

Pigeons in the Attic / *Christel Reges*

The milk-cool strands of wavering vowel notes
Are gone, and grimy wooden planks have barred
Percussive wings that found a pigeon-cote
In my dim empty attic. Now, interred,
White eggs laid safe, too safe, in down batting,
The young--all too well hidden--in the eaves.
Their bisque-like shells, their breasts of beaten satin
Move quietly, and by my hand, towards death.
Eat, or be eaten, is the law of nature.
Cast out, or gird yourself for cruel rout.
This dusty, sunless Eden in the rafters
Was never theirs; I had to drive them out.
Now, huddled on my roof's dark spine, they grieve:
Rose-breasted, bright-beaked Adam, feathery Eve.