

## Flycatcher Land

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Our numbers do not look  
As a Red Bishop's flock.  
We don't Hawk Eagle hover  
Over African Savannah.  
We will prance no dance  
With Flamingo flamboyance.

But our interest is rare  
As Bald Ibis on air.  
Our response is as quick  
As an Alpine Swift flick.  
And in details we're clever  
Like a fussy nesting Weaver.

And when Natal Nightjars relax  
On our weather warm tracks,  
And when Guinea Fowls do flap  
Their way up to their nap,  
Then will my hand bend with the sand,  
In a place called Flycatcher Land.

