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## *The Wandering Albatross*

Delight at the sight  
Of these lovely birds  
Squabbling with the Giant Petrels  
Over the food  
Tied to the back of the boat,  
Rolling gently in the swell,  
At this point  
Where our paths crossed.

They had glided  
Close to the water,  
Whilst we had jetted towards them,  
Chaperoned by Cape Pigeons,  
To watch and listen,  
Sharing their lonely lives  
For a fraction of the time  
They spent climbing the waves.

Then they flew  
From our rendezvous,  
Whilst we jetted away  
From this wonderful morning,  
Enhanced forever in the future  
By a memory  
Of these ocean wanderers,  
With their wings outstretched,  
Intimidating their rivals ...  
And leaving us  
In eternal admiration  
Of these avian angels  
That we had travelled  
So far around the world  
To see.

## *African Holiday*

The sky shone brilliant black,  
And silver stars now track  
Their path within the Milky Way;  
Our footsteps scrunch through dusty sand,  
And nebulae of torchlight  
Guide our feet.  
Our laughter warms the darkness,  
Awakening the memory of orange flowers,  
Firing the landscape,  
Dancing in the breath of Africa,  
As they open to the gentle passion of the sun.  
Moist kisses soon impatiently unlock  
Our purring pleasure amongst rounded rocks;  
And distant water roars within our ears,  
Reminding us of passion in the past,  
Rekindling our love in later years.

## *Ostrich*

They call me altruistic  
But I'm selfish just the same,  
I laid my eggs together  
When another female came,  
She added her own ova  
So I cannot take the blame,  
Arranging them around mine,  
'Cause protection is my aim.

They lie around the margin  
That hyenas will soon eat,  
They taste as good as mine do  
And my clutch remains complete.  
My tactics are successful  
For the reason that I cheat,  
All's fair in evolution,  
And that justifies deceit

## *Finger Tips pointing to the Moon*

"Show me a rose," said the child.  
Petals, sepals, stamens, styles,  
Anthers, carpels, stigmas. Piles  
Of parts upon the ground.  
"But where is the rose?" said the child.

"Show me a rose," said the child.  
Squash the anthers; pollen grains,  
Observe the ovary, ovules stain,  
Cells and nuclei on a slide,  
"But where is the rose?" said the child.

Detergent, salt, then liquefy,  
Add enzyme that will purify,  
Treat with some ice-cold alcohol  
And draw out from the interface  
Long strands; a code in DNA.  
"But where is the rose?" said the child.

A visit to the library,  
Withdraw the books and we shall see  
Words that encapsulate the flower.  
The truth at last – *Rosa canina!*  
The child sits puzzled, unimpressed.

"Where is the rose?"

*A haikai*  
*Memories in Colour*

The roan chestnuts  
Lie gleaming in the litter  
Of my memories.

Sky blue and silver  
Camouflages the morning  
Preparing for war.

Scarlet patched with white.  
Promise of oblivion  
Beneath the birch trees.

A tropical night  
Brilliant black with silver stars  
Guiding our footsteps.

Clouds grey and golden  
Crowning princely podocarps.  
The Kokako calls.

Firing the landscape  
Orange daisies kiss the sun.  
Tears moisten my eyes.

In mountain grassland  
Royal gentians reflect  
The colour of kings.

Limestone glows golden.  
Ascending through the shadows  
The hoodoos worship.

Many shades of green  
Spring's palette paints the woodlands.  
I long for England.