

Brewster The Rooster

*Brewster, the rooster
Was a'cruisin' through the ranch
When Grim Reaper, dressed-up as Owl'
Flew down from the highest pine tree branch!*

*The Brewster - he was doomed
For he never had a chance.
Yes, he'd be alive today
If that hit had been but a glance.*

*He would be so proud - even today- to boast
How he'd so cleverly missed such fate!
Standing upon a tree stump to spin his story.
Beginning in early morning, at noon or quite late.*

*He would have gathered all the hens
"Round his roost, with all of them crowded below.
He, bragging and crowing the hours away
Sometimes quickly. Sometimes sleepily and slow.*

*His ladies happily lay dozens of eggs!
Then cackle, squake, cluck or just swoon...
Contented to be in the presence of
This beloved, cocky, and handsome buffoon!*

*But, alas, as fate would have it
Things didn't quite happen that-a-way...
Because all that was left of poor Brewster
Was a fluff - down by the hay...*

a true story

*Written by
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