

London

Outside of the Tower of London
where the peril of wives came early
early like the pigeons
missing toes
on a hot afternoon
sweat seeping through long sleeved shirts.

Outside the Tower of London
bread crumbs don't always fall from
friendly hands
fearing diseased feces
raining from the sky
The sky filled with crippled, tortured pigeons.

Outside the Tower of London
umbrellas go up
for the sun and the spit
of the clouds
and the pigeons pace and pace
and peck and peck
at the dirt
in the cracks
forging their signature
over ages
like the prisoners
bloody and tortured
pecking the thick cold walls
scratching their toes against
the uncaring corners and confinements.

Outside the Tower of London
tourists look up and gasp
at the pigeons
marked as captives.
They enter the tower
and marvel at the inhumanity
at the cruelty
man inflict upon man.

-Leah Anderst