

Two Pigeons in a Pub

There were these 2 pigeons in a pub.....

No, no you haven't heard this one.

As I was saying, there were these pigeons in a pub.....

No, this is not a joke with a punch line. Or maybe it does have a punch line?

Whilst waiting for my train, as I do most days, I choose not to scroll on my phone. As most people do. Instead, I look around and observe. I am a people person. A people watcher and apparently a pigeon watcher.

It's spring and the pigeons are on a platform parade at the train station. It's like a boy's night out with too much alcohol. I listen to the pigeons, interrupted by brief loudspeaker announcements of train arrivals and cancellations. I like the cooing of pigeons, amused as I watch them. The careless bits of food, dropped by passengers are not of high priority right now. This is mating season. The sun is shining and this is their chance. It's like the last call for drinks at a crowded pub. The sound of the pigeons is almost deafening. Like the blare of music and over loud conversations in a pub.

The male pigeons with their puffed-up blue chests and brown feet are on the prowl for their chance to find a mate.....before the pub closes? They remind me of men in their blue suits and brown shoes at a busy pub on a Friday night, looking for that last minute date before last call for drinks. At this point (in the mating season) any female will do. If rejected, the next female will do. I remember what it was like on those Friday nights. Often replayed on a Saturday night but rarely on a Sunday. Monday begins another work week.

I look at the passengers waiting on the opposite platform, heading in the opposite direction. All with heads down, looking at their phones. I guess I am the only human that is at the pigeon pub. As a visitor only, as I am not a pigeon. I am welcome to stay...until my train arrives.

Soon, mating season will be over. The nights will become longer, darker and cold. The pigeons on the platforms will only be interested in food dropped by passengers, with no interest in mating. Yet the men in the pubs on a Friday night will still have an interest in mating. Only now they will be wearing heavy coats and wool hats over their blue suits and brown shoes. Or decide to stay home on a Friday night, where no suits are required, have a few beers and mate at home.

Funny how there is a mating season for pigeons but not for men. "Hey Babe, what are you doing tonight? Can I buy you a drink? No? Well, how about your friend?"

Cooooooo!

