

"The Little Guy"

Pigeons have ownership of the yard
Each morning they patrol to ambush bread -
That I save from my lunch the day before
Into the air the bread crumbs go
The jittery heads gobble until nothing remains
Over the rise of an office building
A Red Tail Hawk scatters his potential breakfast
Separating one & giving chase
His stealthy moves miss his clutch
It is said one in ten his talons imprisons
But today skill & luck were hand in hand
Giving the little guy an edge in flight

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