

JENNIFER SAUNDERS

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The Kindness of Ravens

I can forgive you your pain  
    if you can forgive me my being lost,

if you can find in the lines on my hips  
    a map that might point us north.

Ravens flutter around our shoulders  
    offering clover and oleander,

carrying the promise of fresh water  
    with all around us signs of drought.

Consult your guidebook, see—  
    there must be more here than campfire ash

and my split heart whispering like leaves  
    stirred by the wind of your hand.

Come. Lay me down in the burnt grass.  
    There is salvation in the clover, the cold coals,

the ravens' black beaks. Come.  
    Stroke my wingless heart to flight.



## ABOUT JENNIFER SAUNDERS

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Jennifer Saunders is an American living in Switzerland with her Swiss husband and their two Swiss-American sons. Her poems have appeared in *Adanna*, *IthacaLit*, *Found Poetry Review*, *Literary Bohemian*, and elsewhere. Jennifer blogs about living abroad, writing, and sometimes ice hockey at [www.magpiedays.com](http://www.magpiedays.com).

