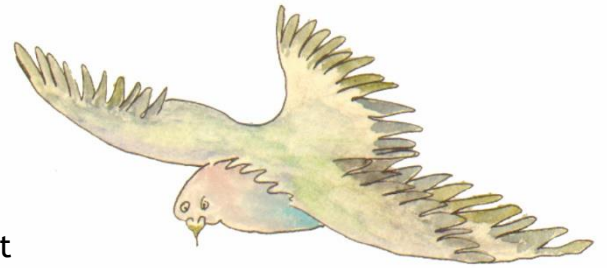


Pigeon Post



My prayer took off with pigeon post which caught
the wind in slipstream heading southward over dunes
and under wing, whistling onward to the coast.
And there, perched on a lobster pot he pondered long,



the message tucked against his breast he'd borne 'cross borders to the sea,
forged in frantic hope and launched by fingertips, this plea
had sped with purpose swiftly through the skies
and landed here



where nothing rushed, nor rallied to respond in time's quiet cove.
As water lapped on landing stage and harboured boats,
he pondered long that pigeon post.

