

# Christmas in the City (according to a pigeon)

**Ella Hanchett**

Grade 3

I live under a bench in a city park  
My feathers are the color of dirty snow  
I look out from under my bench  
I see many human feet--running, racing, rushing through the slush

When I get tired of watching boots, I fly up to a lamppost  
I see colorful lights--flashing, blinking, shining, twinkling

Usually I smell exhaust and garbage  
But today I smell cookies and pies and pine trees galore  
Searching for the source I fly through the city  
Finally I find a windowsill  
I watch a family--decorating, baking, laughing, smiling

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