

Red-caps in the Mulga

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At dawn's light, a small rock is his mound
Merely a hand-span above the ground
He is a red splash 'midst the brown land
Surrounded by rocks and leaves and sand.

He flits to a branch, where he perches
And all the while he keenly searches.
The land is harsh, and his life is tough
But he is not one to cry, Enough!

He calls now, with a soft burry buzz,
For the female to come; and she does.
They stand there together side by side
Scanning over their land, hungry-eyed.

This land is theirs, to defend and keep
Both in summers harsh and winters deep
And with chicks to raise when spring arrives
When there is more food, and nature thrives.

Quickly now, he drops down to the ground
And catching his prey with a single bound,
Flies to the branch, where she is waiting
Feeding her, and then copulating.

Now spring has come, and they've made a nest
Deep in a shrub, where protection's best,
From all the foes that do beset them
They never daring to forget them.

If eggs do hatch and the nestlings fledge
Through all of the hazards of life's edge,
Our robin pair will have done their due;
The cycle will have begun anew.