## **THE PROSE POEM:** AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 4 | 1995

## **The Weeping Farmer**

Russell Edson

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress) for the Providence College Digital Commons. http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/

## **Russell Edson**

## THE WEEPING FARMER

A doctor is called to a hen house. There a hen is on her back in labor. And there a farmer sobs that he's going to be a grandfather.

His wife says, don't be so stupid, she's not your daughter.

Not my daughter, then why am I weeping?

Because you're a weepy old fool.

The doctor asks, does she have a husband?

The farmer weeps that his son-in-law is that fine young man pacing in the chicken yard.

His wife says, don't be so stupid, he's not your son-in-law.

Not my son-in-law, then why am I weeping?

Because you're a weepy old fool.

Suddenly the hen begins to cluck.

Why is she doing that? weeps the farmer.

The baby is coming, says the doctor, please stand back, my elbows are rather large, I need room.

Suddenly the chicken gives a loud cluck, and in a moment the doctor is presenting a little white egg on a pillow to the farmer and his wife.

What's that? weeps the farmer.

Your grandson, little Humpty Dumpty...