

Yellowhammers Down the Lane

Above , lark hangs in trilling scrutiny ,
While , down below ,
The yellowhammers track each casual stroll .
Following from the front , they scud the hedge ,
Then wait ,
And when you all but overtake
They dive and veer ahead
In minicopter glint , playful and dexterous .

Out of season you might not spot
A bird routine and bland ,
Small , brownish , sparrow - like .

But this is Spring , when ,
Sporting brilliant yellow flash ,
The action man of ancient hedge
Attracts away suspected thief
From precious family ground .

Unlike his noseey neighbour robin ,
Chest - strutting , shadowing Man
In garden singularly claimed by each ,
The yellowhammer charms to guard his patch .

Inbred and practised , such technique
Can hardly fail to stir
A fellow creature 's sympathies ;
Yet when Man 's recreational mood has passed ,
Supposed need of greater yield
Will brush aside
All feelings formerly seduced .

Thus , in the end ,
The human animal , split
Between true sentiment and greed ,
Sends down a shower of noxious rain
Which , far removed from Nature
And without intent
Destroys
The yellowhammers ' s fragile and beguiling art .