

C hicken P ax

Listen my young ones and a tale I will unfold,
Its words I pass on to you exactly as I was told.
Not long ago in a not-too-distant land,
There lived a flock of chickens most grand.

These fowl were a most singular breed,
For these chickens were uncommonly brave indeed.
There was not a shirker among them,
From the smallest chick to the largest hen.

One day from out of the deep, came an unspeakable gloom.
An awful darkness that whispered of man's doom.
The portents in the heavens seem star-crossed.
And many spoke of all hope being lost.

But on that fateful day when all were paralyzed with fright,
And none seemed willing to stand up and fight.
As the rest of the world cowered in craven fear,
Suddenly a surge of combs and hackles and proud tail feathers did
appear.

There was a cock-a-doodle-doo, a buckaw and a cluck,
And all heard the cry of those uncommon chickens who showed
such considerable pluck.
These brave fowls donned armor and raised their standard high.
They alone would face the doom with bold hearts and glittering
eyes.

The chickens rode at dawn,
Off to face a shadow that Darkness did spawn.
And so we waited, daring to hope for the best.
We waited and waited, our prayers, upon chickens, did rest.

We never knew what happened to this tiny band,
And the fate of the fowls and Foul is something we will never
understand.

But the sun is brighter and the gloom is gone,
And all that's left of our heroes is a hen's tooth and a song.

