

# My Garden Visitor

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At the bottlebrush, a bright red  
Movement caught my curious eye.  
A dainty bird, with scarlet head  
Was probing the pistils, and I  
Halted then, for a longer view.  
Vibrant colours, so exquisite,  
Contrasting the plant's verdant hue.  
Delighting me at its visit.

It stayed for the rest of the day,  
And other birds coming as well,  
To feast on nature's sweet buffet  
With sips of the bottlebrush *mel*.  
I watched for a while, not long;  
But from indoors I could still hear  
Their wonderful sweet tinkling song,  
So I knew these marvels stayed near.

Hereabouts they're often present  
But hidden high-up in the trees.  
I know of this from the pleasant  
Notes I hear drifting with the breeze.  
To have them down low, in my yard  
Offers a rare, much-welcomed chance  
To view the birds in close regard  
And not some distant, fleeting glance.

