

## Clara Clay, Poet of the Month, August 2007

### The Rooster

By Clara Clay

There's a rooster on the loose, here in our neighborhood,  
No one knows where he belongs, being loose is not good.

The next door neighbor saw him, he wandered all around,  
He was spotted down the street, prancing there on the ground.

Is it a pet and so tame that his owner trusts him?  
Does he come home every night? Does he sleep on a limb?

Haven't heard him cutting loose, with "cocka-doodle-doo,"  
So I haven't seen the bird, for me it's something new.

I don't doubt he's been sighted, he hasn't come my way,  
So I'll keep looking for him, maybe another day.

#### Month later...

A month has passed since I was told about the rooster deal,  
But lack of sighting could mean, rooster was someone's meal.

#### Two months later...

Boy have I been wrong, rooster paid us a call,  
In fact, it walked in our yard, pecking at bugs and all.

I guess he wasn't dinner, but then roosters are tough,  
Everyone who lives here probably has food enough.

I don't think he's a beauty, kind of gray and light brown,  
I hope he stays safe from harm, as he roams around the town.

**Clara Clay** worked 35 1/2 years as a journalist for the Pasadena Citizen newspaper. When she retired, she had already won 169 awards for writing, editing and photography. She started writing poetry in high school and her current chapbook "I Rhyme" won a first place with Press Women of Texas in 2007.

