Dominique Davis

There are a ten dead pigeons on my lawn
& my neighbors are beginning to complain.
They claim the stench ruins their morning coffee
& disturbs their children's slumber.
They wonder why I do not just clean them up,
but I've tried.

I saw the first one fall fro the sky
slow, like a leaf, breaks from a branch
& saunters down to rest in the cold grass.
I grabbed a shoe box from the closet,
scooped the dead bird inside it & went about my way.

The next day,
four more dead pigeons had taken it's place.
It went on like this. They died, I cleaned, they came again.
& now there are ten & my neighbors are complaining.

Their lawns are decorated with daffodils & laughter
& memories kept as pristine as their hedges.
They've learned to keep their dirty secrets locked away.

Mine
stopped breathing on my front lawn.