

FIVE FEATHERED FRIENDS

by

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Five Feathered Friends, sitting on a perch,
Pretty and Proper, as if they were in church;
Pixie in her aqua dress, Oscar in his suit of gray
Chattering and whistling and feeling quite gay;

Nadine, all decked out in her stockings of red,
Squawking and nudging Sundance on the head;
Sundance in feathers of green and of yellow,
Listening to jazz and feeling quite mellow;

And, then there was Chico, the talking bird,
Laughing and singing and reciting each word
Of each little rhyme he had memorized,
Stopping to daydream and philosophize;

As he gazed out the window, he would often exclaim,
"Look at the birdie, the doggie, and the airplane!"
Different animal sounds he mimicked so well,
Was it a doggie or Chico? One never could tell!

Five Feathered Friends, oh where can they be?
Four up in Heaven and one in a tree!
From their lofty new perches high in the sky,
They'll watch over me until the day that I die.

