

# Mourning for Zenaidura

by [G. Wayne Glick](#) in the [July 27, 2004](#) issue

Outside the window, seeds laid on the ledge,  
A sick dove staggered, pecked, staggered again,  
And while I watched, it toppled off the edge  
And lay struggling, then feebly pecked again.  
I took some water in a small can lid  
and set it by its unprotesting bill,  
I built a barrier so it was hid  
From predators seeking an easy kill.  
Night came and dawn, and with the morning light  
I saw the vanity of what I'd done;  
The dove was there, eyes rigor mortis tight,  
Flecked feathers golden in the morning sun.  
I took some comfort in an ancient word,  
"God knows when sparrows fall," or any bird.