

Enjoying the Journey: Poultry Style

I could tell you how I enjoy the journey. I thought the perspective of a very wise being of another species would be very enlightening. Most do not consider these precious feathered beasts very smart or wise. However after years of being their neighbors, I do beg to differ on that point.

This inquiring Gourdess dared to ask, “What does “Enjoy the Journey” mean to a chicken?”

For this interview, I chose to speak with Pie. She is a brown leghorn (not to be confused with the white leghorn clan made famous by Foghorn Leghorn). Pie is curious, does not always follow the flock, can fly in short bursts, and is able to leap to the top of the coop in a single bound. I consider her a Super Chicken. And since my last blogging about [Chicken Fingers](#), she has forgiven me for posing such a drippy question to a chicken.



DG: Good morning Pie. How was the cracked corn and toast crust this morning?

PC: Wonderful, just wonderful. Please thank your little chicks for leaving the crusts for us. We do enjoy them.

DG: I’m glad! As you know Pie, I have this article to write about “Enjoying the Journey”. I’d love to get a perspective from the chicken species.

PC: Laughs. Ah yes, you humans spend way too much time thinking!

DG: You can tell?

PC: Sure we can. Your eyes glaze over and steam comes out those flappy things on the side of your head.

DG: Those are ears. I didn’t realize you could tell! I do agree that as a species we do have the tendency to think too much. I catch myself doing it.

PC: I don’t go around worrying about which rooster is going to sneak up on me next. I enjoy the grass between my toes, scratching in the dirt and

the occasional adrenaline rush when that dog you call “Ella” attempts to run me over. I really relish the thought of catching toads.

DG: Cringing at the memory. Really? No worries, none at all? You have no worries about becoming, excuse the pun, a chicken pie?

PC: Of course not. First of all, I know you. You would be hard pressed to eat me due to your attachment. Where would you find your inspiration? I highly doubt you’d get such quality stuff from those ducks you’ve got hiding in the basement. The answer is so simple. It’s all about living in the moment. I enjoy what I do. I sleep. I lay an egg. I scratch. I peck. I take a dust bath. I feel the sun on my feathers. I enjoy flying up into the pine tree to roost. I really enjoy the look on your face when I’m up there. It’s rather funny!

DG: You noticed that huh. So what would you suggest to humans?

PC: Be more chickenish.

DG: Can you be a bit clearer? We can’t lay eggs nor are we equipped to scratch in the dirt and dust baths make us sneeze. Personally, I do not relish the thought of eating a raw toad.

PC: Enjoy whatever it is that you are doing, fully. Stop thinking so much. Soak it in and feel it. We hear your thoughts you know. There’s crazy stuff that goes on inside the human mind.

DG: Well I must admit that I’ve had more glimpses of soaking it in and feeling it. It’s pretty darn cool and expansive. Wait! Get out! You do not read human minds!

PC: Yes we do. Do you see me worrying that my comb doesn’t flop as nicely as Pot’s? Do you see us worrying about our weight or the fluff of our feathers as compared to another’s? Nope. We simply enjoy being consciousness expressed as poultry. You could learn a lot from us. We let another know when they’ve crossed the established pecking order and be done with it. You on the other hand hang on to stuff for so long it starts to mold.

DG: You have some valid points there. I suppose I learn a lot from you already. Do you really read minds?

PC: I need to go lay an egg now, so if you don’t mind I’ll be on my way.

DG: Thank you for your time Pie. And again, please accept my sincere apologies for the, *uhm*, “Chicken Finger” question.

PC: See there you go again delving into past. I really do believe there is a disadvantage to having opposable thumbs and a big brain. It certainly complicates things.

I watched Pie walk away. I swear she was shaking her tail feathers and laughing. Hey, she never answered my question about reading minds! Well, there you have it. Be more “Chickenish”. I think I’ll try that.

I’m off to take a dust bath now. Have yourself a Wonder-Filled day and enjoy the journey!

Namaste,

Tracy Swartz



The Domestic Gourdess is a creative fiend. She delights in playing with dried gourds and blogging. Her gourdacious creations can be found at <http://thecandlegourdess.com>. You can read about a day in the life of a Domestic Gourdess at <http://thedomesticgourdess.com>. Warning, reading her blog has been known to cause giggles, laughter and uncontrollable spitting of beverages. You will be entering another realm of pure silliness and may not return the same person when you leave. You have been warned.