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Sir Gerstle's Fowl Lament

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SIR GERSTLE'S FOWL LAMENT

Vicki Thomson

Do you hear gobbles from a haunted voice?
Feather cape, swan-like neck, on stage no more-
I, Sir Gerstle, gallant turkey, hero,
Swashbuckling star of street studded drama,
Deceased. Thespian whose sharp crimson beak
And golden feet, leaped, fencing and dashing,
Darting between moving cars, trucks, and bikes
Earning their wrath while I gave you a laugh,
Aviary Aristophanes –gone.
Forsooth, the coward's vile dastardly thrust
Of speeding vehicular rubber and steel
Slayed me, the Thane of Bayview Street Theater.
Morning's gray cloud drapes over tear stained stage
A proper backdrop for this tragic day.
But despair not.... There is cause to rejoice!
Though I bid you adieu, my death's avenged!
Wretched wickedness of the ruffian
Has not gone unanswered! Justice prevails!
Forsooth, troops of crows this very morning
Rendered white effluvium on villain's
Once inky black truck – a most fowl triumph!