

St. Francis

Ohbijou

St. Francis fumbled in the dark
Up the stairs and down the hall
and in his midst the crows moved slow
whizzing by like thunderbolts

and I cried go.

with flint in teeth and fire and hand
he fought a fleet of angry men
who boast of birds they stole from
St. Francis tamed those witless thieves

and I cried go.

St. Francis learned th wolves lived in
towns with wives and with children
his eyes grew blind from this awful truth
the real wolves wore pants and shoes

the crows know that your wavering
the crows know that your waiting
to escape.

St. Francis says says says

GO.