

THE PIGEONS NEVER FLEW AWAY

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*The pigeons never flew away
Their white pashminas fluttered in the wind
They caressed its creases till it was dawn.*

*Their eager faces turned yellow
and a drop of blood dotted the pashimas
Still, they caressed its creases till it was dawn.*

*Their embroidery kits had weapons of murder
needles with threads of blacks and red
They kept on sewing till it was dawn.*

*Their eyes got puffed and dreams hollowed
The monotonous work made them weary
Yet, they weaved with winsome smiles till it dawn.*