

Country Poetry Corner

The Barn Owl by Lindsay Waddell

A ghostly figure floating to and fro
When the dawn comes, where does it go?
Back and forth across the rough grass
Searching for rodents on every pass.

Years gone by they were nearly lost
Had they gone 'twould have been to our cost
We'd poisoned our land, the owls as well
Had it not stopped we'd all be in hell.

Now thirty years on and they have returned
The sight of one hunting is not to be spurned
Many a rat has gone to his doom
'Cos a barn owl appeared from the gloom.

From dusk to dawn they quarter the ground
On light feathered wings there's nary a sound
And when the chance comes, there is no mistake,
The barn owl another meal it does make.

For the farmer, and keeper alike
The sight of one hunting's a lovely sight
And for those who think we'd kill these things-
I could do no harm to those fine feathered wings.

It can nest in my shed as long as it likes
Taking those mice to feed its chicks
Who sit in a row with so solemn faces
Won't be long before they're put through their paces.

And off they will go out into the Dale
I hope they all make it and none of them fail
More pleasure to give to those who do see
The beauty in them; as they give it to me.

