

Fowl Grief

A scene rather sad,
A sobering sight,
A morning to mourn
In a morning's new light.

On a rural dirt road
In a gathering stood,
By the edge of a stream
Where the dirt turns to wood,

A flock of twelve turkeys
And the body of one,
Who'd acquainted his death
'Neath the morning's new sun.

Struck, I suspect,
By a vehicle's pass
And thrown from the road
To the bordering grass.

Cocking their heads
As they try to perceive
The state of affairs,
They collectively grieve.