

Pigeons Non-Amour

They hop, they kiss,
they turn each way,
their beaks entwined
they brush together.

On the garden fence,
they enact love-play,
totally oblivious
to the weather.

She crouches down and
spreads tailfeathers

he nods his head,
puffs out his chest,

Is this the time for
peristeronic pleasures?

Instead, he decides
in crumbs to invest.

Disappointment reigns,
she's in a flap,

she flies away,

she'll have to tempt
another day.

Ken Franklin - 22nd March 2003