

# *Love Poem to My Wife, with Pigeons*



*for K*

In those days I visited a local park,  
hoping something would happen. Life  
perhaps, or a check in the mailbox

so I could leave the apartment where  
I was not living, lights turned off,  
only water brown in its unflushed toilet.

This, I knew, was the life of an animal.  
A bird, perhaps, a pigeon, gray and ugly,  
waiting for crumbs to be tossed away.

A cold, damp bench was my favorite  
like a drunk has a favorite barstool.  
At first the pigeons gathered around,

waiting, wanting what I could not give,  
but as soon as they realized I had nothing  
they accepted me as one of their own.

All day we sat in our stale seconds,  
our connection made possible mostly  
by our lack of will to do anything else.

The silver winter sun was a dime  
flipped in the air by some bored god,  
and puddles lay about like mirrors

thrown into the gutter. City trees,  
bearded with frost, bent forward like  
beggars begging passersby for warmth.

But the pigeons, huddled together,  
sat stoically, as if inside them beat  
small hearts like white dwarf stars.

Daily no check came, and few crumbs.  
What did come were joggers and taxi cabs  
that sent pigeons scrambling a few feet.

What surprises us, in the end, is action,  
will enough to shuffle and endure, when  
there is no other ambition within you.

I too felt this odd urge to continue on,  
to scurry just enough out of the way  
of tragedy, to escape the tires of bikes,

stones thrown by kids, bolts of grief,  
to survive long enough to make it here  
to your luxurious embrace, my love.