

Black November

A Turkey's Lament

When I was a young turkey, new to the coop,
My big brother Mike took me out on the stoop,
Then he sat me down, and he spoke real slow,
And he told me there was something that I had to know;
His look and his tone I will always remember,
When he told me of the horrors of...Black November;
"Come about August, now listen to me,
Each day you'll be thick, where once you were thin,
And you'll grow a big rubbery thing under your chin.
"And then one morning, when you're warm in your bed,
In'll burst the farmer's wife, and hack off your head;
"Then she'll pluck out all your feathers so you're bald'n pink,
And scoop out all your insides and leave ya lyin' in the sink,
Well, the rest of his words were too grim to repeat,
I sat on the stoop like a winged piece of meat,
And decided on the spot that to avoid being cooked,
I'd have to lay low and remain overlooked;
I began a new diet of nuts and granola,
High-roughage salads, juice and diet cola,
And as they ate pastries, chocolates & crepes,
I stayed in my room doing Jane Fonda tapes,
I maintained my weight of two pounds & a half,
And tried not to notice when the bigger birds laughed;
But 'twas I who was laughing, under my breath,
As they chomped and they chewed, ever closer to death;
And sure enough when Black November rolled around,
I was the last turkey left in the entire compound;
So now I'm a pet in the farmer's wife's lap;
I haven't a worry, so I eat and I nap,
She held me today, while sewing and humming,
And smiled at me and said "Christmas is coming..."