

The Fox, the Crow and the Cookie

mewithoutYou

Through mostly vacant streets a Baker from the outskirts of his town earned his living peddling sweets from a ragged cart he dragged around.

The clever Fox crept close behind, kept an ever watchful eye for a chance to steal a Ginger spicecake or a Boysenberry pie.

Looking down was the hungry Crow:

When the time is right I'll strike and condescend to the earth below and take whichever treat I like!

The moment the Baker turned around to shoo the Fox off from his cart, the Crow swooped down and snatched a shortbread cookie and a German chocolate tart.

Using most unfriendly words that the village children had not yet heard, the Baker shouted threats by Canzonet to curse the crafty bird:

You rotten wooden mixing spoon!

Why, you midnight winged raccoon!

You'd better bring those pastries back, you no good, burnt-black-macaroon!!!

The Fox approached the tree where the bird was perched, delighted, in his nest:

Brother Crow, don't you remember me?

It's your old friend Fox with a humble request.

If you could share just a modest piece, seeing as I distracted that awful man...

This failed to persuade the Crow in the least, so the Fox rethought his plan:

Then, if your lovely song would grace my ears, or, to even hear you speak would ease my pains and fears.

The Crow looked down with the candy in his beak.

Your poems of wisdom, my Good Crow, what a paradise they bring!

This flattery pleased the proud bird so, he opened his mouth and began to sing:

Your subtle acclamation's true, best to give praise where praise is due.

Every Rook and Jay in the Corvidae has been Raven about me too!

They admire me, one and all... must be the passion in my 'Caw', my slender bill, known through the Escadrille, my fierce, commanding claw...

[the cookie drops, Fox retrieves it -- there is commotion in the town as the Baker gives chase. Crow is humiliated, realizes he's been tricked, continues his song]

Ah, I've got a Walnut-brownie-brain and Molasses in my veins, crushed graham cracker crust, my powdered Sugar funnelcake cocaine.

Let the Crescent Cookie rise!

These Carob-colored Almond eyes would rest to see my Cashew Princess in the Swirling Marble Sky.

We'll rest upon the Knee where all divisions cease to be and rootbeer float in our Banana Boat across the Tapioca Sea.

When letting all attachments go is the only prayer we know.

May it be so, may it be so, may it be so, oh...

Amen