

Romance in Spring

“There’s no sense”, said the robin
“In your getting fighting mad –
I won’t come home with you tonight
To meet your mum and dad.

You needn’t throw hysterics
And scream and weep and beg,
I don’t care in the slightest
That you’re to lay an egg.

We’ve had some fun and both enjoyed
Our amatory wrestlings,
But I don’t like building birds’ nests
And I don’t like feeding nestlings.

I don’t like spending sunny days
Collecting twigs and grasses
When I might be whistling pretty tunes
At every bird who passes.

So fare you well, my feathered friend,
May happiness pursue you –
Beware the cat at number five –
I’m off to date a cuckoo.”

Maggie Cook