

# The birds who coo

*by* pam rosenblatt

I am purplish gray  
with a fluttering wingspan.  
My head bobs forward awkwardly  
while my pale ash colored feet  
    clatter as does my gray beak  
against the chipped gray  
    roof tiles. I rest on the roof's  
summit. My head turns to  
    the right; it moves to the left. My caviar  
hued eyes stare at, my voice responds  
    with my mate cooing on the top portion  
of the cape cottage's gutter nearby.  
    A metal clasp is attached to his foot,  
as one is secure around my right.  
    My mate and I are owned, but have  
freedom to take to the endless sky.  
    We must take flight now. We have work  
to do, messages to deliver, then journey home.  
    I am a homing pigeon. I live for destiny.

