Lately I've been worried about the welfare of a young groundhog who lives under our front deck. His back legs won't support him and he drags them behind. This poem has been a good lesson for me. That groundhog is neither MY groundhog, nor does he need my pity. This poem is by Gary Whitehead of New York, from his book *A Glossary of Chickens: Poems*, published by Princeton University Press.

**One-Legged Pigeon**

In a flock on Market,  
just below Union Square,  
the last to land  
and standing a little canted,  
it teetered—I want to say now  
though it's hardly true—  
like Ahab toward the starboard  
and regarded me  
with blood-red eyes.  
We all lose something,  
though that day  
I hadn't lost a thing.  
I saw in that imperfect bird  
no antipathy, no envy, no vengeance.  
It needed no pity,  
but just a crumb,  
something to hop toward.