

jackdaw

J-J-J-J-Jackdaw,
circling the back door,
showing off your knack for
letting rip that high caw,
cutting like a hacksaw
through the evening's calm core,
giving it the jaw-jaw!



Always with the comeback,
coal-black crackerjack,
joker of the haystack,
ready with the wisecrack,
giving it the backchat!





Castle-clatterer,
silence-shatterer,
tractor troubadour,
talker and squawker in
fable and folklore from
farmyard to seashore,
giving it the nevermore!

King of the chimney-stack,
the belfry bivouac,
bright-eyed steeplejack,
from church-tower to tarmac,
giving it the snicker-snack!



Don't call her Crow,
or Rook or Raven,
for she is Jackdaw,
grey-headed outlaw,
fighting the class war,
dipping down on quick wings
to hijack a wedding ring or
ransack a knick-knack or
snatch up a gimcrack
while giving it the guffaw!



As dusk darkens Jackdaws gather
to shake out feathers,
jam-pack the brickwork,
pick through the tidewrack,
nestle in the bedstraw,
duck through the trapdoor,
fossick on the barn floor,
bushwhack the ivy,
gossip in the sycamore,
this close to sleep
still giving it the click-clack!



Why not learn

the Jackdaw beatbox,

the Jackdaw seesaw,

the Jackdaw uproar,

the zigzag riprap

Jackdaw soundtrack,

pulling on the ripcord

furthermore and evermore,

giving it the chainsaw,

the whipcrack, the hee-haw,

giving it the wherefore, the whyfore,

the therefore, the J-J-J-J-Jackdaw!



