

# Country Poetry Corner

## The Falcon by Lindsay Waddell

In the stoop a fearful sight  
Heading earthward with all its might

Goose or grouse it does not matter  
Its feathers it is bound to scatter

Like a first class fighter ace,  
Nothing else can match its pace,

The pigeon on the moorland flees  
Heading for the stunted trees.

Sanctuary it may find there  
In the branches nearly bare

Faster than it's ever flown  
Best be quick or life be gone.

Twenty beats and it is safe –  
Will it win this deadly race?

Clatters into branches strewn,  
Peregrine's plans are now in ruin.

Safe within the rowan tree  
Safe this pigeon now can be.

But no matter this one's gone  
Another one will come along

And it might not be so lucky  
No matter how fast, or so plucky.

Little can match this feathered foe  
Up on high with all below

And on its patch it misses nothing  
And out of one it'll knock the stuffing

For those eyes as bright can be,  
Will easily pick out a meal for tea.

