

Where is Love?

by Juno Verse

I didn't always have this metal thing poking out of the top of my head. I used to be a self-respecting farm animal amongst a barnyard of toys, but then the kids grew up. They stopped arranging us, posing stories and the fun of the early days passed away. Back then I didn't mind being the baby chick following the others. I could deal with that role, but then *she* came—that large one. Her big hands plucked me out of the mass of toys and my days of torture began.

For some time I sat upon a bench, what she called a craft table, and waited with other scraps of this and that. It looked like junk to me, bits of lace and old doilies, strings of different colors, small pictures she would paste into books. It unnerved me the way she reigned over the possessions before her with that penetrating gaze. I never trusted her beady eyes. Had I been able, I would have turned away whenever she was near. And then one day it was my turn.

She snatched me and sized me up next to this metal wire contraption she called a whisk. There were other old toys subject to her inspection, but quickly I became the object of her desire. She used a drilling tool to bore a hole in my head, checked to see if the metal whisk would penetrate. It was a bit small, so she etched out a few more layers of plastic, repeating this until the metal slipped through my head and snuggled down into where my brains should be. Empty headed as I am, she used putrid glue to secure the metal monstrosity on my top for posterity.

Now, my life is a vertiginous round about. I am a curio, often nearly smothered by hands covered in a gooey mess, and whisking round and round with no end possible. Stop and think a moment--there is something very wrong about using a young chick to froth eggs.

My hope, dream really, is to be released from this bondage, restored to some semblance of integrity and dignity. Who will be my

savior? Dare I dream that I might return to the happy farmyard of my youth? Where is love?

