

# Country Poetry Corner

## Long-Tailed Tit by Lindsay Waddell

How can something so slender and light  
Give so much pleasure even in flight  
I watch you flit from bough to bough;  
Your food is insects, here and now,  
For your size, you're quite a scrapper  
With your banded face – rather dapper  
Winter must chill you to the bone  
You're senses it must keenly hone  
If you're to survive through to the spring  
And in the sunlight quietly sing.

Your nest so light, mossy and grey  
How it stays there, only you can say  
The chicks so small, so very tiny  
Out of those eggs so very shiny  
Won't be long 'fore they flee the nest  
The sparrow hawk will have a fest  
But enough of them will see it through  
To flit across that sky of blue  
And in the winter, with all its cousins  
It'll flit the hedgerows by the dozens  
Giving pleasure to man and beast  
Sound for ears, and eyes a feast

