

C O C K O F T H E W A L K

How is it that, once having seen
Clear through to the essential shallowness and
Indecision of the majority, the superior cock
Now flaps side-thumping wings and shouts exuberant
Defiance at the sun? His beady yellow eyes
Snapping, his auburn neck arched and burnished
Tail-feathers astir, how is it that he yet
Fancies to bend the pert younger roosters and the
Soulless hens of all ages to his express and
Immediate will?

Is it sheer inconsistency, this
Taking of pride in the subservience of a
Flock he more than half scorns? Does it, on the
Other hand, betray a modulated adjusting to his
Natural concern, even fondness, for those
Among whom he was reared and somehow feels
Comfortable, even though fully aware of their
Ineptitude? Or would it simply prove a bold cock's
Pressing need to impose himself intellectually and
Emotionally as well as through the more obvious
Channels?

Could it just be, again, that with
All the quick tilting of that red-combed head and
Sharp glancing of those angry eyes, he hasn't really
Seen clear through to the shallowness and the
Indecision of the majority he so confidently
Commands?

John Moffitt