

Fall 1984

Parliament of Ravens

Lawrence Millman

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Parliament of Ravens

Late spring in the mountains. Seven ravens gaze down on the low-lying world and their bristly yellow beaks point and gesticulate. Not sunlight but hauteur makes their plumage iridescent; and not the northerly wind but the notion of plunder swivels their sleek heads now toward one farm, now another: If the horizon should turn indigo with the promise of rain, we will travel to Straumness . . . if pinholes of light appear through the clouds, then we will invade Baer . . . no, Baer is seeded more by scree than by grass . . . On and on they croak in these hungry heights. For they are deciding (as with all legislators) which lambs to kill.