**Song of Fowl**

*November 22, 2012*

Would You rather be a Turkey.

Or prefer to be a Goose or Duck.

Fly Wild and Free.

Cross Land and Sea.

With other Fowl and Such.

Yet every Morning in the Pen.

Corn and Grain are Plenty.

While Fence and Cage hold Tom and Hen.

Hold all Tame Ducks Geese Turkeys securely in.

They keep the Hawk Weasel and Fox at Bay.

Sleep nightly with no prey of any.

Blessings and Comforts Many.

Wild Tom struts his stuff and drums.

Who has the better day.

Until the Fateful Moment comes.

Still so hard to say.

Arrow from Cammo Head in Glen.

Takes old Wild Tom down.

No Warning Sound.

Tom yields to Mirage Hens Wylie Cluck and Call.

Or Widgeon Teal Drake Gander set wings to join Pond Party. Lough.

Decoys Blind More Cammo Man Duck Talk have spun their Web.

Guns roar. Shot Fly. To Chessie Grab they fall.

On Thursday in November Yea Too.

Or so I've heard it said.

Those Tame Toms Ganders Drake and Hens meet their Fate.

Are parted from their Heads.

To Grace Thanksgiving Table as Center Plate.

Alas the Die is Cast.

If Feathered Fowl thy be.

It will come to pass.

No Peace. Old Age for Thee.

Thy Succulent Self captured.

From Rapture of the Moment to Dark Defeat.

Closed Book. Cooked.

Thy will strut or fly to certain death.

Thy destiny so sudden meet. Sudden

Arrow Shot Axe, Dead.

That we may Feast and Eat.