Art

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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.