

Name: _____

Turkey Day With a New Friend

By Roy Kindelberger

I travel alone close to dusk.
Snow, drifts, floats, I stick
my tongue out for a taste.

I smell the turkey,
stuffing, mashed potatoes
and pumpkin pie.

My watering mouth, stops,
a wild bird gobbles, wiggles its wings.
Dinner?

Only, now I sigh,
I take the turkey's wing
we walk home.

My new friend and I
enjoy each other.
"Gobble, gobble."

