

Little Green Pigeon

By Lisa Millard

Covered in poo and piss with
a handful of grit thrown in for good measure,
feral hair decorated with a rogue feather

Come rain or shine in inclement weather
She sparkles. As from pen to pen
she pirouettes, splashing droplets of tea
onto soft blades of grass as the birds sing sweetly

Her heart bursting with bird calls and seed
as she juggles her fat balls.
Content in her fluid wooded walls as carriages
swish past packed with people living their lives too fast

As the rats' race to forage for bounty
for one second, she sits quietly in the
bliss of completion and,
sips the remainder of her tea