

# A Crow or A Poet

By Genevieve Betts

Folklore said that a person who slept in Ciaran's tomb would turn into either a crow or a poet. Two thoughts walked into my head. The first thought said stone the crows and do away with sparrows, with the dark owls in the aviary. It's a sick zoo we've turned the world into. The second thought told me quite clearly what to do—flare and verve the written word, experience memories like serviced and brightly lit catacombs. The act of memory is an act of ghostwriting, a fire in the porch of a ruined monastery. (All lines taken from David Mitchell's novel Ghostwritten.)



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