

## **The Devil's Crows**

Katy Niles

Upon the scythe the devil's crows lie cordially;  
Midnight crests smoldering, they do come urgently.  
For their time has come to advise the soft reaping  
Of the weary souls singing their silent weeping.

Death comes knocking and rises nightmarish terrors;  
His fellows, the crows, yet to serve as pallbearers.  
And the cries are heard with the incessant scorching  
From within purgatory with the devil's torching.

The devil sends his crows to serve as harbingers;  
For his restless souls infinitely are sinners.  
And yet it cannot be ignored as Death whistles  
His ceaseless tune of sorrow and bitter thistles.