

Country Poetry Corner

GREY PARTRIDGE by Lindsay Waddell

She scratched, she scraped, around and around,
A perfect place she has found
Not too low and not too high
If the rain comes it must be dry.

She sneaks away, low to the ground
Lest her nest it is found
An egg a day in the grass-filled cup
'Twill be some time before it's filled up.

Two weeks have gone; she's settled down
The eggs are warm 'neath her feathery gown
Every day she takes a break
Fasts too long, some food she must take.

Three weeks on and a few days more,
And through the shells the chicks do bore
A fluffy feathered mass they are
To her the finest sight by far

Her mate comes close to help her out
In case one single chick does shout
And their whole brood they will raise
'Cos no better parents are there than Greys

