

Empathetic Turkey

*There once was a turkey whose name was Turkey,
Empathetic and carefree,
She wandered and willowed near a band of bellows,
And ran into a quartet of cellos,*



*Hearing their music, their chitter-chatter-pitcher,
She cried from glee, and ran away, up a tree,
She met the squirrels and rats and birds, and fell to the breeze,
And tumbled, tumbled, tumbled, down with the bees,*

*She journeyed into the forest, in search of bears,
Instead found the great mares,
Stamp and snarl and bite and run,
Away from the great mares,
Back to the cellos, and bellows, and willows . . .*



*Then alone with the cellos and bellows,
No one at her side,
Another turkey found her and decided to give her a ride,
They ran and hiked and rode a wagon,
All the way to a flagon,
Filled with red apple cider,*

*Thus, then, they shared the cider,
And so,
Turkey was not alone.*

