



Rock Pigeon

We're down to the pigeon – the bottom of the list -
A bird of the streets always in our midst,
But wait - I'm resolved to find good in all,
So, I'll go to work on my pigeon recall.

This is a bird who came from the rocks,
And hangs out today under freeways in flocks
That stay together to offer some safety
And hides the individual with its inherent frailty.

The bird of the rocks now lives on the concrete,
And scavenges daily for something to eat,
It's a favorite of children with pieces of bread,
The pigeon's tameness really works on my head.

The pigeon is pretty if you look at it carefully,
It's neck is decorated in a manner most artfully,
And there's great variety in the colors and form,
They are hard to typify, defying a norm.

The flock of pigeons flies in formation,
They look like they're enjoying a celebration,
They gracefully arc and then they dive,
And then return to trying to survive.

It's interesting to see natural adaptation,
But for many it's adapt or face elimination,
And the pigeon committed to staying around
By learning to live in the city it found.

So, when we see pigeons, we should tip our hat,
To a definite survivor of urban combat,
For they've managed to succeed against all odds,
In another era, we might consider them Gods.

In Earth Church we learn to celebrate life,
In its variant forms, it offers delight,
So I reach out to pigeons that are all around,
And embrace the new friend that I have found.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Work on appreciating the pigeon
It will be good for you.