

# A Walk Among Pigeons

*by* Jerry Ratch

I know these pigeons. They were beggars  
in another life. I may have  
been among them once,  
but then I fell in love, and  
when that ended,  
my spirit floated free.

And I became, though  
somewhat battered and  
bedraggled and damaged,  
I became a human  
among them.

Still a beggar, you  
understand. Unable to quit  
chasing after the others.  
Unable to put in the effort  
to fly, if there was the least  
hope for food on the ground,  
any crumb, or spit-out wad  
of gum.

And yes, I may have  
admired, once or twice,  
my own spitting image in a  
shiny hubcap.  
Still, I insist,  
I was a human among them,  
and my spirit floated free.

