

Dove Missile

This afternoon in a chapel
in the desert mountains
northwest of Tucson
I was standing beside
a large plate glass window
admiring the landscape
when a dove flew toward me
at top speed not seeing
the window as a window

The silent chapel boomed
and the dove fell down
still resilient enough
to limp and flutter over
behind some vegetation

When doves become
missiles guided by illusion
they seem little different
from the murderous hawk