

One Bad Apple

By David Kuzara

“What am I bid for this filly?”
Said the auctioneer in a drone.
“She’s young and fast, so she won’t last,
Let’s find this gal a new home.”

“Fifty bucks is all she’s worth,”
Said Dusty with a frown.
“She’s just no good, and knock on wood,
They’ll have to put her down.”

Well I bought that filly anyhow,
And took her home that day.
I just couldn’t let the auction house vet,
Load her up and take her away.

I soon found out Dusty was right,
I should have heed his word.
That filly was rotten, and all I had gotten,
Was a problem in my herd.

It wasn’t long before the trouble began,
And the rest of the horses rebelled.
They soon forgot everything they were taught,
No matter how I hollered or yelled.

Dusty stopped by just the other day,
And he said “I told you so.”
“It only takes one, and the damage is done,
Bad company corrupts good character, Joe.