

St. MARK PIGEONS

By Ilda Lee



I sit on a sidewalk café
With a drink, the sun is hot
And I watch the swarming crowd,
This place is a melting pot!

There are painters on the sidewalks
Dancers and two acrobats
Japanese clicking cameras,
Englishmen with canes and hats.

The Germans keep perfect order
They walk in organized rows
A Frenchman smokes strong cigarettes
A Swedish girl clutches a rose.



As I try to eat my lunch
Flapping wings launch at my face
I'm attacked by red-hot pigeons
As I shoo them from my place.

There are feathers on my sandwich,
There are droppings in my drink.
If I had a sharp umbrella
I would kill them in a wink!

Just kidding! They're a landmark here.
St. Mark pigeon, be my guest.
The best fed bird in all the world
Yet you are the greediest pest!

