

Spotted dove

by [Greg Huteson](#) in the [November 21, 2018](#) issue

After four months, the doves' echolalic  
cooing was already a phenom  
we anticipated at dusk, unless a souging rain  
found our bougainvillea-rimmed balcony.  
Spotted doves they were, with banded necks  
black-and-white. The three-part cooing  
led us, falsely, to surmise these long-tails  
were a collectivity, a pitying, a cote.

At times, one would swoop—just one—from where?  
Most often it would glide to a tile ledge  
of the apartment across the off-white alley.  
He . . . she . . . Pigeon genders confound me!—  
would skitter between landings, anxiously.  
It would have the jitters. Some would say the tremors.  
After a few last shakes—shivers of trepidation—  
it would tuck its head and rest, silent and alone.