Another Scraping of the Spurs in a Sorry House

Some peahens and some cockatoos have flapped up quite a blur: they've just swooped down to save the world and spread their sacred err.

They've tracked down countless birds of prey, and soon they'll have their tails. Then after all those dirty birds are caged, they'll try to save the quails.

The parakeets have chipped in chirps in schoolrooms and on paper, and cockatiels have added squeals, two olives and a caper.

They've taught the kittens how to bark; the puppies how to purr; the ducks to cluck; the cocks to quack—turned feathers into fur.

They've unwrapped Lady Lazarus and covered Miss July.
They've told canaries not to sing, and turkeys they should fly.

To rule the roost and keep the nest they're scratching up new laws; and flocks are winging from the west to coax them with their claws.

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