



Pat Saly

Poets Corner

Not so long ago it was asserted here that poems taking the ballad form would be welcomed. Surprise! Surprise! Like young Lochinvar, one has arrived from 'out of the west,' the United States, that is. The hero of the story narrated in this contemporary American ballad, a police officer named Mikey, may not be quite as distinguished in his daring as Sir Walter Scott's 'braw gallant' but, nevertheless, he bravely goes above and beyond the call of duty on behalf of a fair maid. 'Fowl' comes from the pen of Lieutenant George E. Fusco, a former colleague of IPA Journal's resident laughing policeman, Jack Keery. Its theme is, of course, the stuff of police lore, typical of the anecdotes that surface when old colleagues get together to reminisce.

FOWL by George E. Fusco

*I am pleased I was given the rare chance to see
The sight that our Mikey once laid upon me.
It happened up there, close to NOL:
Now I've no other choice, except to tell.*

*While working 'radar,' on 'three to one'
I was the chaser and mounted the gun.
We were working on 'seven' and raking them in
When I got me a speeder, guilty as sin.*

*As I wrote out the ticket I heard Mikey call
'You won't believe it, and I can't at all.
Walking the sidewalk and proud as the dickens,
With feathers a-flutter is a big, strutting chicken.'*

*I shook my head, not sure what I'd heard:
Did I hear him say he was chasing a bird.
I came back once more and kept a straight face:
'Hey Mikey, on radar, what was the pace?'*

*I gave it up quickly so as not to offend
And took up my place where the road made a bend.
No speeds were called, I heard not a sound;
I checked for Mikey but he's not around.*

*He later came back to explain his delay,
And told me the story that helped make my day.
He was out of the car to help a maid in distress,
And though he felt silly he helped nonetheless.*

*The old strutting chicken she'd had in her care
Was not where she left it; she'd looked everywhere.
So our gallant Mikey then pointed the way
And went to retrieve it lest it get far away.*

*Out of the car, running swift as a deer,
Feathered friend he pursued; it fled him in fear.
His hands were outstretched, his body bent low,
From sidewalk to sidewalk, and then to and fro.*

*But our Mikey outsmarted this two-legged fowl
And when it was cornered he threw on a towel.
Serenity returned where the fowl ran amuck:
That old bird, past caring, said 'I don't give a cluck.'*



*Those readers who regularly check out our poetry feature will have previously encountered the work of Ella Bell who lives in Chilliwack, British Columbia. Her *Friary Night* beautifully describes personal feelings that are evoked by the ambience at nightfall in the month of May of a special place, the Franciscan Friary in Killarney. At a time when life is full of noise, distractions, ugliness, coarseness, it is timely to be reminded by a poem such as this that real beauty still exists for those who might wish to experience it.*



Friary Night

by Ella Bell

Mountains and sky merge;

It is night.

The great silence seeps along,

Linking us in separate silence:

We are one.

The Dimplex glows and hums,

The room is black and light,

The night creeps,

The silence speaks:

Oneness of all.

Tiny crest of gold;

Patient jarvey horse released

At last in silent night.

Mountain, sky:

Sky, mountain,

Bird, horse,

Myself, the others,

In absorption, completion,

In the sleeping Friary Night.