

CORMORANT



See how steadfastly they stand
the cormorant of Lymptone Sand
in ranks, like booties on parade,
with all their better parts displayed.

They face up nobly to the wind
and neatly tuck their tails behind
and number off from left to right.
Their hearts are true. Their eyes are bright.

They never twitch or jig about
But hold their heads high, chest puffed out
and perk their bills up, if you please,
to smackbang forty five degrees.

These cormorant of Lymptone Sand
defer to none in all the land
nor ever let their bearing flag
lest some fond souls might think them shag.

Ralph Rochester