

The Turkey's Lesson

Though he fell in love
with our riding lawn mower
and slept perched on it every night
the wild turkey we raised
from an orphan day-old chick
still had a lesson to teach

As he grew into a bird much bigger
than those in the flocks
coming to our feeders
he stood his ground, spreading his tail
opening his wings and gobbling
to let all of those others know
just whose territory this was.

And then he always
stood aside to share
the cracked corn and seed
we put out for him
no room in his life for greed.

it made me remember how old Ben Franklin
said the wild turkey ought to be
our national bird and not the eagle
that steals its meal
from weaker birds—
no sort of metaphor at all
for anything in the news.

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