

## **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