

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.

