

Red Dove

The eyes of a red dove quiver,
the sun washes out the color
of its feathers
from red to pink
like the melting pink ice cream
with clear sprinkles
it is eating
on the burning black pavement.

(Sugar crystals sparkle.)

I witness the
pink dove
levitate
and float upwards
like a pink balloon
into the blue sky.

“POP!”

The man shot it.

