Watching the Pigeon Mumblers

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WATCHING THE PIGEON MUMBLERS

by
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Anthropology 4

“Pigeon mumbling—it’s the competition we like about it. The guy across the street—he’ll send his birds up—I do the same. The smart ones come back when they’re called, the dumb ones—the other guy gets them. All you need is a roof and a cage, the pigeons come with the neighborhood.”

His aged fingers pain to clutch
The greasy patchworn tweed,
Against the evening’s surging wind
To watch the pigeons speed.

Into the vaulted streets he walks;
Brave in his castaway coat,
From out of the day-dark alley,
He watches pigeons float.

Through stoic wind-bit, ice-water eyes,
He sees the mumblers play
The dance of polychrome billowing birds
Against the monochrome day.

Artwork
by
Jerry Rank
Ad Design 4
He stays until the bricks absorb
The sun within their mass;
The mumblers make their final call,
The birds— their final pass.

The pigeons now return to roost,
To grace their master's lair.
Safe from the snapping teeth of rats,
They sleep without a care.

The ragged tramp heads for home too,
Shuffling to his chosen keep
To huddle, damp, close to the wall,
And dream of pigeon sleep.