

Sweet kid, what is this world we're giving you?  
Smoldering and fascist with no mother  
Are you dreaming about a crow?

In the middle of November we went back into the woods right after breakfast, to see if we could see this past August's forest fire zone on the hill above the lake  
The sky was low and the wind cold, the trail was closed

At the barricade, I stood listening  
In my backpack, you were sleeping with her hat pulled low  
All the usual birds were gone or freezing  
It was all silent, except the sound of one crow  
Following us as we wove through the cedar grove  
I walked and you bobbed and dozed

Sweet kid, we were watched and followed and I thought of Geneviève  
Sweet kid, I heard you murmur in your sleep  
"Crow," you said  
"Crow," and I asked  
"Are you dreaming about a crow?"  
And there she was