

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.

