

Peter Krok

The Crows Visit Her Eyes

The floor listens
to her white slippers.

Her eyes can't find her hands.
She slips into a place
without an alphabet,
where words no longer spell,
stories no longer connect,
life looks for a mirror.
The oven is lit. The witch at the fire.
We come to bring her back
but the door will not open.
Is there a key?

Is she drifting
where the tide drags the ones
who cannot find their name? Where grief
waits for those who held her?

She runs
to the river where there is no river,
schoolyard where no one finds the ball.
"Come back," we call, "Come back."
The crows visit her eyes.

She turns
and looks away. The blue of her body
screams. The claws of the night
will not let go. The dust falls.
She takes wings.