

# The Endless Dream of Humanity

*by* Jerry Ratch

Pigeons are really the souls of what were once beggars  
in the endless squares of Paris, Venice, or Jerusalem.  
They are born with the soul of a beggar  
attached to them.

It is stuck beneath their wings.  
They cannot fly without it,  
and they are never without thought  
of food, or sex. In fact they are convinced  
they cannot live without that.

Flying means next to nothing to them.  
They would rather walk and coo, neck and screw,  
But most of all they would eat.  
That is beyond everything in their world.

All I can say is  
we are so blessed that pigeons haven't begun  
the practice of philosophy or the writing of  
poems. With that we could not compete.

