

Poetry Corner

by Phil Sukenik



OH TURKEY FAIR

YONDER BUTTERBALL, OH TURKEY FAIR,
THY AROMA PERFUMES THE AIR.
FROM THE OVEN IT DOTHS ARISE;
I DOTHS SMELL THE SMELL OF PUMPKIN PIES!

MASHED POTATOES IN THE BOWL,
GRAVY AND STUFFING FOR MY 'PIE-HOLE',
I SHALT EAT TILL I SHAN'T MOVE
TO THE MACY PARADE I SHALL GROOVE.

BUT LEST NOT FORGET THIS BLESSED DAY,
IS TO BE THANKFUL IN EVERY WAY,
FOR OUR FAMILY AND THIS LAND,
AND FOOD PREPARED WITH LOVING HANDS.

SO, HOSSERS LET THY VOICES RISE,
JUST LIKE THE STEAM FROM OFF THOSE PIES,
LET'S THANK EACH OTHER FOR 'GETTIN' ERE DONE',
WORKING TOGETHER IS SO MUCH FUN!

I WISH EVERYONE A SAFE AND BLESSED THANKSGIVING!

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