



3rd Place—Adult Age Group

### **Crow Soul**

A flutter on the path,  
two black wings spread in painful,  
futile attempts to turn the world  
upright to fly to safety.

He lay contorted, intermittently  
saving his energy, then using it  
to try to move on with his life,  
or perhaps to find a better place to die.

So exposed in his writhing, unprotected.  
I fluctuated in my own feeble attempts  
to help him live, or to help him die,  
failing in both.

I simply watched him struggle and weaken,  
and prayed  
that he would find a peaceful death  
and peace in death.

He lay still.  
I stayed with him a short while  
until his wings and legs were stiff  
and I was sure he was on his way. . .

That night as I slept the crow returned  
to offer me his soul in thanks for my few  
brief moments of kindness. He assured me  
he no longer needed it after this day.

I accepted the gift and tried on the soul,  
long, light, and lovely.  
I felt the caution of his wisdom,  
and the confidence of his purpose.

I saw for the first time all the little things,  
and understood my place in nature.  
I knew this gift to be one of honor,  
humility and respect.

Marsha Lewis