

“I Dreamt of Crows”
By Jone MacCulloch

Stone-skipping moon the night filled up with crows

From “Rough Music” by Deborah Digges

Along the river, I turned the skimming **stone**
in my hand, felt its smoothness. Summers were reserved for **skipping**
stones with you. The nights warmed without a breeze. The **moon**
illuminated the water as **the**
shadow birds settled in oak trees for the **night**
Tree frogs chorused, kreck-ek, kreck-ek and **filled**
the silence. Standing **up**
I watched, as you threw your stone **with**
a note attached. Later, I dreamt of **crows**