

Winning Poems in 2021 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

2. Short Poem, Second Place

Raven Rain

Only one rain this year late February
cloud wings follow in obsidian beak
of storm into darkness

Daybreak 50 ravens stalk a wet meadow
a brood's hatch last April
enjoying their first rain
falling water then insects
surfacing in time for the feast

Young birds with no concept of rain
at all but loving it
weird pools of sky on the earth
wet wings and glistening black beaks
ringed with a strangeness called mud

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