

## THE WHITE PIGEON

at the side of the office this morning there was a pigeon, a white one with dappled brown around the neck and a little going down the back. s spotted it first and pointed it out. it was walking along in the trench in the lawn where the rain runs off of the parking lot. it was alone, and as far as we could tell it looked lost. later in the evening i saw it outside my back window, pecking at the ground. i took a slice of bread and broke it up and threw the pieces out, noticing that my actions did nothing to scare it away. such an easy target it would be for a hungry cat. after dinner, and after washing my few dishes, i went back to the back window and i saw that it was still there, still pecking, moving slowly in circles. i began to think that maybe it was demented. and i wondered if that would make it an even easier target. i watched it on and off until dark, and i came to the conclusion that, yes, it was demented, and that being demented did indeed make it an easier target. and so i decided not to feed it the next day. it's a cruel world.