

A bristlebird

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During a purposeful ramble
In the heath behind Port Campbell
I was delighted when I heard
The sweet song of a bristlebird.

Having studied, I knew the call.
That was important – after all,
It's a cryptic bird, hard to see
Unless by birding's lottery.

The song so sweet and endearing,
Silvery notes, bold and cheering.
Chip chip chip chewee-chip I heard
And knew it was the bristlebird.

I stood there, watchful and waiting
All the while anticipating
That the bird would come into view.
Even for a moment, would do.

Suddenly a movement, so quick
From underneath the heath, so thick.
Was that it? It was frustrating
After all that time spent waiting.

But wait, what's now crossing the track?
Of jubilation, there's no lack;
For I had seen a bristlebird
And verified the calls I'd heard.

How well it moved, without a sound,
Sprinting across the open ground
With long tail flared, long legs racing
Until again, heath embracing.

My camera clicking madly,
I fired off shots, mostly badly.
So the images in my head
Will be my souvenir instead.