

CHICKENS

543 million Kentucky Fried Chickens
Were sold last year. That's enough to circle
The globe eleven times if laid end to end,
Which apart from anything else, is an awful lot
Of feathers! It's that 'end to end' that gets me.
All those daisy-chains of stringy necks!
All those plucked carcasses crossing
The Himalayas. All those bright morning
Cock-crows ending up in breadcrumbs
And polystyrene.

What a price to pay for clean white meat.
And assuming that one in ten has salmonella,
Listeria, hysteria or super-botulistic-spongiform
Whatever not... This is enough to kill every baby
Born this week in every hospital in the world.

Remember the sci-fi, scenario?
Ants taking over the world.
Or killer bees? Or lichen?
Well...my money's on birds!

And what we've been talking about here
Are only the Colonel's chickens!
What about Supermarket bird?
Now wait for it...All those bags of giblets
If laid end to end would take you and me
To Glasgow and back, ninety-three times!

(cont.)

And let's not forget: Poulet-au-gratin,
Chick-peas, drum-sticks, good old Vindaloo,
Coq-au-vin, chicken-pox, a nice kosher bird,
You're chicken fella! My little Chickadee!
Chicken-hearted, chicken-livered,
Chicken-in-the-basket, chicken-done-in-Freud
And chicken shit!

And if you made one great bloody heap of that,
We'd need another Universe. Cock-a-doodle-do,
Cock-a-bloody-doodle-do...
We'd need another Universe!

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