

# A Lucky Thing

*by Alice Schertle*

High  
up in a hawthorn tree  
a robin perched, where he could see  
into a coop of wire and wood.  
Inside the coop a farmer stood  
flinging grain upon the ground.  
Twelve fat chickens gathered round.

The robin,  
singing, cocked his head  
and watched the chickens being fed.  
He saw it was a lucky thing  
to be a chicken: Farmers bring  
you golden grain, scoop after scoop,  
if you're a chicken in a coop—  
a lovely coop with nesting boxes  
safe from cats and crows and foxes.

The chickens  
in the coop could see  
the bird. They heard his melody  
and clucked it was a lucky thing  
to be a robin who could sing  
a song upon a hawthorn tree.  
They watched him through the woven  
wire.  
They saw him fly up high, and higher.

Twelve fat chickens  
scratched the floor.  
The farmer closed  
and latched  
the door.