

MY LITTLE FRIEND?

By Richard Schallhamer

I was sitting in my treehouse
just looking at the sky
When a little yellow bird
perched down to tell me hi

This little bird seemed so friendly
and tweeted a pretty tune
But this peaceful moment
would abruptly end in doom

He moved his little body
and twitched his feathery tail
Up from high above
a piece of waste did hail

Oh gee, oh gee!
What do I see?
That little bird
Just pooped on me

Now personally I did not take it
Though I find his motive hard
As to why he dumped on me
when he had the whole darn yard

Did he do it out of anger
being upset with me
For sitting in the branches
of his favorite tree

Did he eat too many berries
that were green upon the bush
Or did the worm from a rotten apple
turn his stomach into mush

Oh gee, oh gee!
What do I see?
That little bird
Just pooped on me

I never thought to think,
a bird's dung could be so big.
But I am truly thankful,
that this bird was not a pig