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 Weasle 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 CammoHead

in Glen. Takes old Wild Tom down. No Warning Sound. Tom yields to

MirageHens Wylie Cluck and Call. Or Widgeon Teal Drake Gander set wings to

their Web. Guns roar. Shot Fly. To ChessieGrab 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

Thanksgiviing Table as CenterPlate. 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.