

## St. Francis

Ohbijou

St. Francis fumbled in the dark  
Up the stairs and down the hall  
and in his midst the crows moved slow  
whizzing by like thunderbolts

and I cried go.

with flint in teeth and fire and hand  
he fought a fleet of angry men  
who boast of birds they stole from  
St. Francis tamed those witless thieves

and I cried go.

St. Francis learned th wolves lived in  
towns with wives and with children  
his eyes grew blind from this awful truth  
the real wolves wore pants and shoes

the crows know that your wavering  
the crows know that your waiting  
to escape.

St. Francis says says says

GO.