

AS THE CROW FLIES

By Linda Rogers

When will we get there, the children in the back seat asked, when *there* was the end we could only imagine. It may have been a river, a mountain to climb or mother bears with their cubs and sweet blackberries to pick and make jam. It may have been crows throwing their voices, speaking a language that we are only beginning to understand.

While Mother and Father listened to the radio, sang along with Fats Domino and Rosemary Clooney, there was nothing for the children to do but look out the window and play games: *Twenty Questions*, *Truth or Dare*, and *Animal, Vegetable or Mineral*, as if the species were separate. Animal was us, the top of the food chain, Vegetable was what we *had* to eat or **no dessert**. Dessert came at the end. If children weren't good, they got their "just desserts." What would that be, we worried, as if going without our angel food was the End of the World.

Now we do see the end of the road and the superior wisdom of bees. It is *Just Desserts* time, and the species-blind crows are taking the "girls only" bred out of our estrogen-infused world by the slack in their baby dresses and showing them the battery hotels where we keep their intelligent cousins in captivity and train them to mimic us. Are the tricksters telling us we have laid an egg?

This is not hopscotch or Red Rover. It is the Endgame we are playing now. Now the crows are morphing into emissaries of light that are too wise to eat at our tables and too compassionate to let us keep on feeding on ourselves. As the crows circle in the sky, they point to the other road, show us how to choose world without end.

*Poem written for protection of the **Green Corridor**- January 31, 2009*