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Common Sense of the Crows

Judson Jerome

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"Now in our grassy graveyard where
we draw our breath and blow it,
our cheeks are warm, by dark are fair—
but no one dead can know it.

"So lean upon the mound, my dear,
and part your lips so quaintly,
and listen to the earth, my dear,
which thobs not even faintly.

"And put your hand upon my chest
and kiss me now, and wonder
if loving on the earth were best—
or hugging nothing under.

"If you blush now I cannot see,
and if you blush tomorrow
I will be gone, and you are free
to say you blush for sorrow.

"A day is long enough to find
a night to follow after,
a lady of the loving kind,
a morning of low laughter."

—JUDSON JEROME

COMMON SENSE OF THE CROWS

Those fabled crows watched six
men go behind
and five depart from one
stark hunter's blind,
and then flew down from all
the bordering trees

and so were blasted. Truth
is what one sees,
but consequence is what
he fails to see.

They studied character,
not quantity.

—JUDSON JEROME