

# Pigeon

## Post War Years

The brackish roots of river pine  
Anchored in my curving spine  
Bend to the whims of wind's design  
And I lay down at your side  
Above the brine of reds in clay  
A swollen angel oaks bouquet  
In the red-winged blackbird's eyes of grey  
A saltwater tear resides  
But the sand and the earthen parapet  
Silts into this rivulet  
The bluffs and the banks will soon forget  
A single tear was cried  
And in this spawning ground it blooms  
The nectar and the petal plumes  
A purple swallow now exhumed  
From the river that has died  
Palmately spread delphinium  
Bachelor-buttoned malva comes  
To be your lilded bride  
The crimson of rinoculous  
Gardenia and dianthus  
The bloodless ivory water-lotus  
Sweetly opens wide  
But even the most fondly named  
Rooted and green leaves framed  
Surely must come to be reclaimed  
Beyond the great divide  
Without a voice left to sing  
With waterlogged and heavy wing  
With peaceful eyes unsuffering  
A pigeon floats in the tide

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