

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  
if their brains  
are blipping codes

Her own chromosomes cock  
like a .45

She waits  
    suspended  
as new cells divide  
and remember

She waits  
for the generic fist  
on her door

--Glenna Holloway