

Just Do It

“The sky is falling! The sky is falling!”
Chicken Little shouted.
Yellow chicks went, “Peep! Peep! Peep!”
Rhode Island Red sprang from her nest.
Rocky Rooster ran amok.
I trembled ‘neath a quaking aspen—
And waited.

No second shard came down, but
Above, a gaping hole appeared.
I scurried to the topmost rung
To cut and paste as time allowed,
Then slid to earth to check my work—
Not bad.

Although the ragged edges flapped,
My hasty patch held strong.
Sometimes still the sky breaks up,
But I console myself, and still believe
My patch a better choice than
Chicken Little’s trepidatious screams.