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Mourning Doves at the Bottom of My Heart

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Carol Ann Johnston

MOURNING DOVES
AT THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART

I love to look up
at the wires at dusk;
mourning doves rest there,
breasts of chocolate mousse.

I know.
It's dangerous.
I pedal along at
twenty-five miles an hour,
my thighs burn —
but at just that speed
I love to look up
at the doves on the wires;
their breasts curve above me
like the weight of my heart.

Sometimes,
I see myself flip over —
at twenty-five miles an hour,
and the doves topple too —
they hang from the wires,
in flames like the sunset,
declining with the night air.

It's dangerous, I know,
to pedal so hard
as I lift my head —
but when I look up
at those breasts of dusk,
I can see mourning doves
at the bottom of my heart.