

Of Ravens and Gulls

We are each of us
crows and ravens and gulls.
Omens born of mischief and death
and limitless freedom too

But what our bodies, both mortal and eternal,
cannot impart upon the world,
is the boundless expanse of these souls
made for something more

And if I shall be a sheep
and not a bird in awesome flight,
then let my fur be black
and let it be twice the price of a common bag of wool.