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Canada Goose

For the day after the fourth, let's have some fun
And let our imaginations take off and run.
Today's bird is the goose from Canada
A goose whose poop is golf course anathema.

Canadians on the ground are considered a gaggle
That sounds like something upon which you'd strangle,
And a group of crows is called a murder,
To shoo them away requires a court order.

And sapsucker gatherings are called a slurp
Just hearing that name made me stifle a burp,
And a gang of warblers is called a confusion,
And I have to agree with that conclusion.

And how about frigate birds being a flotilla,
The evidence of which I have no scintilla,
And a group of wrens is called a herd,
Now that is an image that seems absurd.

And did you know many terns are a cotillion?
Are they off to party with King Maximilion?
And a multiple of loons is called an asylum,
A place if you're loony, but maybe no fun.

Among my favorites is a dance of cranes,

I can see them now out on the plains,
And how about a banditry of cute little chickadees
I can see them now off on raiding parties.

And the list of bird names just goes on and on,
But I'm afraid my audience will soon be gone,
The last of this effort is a scold of jays
I urge you to listen to what he says.

And that ends today for the Canada goose,
And a different conversation he did let loose.
I hope you enjoyed this bit of a departure,
And it wasn't an exercise in bird group torture.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that your smile
May for days endure.