

Country Poetry Corner

PARTRIDGE CHICKS by Lindsay Waddell

Like bumble bees that've sprouted legs
They've not long come from inside eggs
A swarm of them they cross the road
Will they make it, or get mowed?

Running on those tiny feet
They really are so hard to beat
Yellow and brown with tints of gold
See them and you're completely sold

All the while they are a'dabbing
Their little beaks are insect-stabbing
Ants and flies. No matter how quick
They're simply food to the partridge chick.

It's Ascot week, never mind the horses
I have my thoughts on other courses
And the parents so very doting
If only mankind could be so loving.

They slowly melt into the grass
A lovely sight is nearly past
And then a bigger one arrives
It's nearly twice the partridge size.

A pheasant chick, doing a runner
Better with partridge than its own mother
Who probably did her very best
When she laid her egg in a partridge nest

When September comes it will be alright
Twice the size when they take flight
What other bird could play the part
Held so dear in so many a heart

