

I Prize

The Cock

Cock cock cock!
Not just a cock,
You are my alarm clock.

The colour of your feather,
Like hair of my brother,
Beak, that speaks with the earth.
Eyes, like a pendulum
That swings around every now and then.

Beak hunting for insects, inside your feather
Is filled with humour,
Your cock-a-doodle-doo too.

Your fight to protect your egg,
Is really big.
After all, you are a father
Protecting your kid.

The way you flutter your wings,
Is like merry children playing in swings.

Your pupils, so pure like yolk
In the egg.
I can see it beg,
Asking- to let go off your leg.

All I would say is
Don't worry, when it's dawn,
You will be gone.

Nirosha Abdul Malik
I B. Sc Psychology
TBAK College, Kilakarai