

Pigeons

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They embody a consciousness
that shines among light-grey rocks.

In their bodies old stories of flight
repeat themselves, refresh memory.

During the long Indian afternoons
they rest upon our polished floors,

their bodies refracting the warmth
of close contact, their small heads
forming a community of wisdom.

A picture of extreme importance is seen—
a picture that comprehends everything,
all things contemporary and long past.

But before our eyes gain their fixed look
and our envy its pale green stare,

they rise up, holy and untouched,
to disappear in a history

of mocking wings,
in the accepting sky.