

## 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.