

Edgar Allan Poe's The Tortoise and the Hare

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Once upon a fairy tale, a timeless story to regale,

A curious contest between unlikely lot.

A hare, a runner fast and bold. A tortoise, a reptile (or so I'm told),

Dain to have a race to win the pot.

A fair and equal pairing it seemed not.

The rabbit strutting round the square, proclaim, "This race just isn't fair,"

"No turtle will ever outrun the likes of me."

The tortoise remained collected, cool. "Assurance friend, I am no fool."

"I'll give you a challenge, just wait and see."

"Do not think your win will come for free."

Unconvinced but always game to show off her speed and raise her fame,

The hare agreed to the green upstart's contest.

Across the field and through the fen, to the beach and back again,

First across the finish line named the best.

They shook on the bet without any protest.

The day of the race, the clouds were dark, threatened to dampen all the park

The crowd decked out in umbrella and raincoat.

The rabbit danced fro and to awaiting the turtle, whom she knew

Would cower under the brilliance of her gloat

In stone, her victory surely must be wrote.

The tortoise arrived in perfect measure, seeming perfectly at leisure

Took no heed of laughter at his running shoes.

Yet fixed the rabbit with a confident stare. "Tell me then, my dear hare,"

"Can we be friends after I have you lose?"

The hare laughed, "Best of friends! Print it in the news!"

With a rumble, the sky began to let forth rain across the span

Of the racetrack they now setup to run.

To the weasel both runners nod. He raised the signal and fired the pod.

With a loud pop the race had finally begun!

The rain did nought to dampen the crowd's excited fun!

The rabbit found the wet ground tough to get her footing, but if that wasn't enough

To her amazement the tortoise was barely behind.

"What the heck is this?" she loudly asked, straining determined not to let past,

The turtle who she thought she'd need a spyglass to find.

His surprising speed was making her lose her mind!

Within but a thought and nary a word, the tortoise floated past as though a bird

Floating easily over the dampened, tough terrain.

The hare, all her speed she then put on and ran like the wind but before long

She saw the tortoise coming back her way again.

Surely she was dreaming, or simply gone insane.

Awake with a snort, and a gasp and a cough, she realized the race hadn't started off.

T'was the night before, and she was still in her bed.

Disturbed by the thoughts deep in her mind, she struggled all night, no more sleep did she find

Laid awake and considered the race instead,

Doubt and unease firmly moored in her head.

The following day, the sun did show bright. The birds did sing (they were the Choir of Flight).

The tortoise awaited the hare at the start sign.

The hare approached and held out her paw. "Last night in my dreams, the outcome I saw."

"I forfeit the race my friend, you win this time."

Perfectly humble was the tone of her line.

The tortoise, confused but nonetheless gracious in his resounding victory (I guess?),

Shook the paw with an honest smile.

"Did you call me your friend?" with hope did he ask. She nodded a yes, no hint of a mask.

It was all the tortoise wanted all the while.

He wasn't sure he'd actually win the mile.

To this day they both are together. As it turns out, "Birds of a feather."

Is far more true when it comes to what you call fun.

Which one is faster remains undecided, but a secret herein I have confided.

Honestly, my money's still on the green one.

You've reached the end, my story's now done.