

JOY OF CHICKENS

To understand a chicken, get low to the ground. Can you get seed out of the trough? No. Neither can they! Or they can- they are more powerful than you. Chickens have much to teach us. While you think you are caring for chickens (can you ever care enough?) consider the exchange. True, chickens are humble- they rarely cluck their own horns. Not like those bulky geese, or worse, Guinea hens. True, there's an occasional cock to crow at every false dawn, but I digress. You laugh. Let me get back to my serious speech.

I would not be addressing your high school commencement ceremony if chickens were not serious business. But I have written elsewhere about the economics of raising chickens. Today I want to talk to you about the philosophical lessons of chickens, but not just of wisdom. I wish to impart to you, to speed you- but hesitantly like a chicken, carefully- to your future- to help you understand the...poetry of chickens.

Children, you are adults now. You should know the joy of chickens. Bliss. I want to share this- but I cannot, not in human speech. Therefore- squack!

Cock-a-doodle-doooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!