

THE VULTURE

I should have said at the beginning of this section, for those of you who might not know, doggerel is light verse. According to Webster it is "Low in style and comic." Don't despair, you are almost half way through this group now. That somewhat explains the type of poems found here. I am sure most of you have seen vultures soaring in a summer sky. They seem so graceful in the air, but are so clumsy and ugly on the ground they are difficult to like. I guess for that reason, I have taken to them and include them in this group. Again, they are quite prevalent in our area.

I'm here to extoll the vulture,
Who adds so much to our culture,
He is stately in black,
With strong wings and red hat,
He commands respect in all nature,

He is a most thoughtful bird,
His best traits seldom are heard,
In his most sedate way,
He greets every day,
Without a disparaging word,

Among his noblest features,
He eats just the deadeast of creatures,
He never would kill,
But waits on a hill,
I'm sure he's the pride of his teachers,

And when it comes to great soaring,
His antics can never be boring,
He can float, He can dive,
And he looks so alive,
His form is well worth adoring,

His mission is life is quite clear,
He can hold his head high without fear,
He recycles waste,
And is in no haste,
But circles the sky far and near,

We need more vultures, not people
The birds who will perch on a steeple,
And in their own way,
Improve life everyday,
To double, or perhaps even treeple.

By John D. Boenke
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