

WINGING IT

My neighbor's devoted to crows.
He taught one to bring me a rose.
Then he taught it to talk--
I'm impressed but I balk
When it tells me to take off my clothes!

Demurely I smile and decline.
The crow offers dinner and wine
If I'll wear his feather
On my altogether.
That bird thinks I'll bite a buy line.

--Glenna Holloway