



The Ballad of
Sir Mallard
And The Salad

And other Poems

By Duck T. and Star Williams

ChuckleDuck.life
@ducking_ace

**For all who feel different:
You're ducking awesome.**

—Star Williams & Duck T.

Turning Down Sir Mallard

—By Duck T. and Star Williams (with paid-for permission from Mallard Jones)

Sir Mallard Jones,
That British bird
Who nibbles scones
And says, “My word,”
Though not a knight
In shining armor,
Is still quite
The suave disarmer.
Should he offer you
A poke
Around his deluxe
Motorboat,
Beware! He’ll serve you
Light champagne
Then drive you
(Even if there’s rain)
Around his castle’s
Fancy moat.
That’s fine if
Castles float your boat,
But just beware:
He drives askew,
Which, after that champagne,
Is, *Ew*.
Best tell him that
You like dry land
And cups of tea.
He’ll understand.

The Ballad of Sir Mallard and the Salad

—By Duck T. and Star Williams (with grudging permission of Mallard Jones)

Sir Mallard Jones
My frenemy
Once asked me round
For English “tea”
(Which it turns out
Is British-speak
For “Stuffing dinner
down your beak.”)

When I turned up
With Peacock Riley
(My partner who
Is super-wily)
To Mallard’s castle
Dressed all fancy
(Me: bow tie,
Riles: gold Armani)
We expected sparkling wine,
Airy scones and all things fine.
—Old Sir Mallard, after all,
Knows how to throw
A black-tie ball.

But when Sir Mallard let us in,
What a dither he was in!
His shirt was buttoned up all wrong,
The shine upon his beak had gone,
And on the floor were pools of sweat,
(Or maybe pools of vinaigrette).
We had to step right over them.
Poor Riley got a soggy hem!

“Hey, Mallard, what’s gone wrong?” said I,
“You’re usually so suave and dry,
But here you are, your feathers all
Mussed up. Now, did you have a fall?”

“Alas,” cried Mallard, “I know we
Are used to friendly rivalry. . . .”
I said, “That’s quite the understatement,
We just row without abatement.”

“But,” said Mallard, croaky-voiced,
“My servants stole my new Rolls Royce
Because I got all sappy-stern
When one of them smashed up an urn.
Now I’m trying to make a salad
By myself. Alas! Poor Mallard!”

“What the duck?” I asked, as we
Followed Mallard in to see
What was once his fancy staircase
Covered in chopped beets and lettuce.
Furthermore, it soon appeared,
his dining hall was freshly smeared
(and we’re talking head-to-toe)
In bits of unbaked pizza dough.

Poor Mallard sat upon a chair
And gave a quack of deep despair!
“Oh, the seeds of wrath I planted
When I took my staff for granted!”

“Mallard, you’re a complex guy,”
I said to him. “It’s time to try
A powerful shift in attitude
Towards love, strength and quackitude.”

“It’s true,” said he. “A broken urn
Is nothing, given what I’ve learned
Upon this flipper-denting day
Of lettuce, beets, and oily spray.
Yes, my staff stole fine cigars
And one of my most fancy cars,
And I’m prepared to bet my quack
That they’re never coming back.
But honestly, their gifts with salad
Did so impress this humble mallard.”

And so, we helped him clean his place
(Poor Riles got beetroot on their face)
Then ordered in tortilla chips
Complete with spicy pondweed dips,
While Mallard planned to hire new folks,
Pay them well, laugh at their jokes,
And generally appreciate

Whate'er they placed upon his plate.

He's still entitled and frustrating,
But now he values every plating.

Tell It To The Pond Manager

—By Duck T. and Star Williams

When your problems
Loom too large,
It's time to put this
Duck in charge.
Problem-solving
Is my thing,
(Along with birds
Who opera sing).
Drop your problem
In my bill
And I will chew it
Like a pill,
Then drop it down
Among the fishes
Who'll transform it
With their wishes.
Then I'll log it
On my chart
As "Problem solved,"
How's that for art?
Now spread the word!
Cos I can manage
Countless problems
With no damage
To your heart or outerwear.
(Which, by the way,
Is debonair!)

The Dignity Goose

—By Duck T, Star Williams, and Goose Luce

When suffering from
Immense quackduckery,
Or other mindless
Types of muckery,
It's time to call
That entity, Luce,
Who's also known
As the Dignity Goose.

She'll defend your freedoms
And shove a nut
Inside the beaks
Of all who cluck
Those foolish things
That drive you bonkers.
That'll make 'em
Close their honkers!
(‘Cos who on earth can eat a nut
Without their beak quite firmly shut?).

You're Ducking Perfect and So Are Your Pronouns

—Duck T. and Star Williams

That beak?

Unique!

Those flippers?

Silk slippers!

Anyone says otherwise,

I'll send 'em where the plover flies.

An Easy-to-Paste Duck Poem For Use Against Bigotry

—By Duck T. and Star Williams

Listen, beak-brain,
Enough with the quackduckery!
Use the right pronouns,
Use the right words,
Use the right names,
And don't be bigots.
Thank you.

Don't Eat My Pal!

—Duck T.

Listen, dude! That duck's not food!
If there's a roast, it's you on toast.
So let my feathered buddy be,
Or you will have to deal with me.

Defending Ducks in Clothes

—Duck T.

A duck in a dress?
Why, yes, yes, yes!
It's far from absurd!
Why shouldn't a bird
Wear pink or blue
Or dusky green,
With lacy trims
And best sateen?

But while we're at it,
Let's just pause
To ask why ducks
Can't wear wale cords?
Or jeans with scarves
And cowboy hats
That feature pictures
Of your cats?

Upon these flippers
Why not place
Some bunny slippers
Trimmed with lace?
Then maybe a mustache or three
Teamed with some silk embroidery?

Whatever clothes
A duck will wear
Is up to them.
Now! Onto hair....

The Duck of Hope

—By Duck T. and Goose Luce

The Duck of Hope
Runs seminars
In restaurants, stores,
And jazzy bars
Insisting that we'll all get through
Pandemics, tests,
And games of Clue.

She also says, "For every yes,
There must be no's,
That's how it goes.
And if it was
A while ago
Since you last honked
A savvy 'No,'
Perhaps it's time to practice. Right?
It might just set
Your world alright."

Ducks and Chucks,

Thank you so much for reading our book of poems and subscribing to the Chuckle Duck email list! It means a duck of a lot to us.

If you know of anyone who'd be flipper-tickled by a copy of this book, will you kindly let them know that they can download it for free at ChuckleDuck.life, when they sign up for Duck's d-mail newsletter? We would be forever grateful.

Also, if you'd like to read more by Star Williams, please check out their [Glimmer Train award-winning YA novella via Amazon](#).

Loves ya,

Duck T. and Star Williams

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