

An Urban Oasis

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I know of a wonderful place,
A locale which many birds grace.
The visitors to it are scant;
It's a wastewater treatment plant!

My local sewage treatment works,
To state where I go causes smirks,
People assume that it must stink;
But things aren't always what you think.

As it is so unattended,
In fear of being offended
By imagined stinks or some turds
It's a real haven for waterbirds.

Wild ducks are found there in plenty;
On most days more than seventy.
They're black ducks and hardheads mainly
And some grey teals, plumed more plainly.

Lots of pelicans are on view,
And cormorants and darters too.
Terns are flying over the ponds;
Herons bask on the banks beyond.

A bittern stands amongst the reeds,
Watching for frogs on which it feeds.
At the muddy edge, a crake lurks,
Happy here at the treatment works.

To name all the birds, I'll refrain;
The point I'm making is quite plain:
Going on a species basis
It's a waterbird oasis!