

# The Firetail

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While walking along a woodland fire trail  
I intercepted a Diamond Firetail.  
I nearly missed it as I wandered by,  
It was the crimson flash which caught my eye.

The bird was foraging in native grass  
And it didn't stop when I went to pass.  
Intent on its task, it bounded around,  
Alert and active, yet making no sound.

There were tiny grass seeds, newly ripened,  
It must have been overnight this happened.  
Using pale pink bill to pluck off each one  
The Firetail fed in the bright morning sun.

The bird's bold markings were fully in view  
As it hopped 'round the grass or briefly flew;  
A thick black breastband and flanks spotted white  
And bright crimson rump when it took to flight.

Our intimacy was a passing thing;  
A disturbance came, the bird took to wing.  
But such brief moments, as Dame Fortune deems,  
Become high points of my birdwatching dreams.

