invites the November night  
greeted by the moon  
and rained by the stars