

My VaJayJay, The Homing Pigeon

by Jennifer Donnell

“It's like a homing pigeon.” I joke, gesturing toward my nether region, indicating that my *vajayjay* has returned home, to him. It's almost midnight and he blushes. I turn off the lights, leaving strategic mood lighting for the moon. He pulls back the bed sheets, knowing he has to wake up early, but not wanting my bird to flap its wings and fly away forever. He pats the spot next to him, indenting the cotton count, waiting for me to lie down. I wonder if it's too much commitment to say that I've found my home, in him. Isn't that what monogamy is supposed to be? One pigeon and a home it returns to, time and time again.

The problem is, sometimes my pigeon wants to fly somewhere new- to the beach or south for winter. Other times, my pigeon wants to steal someone else's lunch or picnic with a stranger's leftovers. Often, my pigeon wants a good show and some freedom, to be a little less obedient or act as regal as an eagle. Why is there a great big world out there, if my homing pigeon can't fly around and peck the seeds from its earth?

It helps to imagine my homing pigeon when it's older- ruffled at the edges, plumes graying or white. I don't expect many old lady homing pigeons sit around like sorry birds, lamenting never picking up ticks or 'making it' with sewer rats. My homing pigeon will become a homebody and I won't mind.

If I flew somewhere new every night, I'd eventually grow hungry and tired of feeding on crumbs. If I flew until my wings were dirty and worn, I'd crave a bed with flannel sheets, somewhere to settle down and stay a while.

I would fly back to him, with holly in my beak.

