

THE PHOENIX by LES BARKER

My house has just burnt down;
Somebody pass the Kleenex.
I know what started it off;
I bought a homing phoenix.

It's very nice to look at -
Nicer than pigeons - it's just
A shame that when it gets home
It has to spontaneously combust.

It was all in the name of science
I purchased this risk to my health.
I wanted to mate it with a hen and get
A chicken that cooks itself.

I know that I have been foolish;
I know that you, had you been I,
Would never have looked beyond pigeons;
No way would you have kept Phoeni.

I should not have meddled with nature;
I should not have been such a smartie;
All I have got is a bird that comes home
And holds its own house-warming party.

Robert's his name; I just call him;
"Robert!" I cry; he returns.
"Why do I call him Robert?" you ask;
Because when he gets home, Robert Burns.

He won't go away; no migrating
In search of sunnier climes
There's no way to get rid of Robert;
I've had him cremated six times.

How does the pigeon find home?
Oft it's the loft he remembers;
The dove makes a note of his cote;
But the phoenix remembers the embers.