Turkey’s Day

It's that time of the year again, stories and laughter, heard throughout all the houses.

Most people would believe that and who could blame them.

I’m not a human though, for my pals and I, it’s a purge.

Every year we think it’ll be different, it’ll be better. It never is.

The man has devised a system to condition us in such a way, we’re all but too blind to.

I’ll have lived a short life, though full of wonderful moments, short all the same.

Thank you handler, I hope I was useful in more ways than my last, goodbye...