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PHEASANT HUNTER'S LAMENT

by *Dale W. Hill*

Gather 'round, friends, and listen to my talk
About the ringneck bird, the "Cock of the Walk."
Beautiful and smart without a doubt—
He'll outsmart you if you don't watch out.

Now ol' John, Red, and I went out last fall,
But we came back with only four in all.
So we practiced on the blue-rock 'til we got good;
This year would be better—we knew it would.

The season opened early and bright;
And when we parked our trucks, the place was right—
and the dogs were on point in no time flat,
So we headed for the brush where the birds sat.

Then suddenly before with a blink of the eye,
Those birds flew up and headed for the sky.
"They're hens," shouted Red as we watched them fly
And there I stood just gawking at the sky.

And then behind us to our surprise,
The ol' cocks flew up and roared to the skies.
All of us shot once as we watched them go.
And ol' Red got mad and said, "Those dirty so and sos;
"They took us by surprise," shouted ol' Big Red.
And my thoughts went back to what some hunter had
said:

"Those cocks are smart and you better beware,
Or they'll leave you standin' just a gawkin' at the air."

Well, we went on and hunted about a week or so,
And we saw a lot of pheasants wherever we would go.
We used a lot of shells shootin' our guns.
We did a lot of walkin' and had a lot of fun.

But now the season's over, and we're all back home.
And our thoughts go back to those fields we roamed.
And when we tell our friends about the birds we shot,
Well, ol' John, Red, and I, we have to lie a lot. ■

DALE W. HILL, who lives in Washita, is a counselor in Anadarko Public Schools.