



Bird Watcher's Surprise

by Kit Weston

For hours I crouched on a steep, craggy cliff,
binoculars poised and legs getting stiff,
up to my eyes in gorse, grass and heather,
ignoring the rain and windy Welsh weather.

I was looking for a puffin, such a comical bird.
It's a good place to spot them – or so I have heard.
They are rare as hen's teeth and hard to see
and a puffin's the bird that's evaded me!

Then suddenly, I heard a voice shout, "Surprise!"
I really could not believe my own eyes!
A puffin with notebook and camouflage jacket,
walking boots, hat and packed lunch in a packet.

"It's rare to sight a human birdwatcher,"
said the puffin, consulting his list. "Now I've gotcha!"
Before I could answer, he shot off down his burrow,
leaving me open-mouthed and forehead all furrowed.

P.S.

I haven't told a soul ('cept you) 'bout my puffin,
so please – tell no one, not anything, 'nuffin!

