

THAT WE ARE CLAY

I am a city pigeon. One
step ahead
of dogs. Always
on the lookout
for bread.

Don't test me.

I wonder what you are
if I am a bird.

The lady throwing
bread, breaking it off
in pieces? The crumbs
falling to the ground?

This is sex. I'm not
the pigeon. I'm
the clown
with the camera.