

**Carrier Pigeon**

My doorstep has a pine canopy  
and swallow sweet air,  
yet I sit here longing for the city pigeon:  
dense-feathered, the colour of fading phlox,  
neon-neck flashing at food scraps.

(Pigeons  
playing with the scatter of the fine dust  
of the street's manure,  
and living with their nestlings  
in the angles of the penthouse.)

Now  
the pigeon murmur  
above the roar of my mind,  
city of confusion.

It is as if  
amid the promised letters, and the fear  
your tongue emerged to seek my inner ear.

*V. Saraswathi*