

Chickens

It's so dark in this wooden hutch
Come on mum we love you so much
Open us up – our breakfast is due
Are we going to eat something new?
Or is it our usual porridge and pasta
Go on sprinkle them with mealworms, they won't last!

It doesn't take us long to devour the lot
Especially if the weather isn't too hot
Some of us then go back to bed to lay
We scratch and scratch and ruffle the hay
We make a rather strange clucking sound
Until finally out pops the egg – hitting the ground!

That's it, our lot is now done
It's time to chill under the bush or in the sun
Lunchtime is the next exciting time
Mum comes home to check we are fine
She always brings us a potful of corn
We sometimes get apples if the weather is warm

Then she leaves us once again
We scratch the ground if there's been rain
We so love to find a big dust hole
We toss and turn and love to roll
Sometimes we just lie there basking in the sun
Oh being a chicken is just so much fun!

Linda Lane