

SATURDAY SYMPHONY

Dawn

A chorus of melodies,

A chaotic mix of harmonies herald the start of day:

The Whip birds' cracking duet, the laughing kookaburra

The dove's low whoop, the wren's cheerful twittering.

Chirping, chiming, and whistling as the winged residents awake.

Shimmering foliage, dappled green,

Flutter of wings, flash of yellow

Silent commandos descend, competing for a breakfast of berries

The regent's golden plumage darts in the canopy.

A Satin bower bird with eye of burnished blue,

Drops to the undergrowth, hopping, surveying, silent

The little wattle bird harvests nectar from the banksias' burnished blooms

A honey eater's lilting song harmonises with the tinkling of bell birds.

Like a raucous interloper, a catbirds discordant cry breaks into the symphony

A cloud of red browed finches form a dot painting in motion on the driveway.

A black cockatoo cries plaintively as it wheels overhead.

The plain grey shrike sings a beautiful melody, while the gaudy parrots can't hold a tune

Bronze-wing pigeons perform their aerial ballet, as a waddling Wonga pigeon rustles in the undergrowth.

Clear felling, sameness, drabness.

Don't let it happen.

Let's preserve our remnant bush