

Bar Joke

So, a crow, a jay, and an eagle
fly into a bar.

The crow orders a round:
shots of *Wild Turkey* and draft beers.
The eagle scans the bottles below the mirror behind the bar,
says, "Make mine *Old Crow*."

The bartender remembers the crow,
comes in often with an obnoxious flock of friends.
She's never seen the other two.
The jay and the crow knock back their shots,
gobble like turkeys, and start in on their beers.
The eagle leaves his shot on the bar,
slowly sips his draft.

The bartender senses there's going to be trouble,
the vengeance smoldering in the eagle's eye tells all:
the daily flights through their gauntlet,
raucous ridicule, murderous taunting,
beaks dive-bombed into his back.
He's had enough
the wind has shifted, so
tonight it will be one-on-one.

The jay jabbars on,
telling every lewd and specist joke he knows.
The crow orders another beer, asks to see a menu,
the bartender hesitates,
not sure about avian dietary protocol,
apologizes, "All we have left is the chicken."
The crow, suddenly nervous, laughs,
"That's OK -- we hate chickens."
"Actually," the eagle interrupts,
"We'd love chicken for supper,
but some other time. Tonight,"
he downs his shot,
wipes his beak with a wing, says,
"we're going to eat crow."