

THE CROW FLIES

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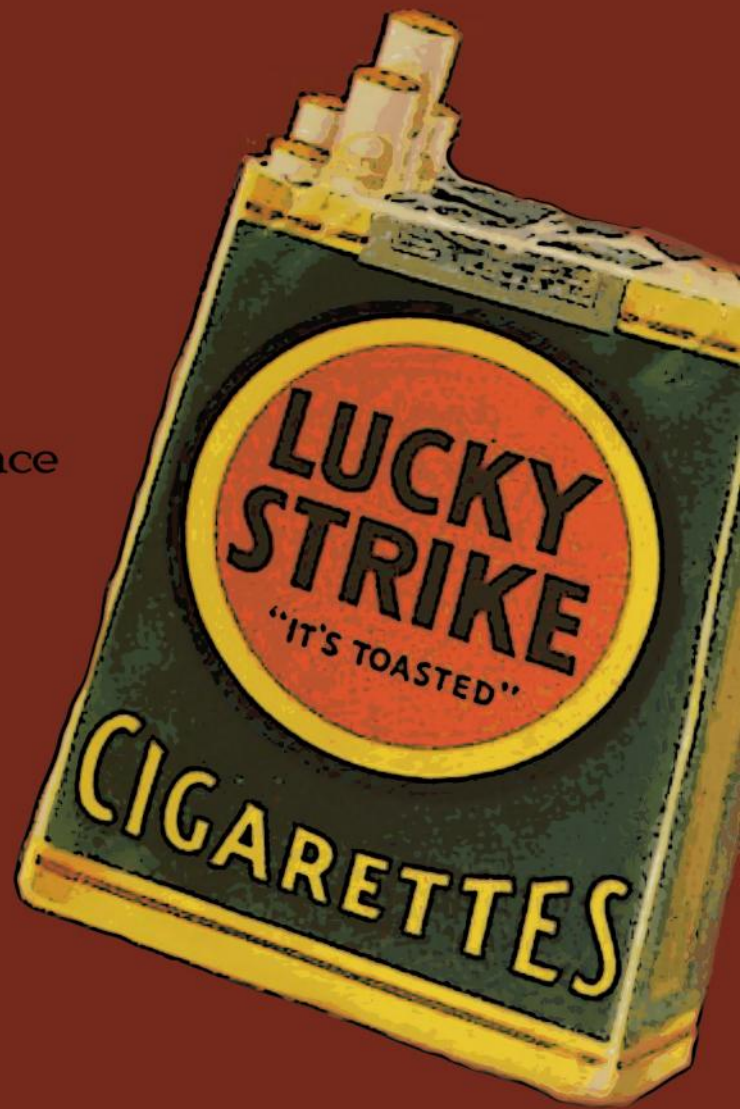
It's that way three miles
as the crow flies

and there's the crow
conductor cap slumped over face
brooding over coffee

nobody flies at this time
he says
flights start at 10 am.

I sit next to him
and he glares at me
lights a cigarette

don't rush me, mac,
he says
and spits.



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