



Grey-tailed Tattlers

Haiku

© Alan Stuart

May 2013 and January 2014



*They are just grey birds
Until you look more closely
And truly see them.*





*I enjoy seeing
Tattlers at their rocky roost.
What are they thinking?*





*A flock of plain birds
Roosting midst the rocks. Somehow
Melting into gaps.*





*The tide is falling.
They stretch wings, begin to stir.
And now, food beckons!*





*Running, chasing food
Alongside pneumatophores.
Life amongst mangroves.*





*With heads half buried
Probing with their tongues for food.
Lots of morsels found.*





*Tattlers probing mud,
Catching, washing tiny crabs.
A crab stands no chance.*





*Small soldier crabs
Abrim with fighting spirit.
Swallowed in a trice.*





*Watchful and wary,
The feeding group takes to wing.
Flight seems so easy.*





*Twee-twee-twee they call
As they fly away from me.
My apologies!*





*A flock of tattlers.
Some fat ones and some lean ones.
Fat birds will migrate.*





*They travel so far
To be with us for a time
And then home again.*





*Chevrons on the flanks;
Bold pattern for the season
Of the adult birds.*





*They visit Japan
In cherry blossom season.
A time of courtship.*





*In the cold mountains
Of inland Siberia
Life's cycle renews.*



