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**THE CROW / *Robert L. Smith***

The crow, knowing I was afraid of him  
Savaged my shoelaces and pecked my toes  
My grandmother said, "Caw right back at him  
Pretend to be just one of the crows!"

No help this, so I ran away,  
Ran, in fact, like the very dickens  
And he was triumphant until the day  
He started to do his game with the chickens.

Granddaddy recycled him with his twelve-gauge  
And tacked his wings to the henhouse wall  
Illustrating the truth of that old adage,  
"Crowing Goeth Before a Fall."