

DIMITRA XIDOUS
THE PIGEON

Breasts and balls
hang like bells—
bodies make the sounds
of churches and we fall
on top of each other
for the joy of it.

Now, every time I think of you
a bird flies out
from between my legs
I look down, hoping for a dove
but it is just a pigeon
startled into flight by the memory
of two bodies clanging.