

THREE GENERATIONS AFTER

In the morning distance
crows rise
like oily smoke
claiming the air space

Behind curtains
she watches them
obey their leaders
dirtying the new day
more coming
beyond counting

The first wave scrabbles
on her roof, a commotion
like combat boots
on winter clay roads

The ceiling amplifies
claws
 beaks
 coarse calls
Their ranking member
screeches a command

She reflexes to the dark
of the kitchen to hide
two great grandsons
in cupboards
under leftover night

She wonders if
they have genetic memory
Her own chromosomes cock
like a .45

She waits
 suspended
as new cells remember

She waits
for the generic fist
on her door

--Glenna Holloway