

We The People
Program 312 September 24, 2018
We the People 312 The Currawong Convention



Good Day to you. Most mornings I like to walk my dear old mate Kaiser the German Schnauzer. This is a joy in Robina which was designed by Robin Loh and is a marvellous example of residential planning with its inter linked walk ways, parks and lakes. An early morning saunter is good for the soul and the heart and along the way there are many check points to witness the passing parade in suburbia. Despite the best efforts of the local Council to over crowd the place there are still stands of trees to offer shade and cover for birds and people alike. When you walk you notice more and the changes and the march of time and season. Now very recently Kaiser and I were on foot when we came across a stand of beautiful olive green fig trees. As we approached, the sound of the birds grew louder and the chorus and cadence was truly magnificent. We stopped and took time to watch and listen as the feathered choir took its place and acrobatic friends flew beneath the dark green skirt of the canopy. They burst into intricate song and my heart swelled with thanks at being in the right place at the right time. Even Kaiser was transfixed. So here is my gentle offering to mark a lovely occasion in a hard and stressed world, I hope you enjoy it and it's called the '**Currawong Convention**'.

The Currawong Convention

The congregation stood as one, before the pulpit grand
A striking group of singers, the best throughout the land,
Baton raised, a chord was played, all ready in contention
Formal black from front to back, t'was the Currawongs Convention.



They congregate at turn of Spring with intimidating eye
Their exalted call of freedom, the choristers on high,
Necks craned forth and upward, with glorious pretention
All had gathered down the track at the Currawongs Convention.



Their songs somehow exclusive, yet merge as faultless one
A proud and noble black bird, slate shadowed from the sun,
The yellow eye has pride of place, no money or a pension
Just juicy grubs and berries and local comprehension.

I love a sunburnt country and the call of the Currawong
I love the magpies impudence, the butchers mighty song,
I love the creeks and bush, the wild life of Australia
All the birds and creatures, our unique marsupialia.

We are blessed to have the Currawong amidst our giant isle
The chorus of a nation, I'd walk a country mile,
Just to hear them sing again their wondrous voice of mirth
A land of opportunity if we recognise their worth,
The chorus of the tree tops, horizons wide extension
The congress of the Currawong is a marvel of exception,
As if on cue they rise as one, in a great ascension,
Our seats are booked and ready for the Currawong Convention.



Until next time this is Kent Bayley

<https://wildambience.com/wildlife-sounds/pied-currawong>