

## Crow after hen

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Like crow after hen,  
They descend on her.  
Cats sniffing rats.  
Ants puffing chests.  
Flies tickling sores.

Others weave. webs,  
As spider for pest.  
Others,  
Still as arrows,  
Fly straight from source,  
In silent dance of death.

Ogini\* shakes its shoulders,  
Adjusts its boiling black skin,  
Fashioned from bug and beetle,  
Goes on with its dance.

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\* Zebra rat noted for its beauty