



Pause For Poetry:  
Michael Hawkes /50

## Description

# The Night of Crows

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

September 22, 2022

A massive murder, a massacre of crows  
Invaded our back lane last night.

                  Their panicked cries announced to all  
                  That something somewhere wasn't right.

                  Their frantic agitation filled my sleepy head with fright  
                  So I rose to watch the bedlam, an un-precedented sight...

Exclamation marks and colons  
Like punctuations in the snow,  
But I couldn't read the message,  
Couldn't get into the flow  
Of the many meanings hidden,  
In their frantic form of talking  
And their flitting to and fro'.

                  Finally, as though one mind  
                  They colonized an ancient elm.

                  As black foliage they filled its space  
                  And weighed its branches down,



And every bird... facing eastward  
In dead silence, bore an omen  
And it seemed all wore a frown.

6/3/22 – Hawkes

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**Michael Hawkes** is a survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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### Date Created

September 2022