Like a will-less shape, I was gliding on the expansive parking lot surface, scavenging for shadows. The parking lots of grocery stores are always punctuated by pigeons. Their shadows light up my vision.

The mind answers to no one, strays by itself, like winged shadows on gray cement. The waxen sky melts. What do those shadows have to say?

Pigeons fear nothing. Not even a crumb escapes their beaks — even if it lies inches from your feet. Each parking space a platter of plenty. My feast is what the light does to their search for food.

The mind floats all by itself, listening to their feet. Ears rebel. Language vaporizes, compels pigeon-steps. A pigeon self?

The Greyhound bus had made a brief stop on its trip to Dallas. “Ten minutes of fresh air or picking up snacks from the grocery store at Buda,” the driver said. Getting off the bus was a choice, and every passenger opted for it. I knew why I was climbing out. I had to follow the dance of lazy afternoon light as it spread
across that Texan flatness like a dazzling haze — frank and up-front.

The mind answers to no one — least of all itself!
The parking lot: a white, wax-filled tray.
On a July afternoon, the lone star swells.
Here and there, wandering patches of gray.

I had no immediate need to look anywhere. The airborne pigeons, with smudged outlines, circled around the grounded ones, who walked clearly. Pigeons prefer to walk. I could hear sounds in their shadowed feet. Everything else had a skin of light.