



A Poland chicken is my name
In the chicken world I am one of the most tame
I have a funny pom pom on my head
If my pom pom is far too big I am very careful where I tread
Sometimes my pom pom has to be tied up in a bow
Especially if my mum wants to take me to a show

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I am not too keen on the cold or wet
And would much rather be my mum's treasured pet
I am not like any other chicken in the way I act
I can be quite bossy – that's a fact

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My mum washes my pom pom rather a lot
But the water is never all that hot
She says it's to make sure that there are no mites
Or any other creatures that may give bites
I don't mind as I quite like to be clean
It saves me having to have a preen

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I get on well with all my pals
Bearing in mind most of us are gals
I love my weekend run of the garden
I get a bit lost – I beg your pardon!
Mum very often has to put me in my pen
What a silly forgetful hen

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Mum calls me Penny I am not sure why
My best friend is Inky and is as black as the midnight sky
Mum bought Inky as a tiny chick
She is such a busybody and gets on my wick
But that all said we are seldom apart
We both love each other with all our heart