

## A Barred Owl

Paul Kelly

Who cooks for you?  
Who cooks for you?  
Who cooks for you?  
Who cooks for you?

The warping night air having brought the boom  
Of an owl's voice into her darkened room  
We tell the wakened child that all she heard  
Was an odd question from a forest bird  
Asking of us, if rightly listened to  
"Who cooks for you?" and then, "Who cooks for you?"

Who cooks for you?  
Who cooks for you?

Words, which can make our terrors bravely clear  
Can also thus domesticate a fear  
And send a small child back to sleep at night  
Not listening for the sound of stealthy flight  
Or dreaming of some small thing in a claw  
Borne up to some dark branch and eaten raw

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