

The Nightmare Before Thanksgiving

By Randy Raynes, Thanksgiving, 2012

Twas the night before Thanksgiving, and all through the farm
The turkeys were running, they sounded alarmed
The cows were a-chewin' their cud in the barn
For the farmer was coming, to do them no harm

The pigs and the chickens, were resting in peace,
For neither of them would be cooking in grease
The horses were stabled, for it was their lot
To stand in the barn, not be cooked in the pot

The dogs and the cats, they watched from the porch
For they knew that they would never be scorched
The light in the house came on with a click,
The porch light that followed made all turkeys sick

The screen door, it squeaked, then it closed with a bang
The farmer was heard as he whistled and sang
The turkeys all scurried, to the corners to hide
Toms, hens and chicks, all huddled and cried

They pushed out "Old Tom". He was old as the hills
His beak was a-withered, and his gobble so shrill
Then they pushed out the plumpest, for she ate the most
"Oh, let it be her, to give up the ghost."

The barn door it opened, the shadow was cast
They knew that the end, was coming at last
The farmer inspected, the flock with a grin
The turkeys all prayed, "Please God! Let it be him"

The Nightmare Before Thanksgiving Cont'd

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The selection was made, the flock dwindled by one
The farmer was gone, with some mother's son
The turkeys relaxed, and peace filled the barn
But sorrow replaced, the sounds of alarm

The turkeys were missing, one of their own
For they knew he'd be eaten, right down to the bone
The turkeys so hated, this holiday feast
They wished that the farmer, ate some other beast

Then the turkeys all shouted, you could hear them all say
"Next year go into town, and eat Chick-fil-A