

## Carrie Newcomer "A Crash of Rhinoceros"

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When Adam when out to name the animals  
He sat on a rock and he figured,  
Horse and cow and goat and sheep,  
Were the best names that he could deliver.  
But Eve looked around at all of that glory,  
Said Hon I think we should consider,  
Something a bit more unique and refined,  
For each and every critter.

It's a crash of rhinoceros, a pomp of Pekinese,  
It's a gaggle of geese and a swarm of  
bees  
A parliament of owl and gam of whale  
A pandemonium of parrot and a watch of nightingale  
A Huddle of Walrus, company of Moles,  
Exultation of lark and a murder of crow,  
A simple flock sheep and a herd of deer,  
It's a bask of crocodiles and a sleuth of  
bear.

Adam looked shocked and scratched his head,  
Eve stood there happy and beaming.  
The animals gathered in close to their feet,  
With roars of delight, barks and singing.  
She's on a roll and just getting started  
The birds and beasts held their breath.  
What fine appellation would they receive,  
And which of them would be the next?

It's a team of oxen and a mob of kangaroo,  
It's a charm of finch if there are more than two.  
A troubling of goldfish, a cluster of cats,  
A bloat of hippopotami, a cloud of bats,  
Ostentation of peacock, a barren of mules,  
An army of ant, nursery of raccoon,  
A parcel of penguins a dray of squirrels,  
A bed of oyster with or without the pearls.

All that naming lasted far into the night,  
Until even the insects had groupings.  
Eve was still bright eyed and willing to finish,  
Though her shoulders and fig leaves were drooping.

Adam said, "Darling I'm proud and  
amazed  
You're really one heck of a woman.  
So lets go to sleep and tomorrow we'll rise,  
And we'll start naming the rocks plants and  
woodlands.

It's a tittering of magpie, company of mole  
It's a pride of lions a tribe of goats,  
A plague of locust and a pack of dogs,  
A leap of leopard an array of hedgehog  
It's a caravan of camels, a drift of  
swan,  
A sulk of foxes and the list goes on,  
It's a an prickle of porcupine, a battery  
of hens,  
A cohort of zebra and now once again,  
It's a colony of rabbits, and a sounder of boar  
An ambush of tigers, now just a little more  
It's a business of ferrets, a swarm of  
eels  
A covey of quail and a pod of seals  
It's a parade of elephant, a dole of  
dove  
A bale of turtles and them all I love  
And she kissed the horde of hamsters  
On their furry little heads, sighed with satisfaction  
And she went to bed

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