

Country Poetry Corner

THE LEK by Lindsay Waddell

He coverts, he struts, he jumps around
He makes the most peculiar sound
His Lyre-shaped tail he fans out flat
Looks better on him than any hat.

It's on the lek he struts his stuff
And if that is not quite enough
He's joined by others from afar
Like gentlemen at the old club bar.

They pose, they dance, looking potty
All to try and get some totty
The hens they come, they sit around
Watching the antics on the ground.

What it does for them I'm not sure
But it's over in a blur
He's mated one – I think that's right
'Cos now there is a fearful fight

Two of them clasped to each other
It may even be his brother
That matters not when stakes are high;
To leave your genes so they may fly.

Another generation spawned
Another Teesdale morning dawned.



Photo by David Mason

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