

The Birds: Pigeon

written by Guest Contributor | February 27, 2017



Oh superstitious schoolboy
pacing your classroom of boorish windows
and trick-lever suns.
Have you lost count of the days?
Prisoner of someone's war.
Dance, dance
pretty bird
make your countrymen proud.

Your world so small—
eight pipelined corners and not one
mailbox to write home.
It's back to the madhouse for you.
Carried off in two baskets—
one your mother's mercury breast
candy starlight,
the other a scarecrow
praising arms weary liars.

Look! Come quick!
The god-door sputters indifferent mercy.
Your flapping rosary answered
with a bedpan belly,
voiding all doubt where you sleep
where you bury your children
where you autopsy your straw wing
for his breaded altar.

Image Credit: *University of Minnesota Alumni Association*



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