

DEAD CROW

I was sitting on the balcony of my fourth floor apartment practising my penny whistle. A very large flock of crows was circling the building making a horrendous racket. They were lighting on a tree and the telephone wires. Then they would all take flight in what looked like a chaotic pattern and light back into the tree. It was most unusual because they usually passed by the building on their migration back to wherever they go for the night and never settle in this area. Then one of the crows flew into a car. It tumbled and hopped to the curb. It looked like it had broken its wing but it was more serious than that. It lay on the curb and died. The flock of crows stopped their activity and went quiet. They knew what was happening. Shortly after that they all left the tree and continued on their flight out of the neighbourhood. I was shocked to witness this and it got me thinking....what if life on earth is just the last stop for spirits? What if there is such a thing as pre-destiny? What if the crows knew this would be the final minutes of their comrade's life and they were making a ritualistic ceremony of it? The noise, the quiet, the chaos. And what if they chose me to bear witness to this event. Me....a human who loves crows as his favourite bird.

I thought of digging a grave for the crow or going down to photograph it but then I decided to just sit in the witness chair and let nature take its course. The next day the dead crow was gone. His friends didn't come back to my neighbourhood and it left me thinking....what if earth is just the last stop for spirits?