



Light and Life in Crawley

CROWS

Three crows stand there. Almost motionless
 Watching. Waiting. Guarding
 Their black **feathers** darker than night. No noise will force them
 to flight
 One goes caw. Then the next. And the final one
 Each louder than the one before. Harbingers warning all of their
 plight.
 This land is theirs. Not ours. Not now. Not ever
 Night chases the sun away
 Still they stand. More of their kind come and go
 These three remain. Older than time. Wiser than man
 They persevere
 Never eating. Never drinking. Never sleeping
 Eyes open there is nothing they do not see
 One caw, two caw, three caws. And then silence. They fly away
 And the world is no more

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Image by Eileen Cooke



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(Artwork and Poem by Crawley Resident)