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Sonnet For The White-Crowned Pigeon

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Sonnet For The White-Crowned Pigeon

This endangered White-crowned Pigeon she flies
As if the world is hers without contest,
Lands on a green pine tree among distressed
Fire-ravaged browns, cooing in deep sighs.
Is the bulldozer mirrored in her eyes,
Ever inching its way towards her nest?
The beeping drone irritates like a pest.
Can we prevent this totem bird's demise?

No matter how far, she always finds home,
Bound with gentle and loving energies.
Levelers must make good a new abode
With no machine beeps only sounds of Om,
Poison Wood groves laden with ripe berries,
So White-crowns can eat, be fruitful, explode.