

"Leda and the Crane-Daddy" by Bobbie Ann Mason and Meg Pokrass

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Russia's president, Vladimir Putin, created such a sensation recently in his motorized hang glider when he led six endangered Siberian cranes across an Arctic wilderness toward their winter world, that he has taken up the sport in a more serious way and is now rumored

to be roving beyond Russia's borders in search of excitement. There have been sightings of Putin putt-putting above the United States.

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Many humans, such as Leda, have been caught up in the "feathery rush" of an erotic bird experience or two. But this one wins the most unlikely mating award. Strapped into a hang-glider and heading a flock of cranes, Vladimir Putin created a sexy rush of flight which made him unusually creative as a lover. A bird enthusiast can only imagine his leadership skills.



Leda, a body-builder and bather in Boulder, Colorado, was bathing nakedly between workouts when first she heard the buzz above her.

Witnesses say Vladimir Putin, Russian President and Siberian Crane-Daddy, swooped down upon her, clucking and honking, adorned in white overalls and a downy hood.

The Russian Crane-Daddy stunned and immobilized Leda into submission, his feathery fingers pushing into her acupressure points and rendering her helpless and gorgeous. Witnesses describe in awe the erotic grace of President Putin twisting his long neck around Leda's iPhone to mute her cellular reception during this painting-worthy rape.

Leda, not exactly chopped liver herself, clearly confused both Putin and the cranes, though only Putin swooped. Leda swooned. The confused young sheltered Siberian Cranes passed their test of hope. Putin passed his test of manliness. Leda scored high with chronic, often fatal bird fetishism.

Since Leda's misadventures with what she believes was a clearly Republican swan, she has laid two eggs which are not covered by health insurance. So far, they have not hatched, and appear to be waiting until the U.S. Presidential election is decided. Like many American voters, the eggs seem very still and worried.

If the Republicans win, Leda says, "Once again, me and two questionably legitimate, fertile eggs will have no rights in the matter."

Even with her two eggs in limbo, Leda, a fowl-driven, erotic woman, succumbed with both repulsion and attraction to the Russian president, in his white costume and hood, with his concern for the world's many endangered species.

In her distress, she turned on the radio. Unfortunately the news did not soothe her. More turbulence was in the air.

Republican presidential nominee Willard Mitt Romney, having declared publicly that Russia is America's number one enemy, has stirred fears of a new Cold War contest. Private sources have revealed a new Romney plan to out-Putin Putin. Upon hearing of Putin's courageous and heartwarming exploit in flying a hang-glider with a bunch of birds, Romney was both inspired and challenged. Mitt was also miffed about his running mate's marathon time and felt the need to do something spectacular himself. Leading endangered cranes to the safety of Siberia, or wherever, is nothing, he mused. Romney, obviously, could have taken the cranes there in his jet, but he needed to do something more thrilling. He trusted his campaign manager to come up with something more stunning than Putin's primitive stunts. Really, puttering around in a hang glider was rather juvenile, Romney thought.



This is unofficial, but a Romney insider spoke of plans to perform a Santa Claus-and-sleigh flight from the North Pole in a new all-GPS jet sleigh. He will wear a thermal-enhanced synthetic fur-and-down Santa suit and voice-activated warming mittens with glow technology.

It will be a pre-Christmas surprise, of course, and the details are cloaked in secrecy, but there will be a campaign promise to all legitimate children in the red states to have a chance to win a time-share in a Cayman Islands condo. No handouts for the wretched. Romney identifies with the Santa image, following on the theme of red, which was so successful in the choice of his wife's \$1900 Oscar de la Renta dress for her speech at the convention.

A prominent member of the Tea Party was heard to object because red could be interpreted as Communist.

And Sarah Palin said. "I can see Russia from my house and the clothes-lines are always flapping red underwear, you have no idea."



Another party faithful warned, "If Romney is dressed up in red and flying around up there, Sarah Palin might mistake him for a communist bird and shoot him.

Back to Leda. When she heard of Romney's putative out-Putining Putin plan, she shuddered, fearful that he would swoop down on her from his jet-sleigh, his red fake-feathery arms trying to jerk her off to the Caymans for a tryst. But he would have to put up with her pleas to let her take her two swan-rape eggs along because he is, after all, pro-life, and then maybe she could have him arrested for crossing international lines with a minor, or two minors.

How to get yourself out of a rape, legitimate or not, can be trying, a vexing problem, especially when there are bird-men acting like they own the skies and can just swoop down on anybody they choose.

The swan rape was so devastating to Leda that sometimes she thinks she may have imagined the Putin swoop as well as the Romney Santa scheme, and she wonders if she should have her head examined. But she would need more health insurance for that. Meanwhile, she will watch for dark shadows falling from overhead and try to keep under cover.

