

The Chicken and the Tree

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This is a poem about a lonely chicken, and a silent tree. The chicken represents me, and the tree, my friend.

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1 - The Chicken and the Tree

The Chicken and the Tree

The chicken was never more happy,
than on the day the chicken met the tree.

It began on a day like any other,
when the chicken ran away, ignoring her mother.

The chicken was as sad as she could be,
until she ran into the tree.

The chicken looked up at the tree and said,
“Ouch, Ouch! I hit my head.”

The tree said nothing, for it could not speak,
and the chicken pecked it with her beak.

Then the chicken realized that the tree might be hurt,
so she said “I’m sorry,” and she sat in the dirt.

Then the chicken noticed that the tree was nice, in a way,
for the chicken was happy, and she had been sad that day.

The two became friends, though in silence they stood,
and the chicken looked up at the tree's wood.

They were such good friends, for they could not fight.
No feelings were hurt, try as they might.

Years went by, and then came the day,
when men came with axes, and bags that were gray.

They chopped at the tree, and the chicken was scared.
She would try to stop them, if she dared.

She pecked at one's head, his arm, and his knee,
but she could not stop them from chopping down the tree.

When at last the tree fell, the chicken cried and cried,
and when they hauled the tree off, the chicken died.

The two had met and become friends,
and stuck together `til their ends.