There’s a nice refreshing shower falling here in Thuringowa

And with chirping in the background it was time – I thought – to give

Amid quiet introspection a few moments of reflection

And to share some of the reasons why we’re living where we live.

With our heads still on our pillows we can look out at the Willows

It’s a quiet country golf course which is home to many birds

Like the Blue Winged Kookaburras who will sort of ‘cackle-laugh’ as

They can sense the dawn approaching long before the world has stirred.

Through the night it might disturb you when the Thicknee (or the Curlew)

Runs around and gives a cry that sounds like someone being murdered

Its mournful crying seeming like a child somewhere is screaming

And it really caused us quite a stir the first time that we heard it!

Then there’s Magpies seeking cheese, strutting round just as they please

Who reward us with their singing in melodic warble-ese

And the Cormorants are wishing they had caught more in their fishing

As they hold their wings wide open to be dried upon the breeze.

From our fence some yards beyond there lies a water-lilied pond

With the lilies standing proudly in their hues of pink and white

And the Whistling Ducks are whistling and the Magpie Geese are bristling

And to watch the ‘pecking order’ is an entertaining sight.

An occasional Jabiru gives a polite “How Do You Do?”

As he shares the pond with Egrets standing stately near the reeds

And when they see us coming then the Muscovies start running

As they hope we might be throwing them a cup or two of seeds!

And every now and then there lands a graceful Pelican

Who glides along the water as she looks for fish to take

And when there is a couple then there’ll surely be some trouble

If any other Pelican should land upon THEIR lake!

Among this throng of nature’s all come those who hit a small white ball

And many sudden splashes are accompanied by a cry

And sometimes they retrieve it but mostly they just leave it

And the birds fly in a flurry as the buggy passes by!

Black Cockys flying overhead screech loud enough to wake the dead

A possum in the tree looks out for apple we might give

Spoonbills, Frogmouths, Plovers and so many feathered others

All join to give the reason Why We’re Living Where We Live!