

## Dirge for a pigeon

Today, on the ground, run over, a pigeon.

Is it romantic to say:

Pavement and pigeon were one?

Well, they were, coalescing at last,

Act 7 Scene 10, curtain falls:

Columbine weds Harlequin.

People passed by, theatre goers

Missing la commedia.

Harpy of cities: half bird, half debris--

Galvanic division of grimed, guttural blue.

Coo coo.

Pigeon pulp twitching.

Coo coo no more! I've got no badigeon to patch up your holes,

No pitch to caulk your limbs!

Coo coo.

Oh, silly squab, be still! Don't you see?

Pygmalion himself could not carve you to life.

Your crop is never going to fill.

Coo coo.

Now shush! The living half too is dying.

Smash!

Pigeon skull fission,

Sternal breach.

"And with this stone and the Lord's Spirit thy syrx shall rest."

(Was this good enough a funeral speech?)

The rock may be bloody but my hands are numb.

One of us chants a psalm.

Now who will do the cooing for you?

I must. And I can't even sing.

If pigeons were three-dimensional, the world would be mine.

Oh well.

Today, on the ground, run over, a pigeon.

A day like any other.