

"The Comfort of Crows arrives like a perfect thirty days of November. I find this spare and wind-driven set of poems, in truth, a source of great comfort."

- John Stevenson, Managing Editor, The Heron's Nest

"The extraordinary beauty of Hifsa and Alan's collaborative poetry captures a mystical darkness, where mosaic rain is gently woven into velvet raven shadows. Their poetic path is elegantly crafted and brings together the classic haiku tradition with contemporary aesthetics."

— Anna Maris, Member of the Swedish Haiku Society

"Crows are intelligent, wild birds who will form strong relationships with humans. I admire everything about them. The poems are thought-provoking and elegant, and embrace the different facets of life: illness, loss, death, and the courage and strength to carry on."

- Kris Tsujikawa, Crow Journalist

THE COMFORT OF CROWS



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Dedicated to

all those who dare to face their fears and the crows who look after Alan

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We wish to thank those who have published our work, and all editors, journals, and presses that support writers around the world.

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a weaving sky circumnavigating into synonyms

fireflies in the deep woods lynching silence

dark veins rolling a boulder up to the hilltop

into the day of disappearing corners Vega star

mosaic rain: the cul de sac of shadow

(after Sylvia Plath)

blackendraining

oak and alder the firecrest weaves a restless song

Rorschach test—awakening from hibernation

preliminary diagnosis the flying crows tattoo on her back

circus moon its shadows its animals

all fingers and thumbs the river bends & turns us into other songs

raven shadow all I have to surrender

dark news the comfort of crows

midnight blue the contrail circling London

rain on the river when does white become its darkest colour

crows cawing in the forest 5th generation warfare

sigh of Helios some dark echoes meander through the grassland

a dreaming forest busy as Hitchcock

constellations my consternation in morse

black lace elderberry overshadowing my demons

Land's End I see my voice in the sea

Perseids weaving dreams out of the blue

an hour of silence two tides paint the stygian horizon

blue hour songs as if Shakespeare in Klingon

an owl's moon watering the black between stars

falling leaves my way out of disillusionment

jackdaws in snow thumbing through all our dreams

river fog the narrative that needs an impression

fifth kind encounter humans replace crows as an idiom of murder

every goodbye falls differently last snow

