

A poem by Dennis Webster:

THE PENGUIN

The penguin is an awkward bird.
At least, that's what I've always heard.
It swims and waddles, never flies,
When other birds act otherwise.
Its workday outfit seems so formal
And that, I think, is hardly normal.
It keeps its egg upon its feet
Which doesn't sound so very neat.
Still, I guess the penguin does its best
To raise a child without a nest.
It's not exactly Paradise
Living on a slab of ice.