

DAPHNE THE SEEING EYE DUCK
By Richard Tornello© 2010

Daphne Daphne quack, quack, quack.
Daphne Daphne the Seeing Eye duck.
Daphne stops you from that truck.
'Cept for Daphne's flap and squawk,
across its path, you would be muck.

Red's on top, this Daphne knows.
So when from green to amber goes,
before across the street alights,
hoping too that you won't trip,
pulls you back with beaky grip.

Daphne mallard color's dull
Not her mind, it's sharp and full.
Knows her task and her venue well.
You're no road pie to show and tell.

Alights up to the sky to go.
Daphne's not a dog you know.
Carry poop bag? Not a chance!
then rains down poop-bits happenstance.

Daphne Daphne quack, quack, quack.
Daphne Daphne she's quite a duck