

*Swimming in tongues*

Rowan Marie LaCroix

*Ay*

The raven does speak

A mournful hymn

Dancing down

Down

Down to the creek

*Ay*

Where water stands still

And the raven's eyes swim

Currents creep

Creep

Creep uphill

*Ay*, says the raven

To you, he says *ay*

Legs whips to the wind

Ebon feathers to the sky

Heedless beak to the ice

Hymn lost to the river

Red satin conspiracy

Echoes along rapids' shiver