

The Not So Pleasant Pheasant

By Barbara Wilton - 2021

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A pheasant turned up at our place
Elegantly parading through our space.
His brilliant feathers caught our eye
We were glad he wasn't shy.

He sought shelter in amongst our wood
Roosting on the rails was good.
He'd perch on the top of the kid's swing
From where he could see everything.

Every day without fail
I walked down to get the mail.
Coming back one day, I was surprised to see
Our pheasant barrelling straight at me.

'Oh look,' I thought, 'he's coming to meet me.'
But no, he wasn't coming to greet me.
His natural hormones had kicked in
And he was aiming for my shin!

He pecked my feet from every side
And scratched my legs, or rather tried.
Luckily, I had a magazine
And began to use it as a screen.

I thought that he would soon get tired
But no, this guy was really wired.
He pecked at me all the way
I was glad of shoes I have to say.

I stepped through the door and shut it quick
I hoped his movements weren't that slick.
I took the mail down to the desk
And piled it up with all the rest.

I went to think about some lunch
But there he was outside the front.
He was still trying to have a go.
Just as well the cat's not slow.

He spied the pheasant from the chair
And with three long leaps he was there.
With flattened ears he eyed the bird
And gave the loudest growl I've heard.

The pheasant gave a startled screech
And flew to the lawn just out of reach.
The cat had done his job with style
Enough to give us all a smile.

Dad came out and said, 'He'll have to go.'
But straight away I said 'No,
'Let's see if he has another try.
Just for now we'll let things lie.'

The pheasant must have heard Dad talk
For I never saw him on my walks.
He was in the distance I could see
But he didn't have go at me.