



‘Revenge of the Corella’

Poem By Sandy Clark March 2007

Inspired by Justin Pearson’s painting: *‘The Culling’* 2006.

I'll tell you a story - I warn you, it's gory -
it happened in country SA,
in a village historic, with locals laconic,
until the events of one day.
The folk of this city, so peaceful and pretty,
were unused to any affray,
but the things that occurred, so I've read and I've heard,
were so shocking they all moved away.

One autumn the pace of this quaint little place
was disrupted by deafening sound,
for corellas were flocking and reeling and rocking
and landing in numbers profound.
They met in the pines and the gums and the vines
and they scattered their mess on the ground,
they corella'd the trees and they did as they pleased
and the racket they made would astound.

Now the townsfolk were stirred 'cause their sleep was disturbed
and the birds were destroying the view,
and the traders complained that the tourists had waned
and that action was long overdue.
The worrisome mayor, who was pulling his hair,
was concerned that there might be a coup,
so he called in the Council and froze their accounts 'til
they came up with something to do.

The Council conferred and they said they preferred
to corral the corellas – the lot,
using netting to catch'em and gas to dispatch'em
but everyone thought it was rot.
Their second advice was a scaring device
with a noise that resembled a shot,
but the birds were bemused and immensely amused
as the thing didn't scare 'em a jot!

The mayor became flustered and blathered and blustered
that culling would shift them, for sure,
though the greenies maintained it was killing, renamed,
which the Councillors chose to ignore.
So they looked for a man with a gun and a plan
to dispose of the birds by the score,
and they found them a knave known as Dangerous Dave
who could kill and had done it before.

One night when the birds were exchanging their words
and enjoying the last of the light,
it was Dangerous Dave, who was said to be brave,
who was aiming his guns for the fight.
A volley rang out and he let out a shout -
the corellas erupted in flight,
although many were lost at a terrible cost
and their death was a sickening sight.

The birds disappeared and the Councillors cheered
though it could have been seen as obscene,
and to Dangerous Dave, for the service he gave,
a fine statue was set on the green.

The townsfolk rejoiced and their pleasure was voiced
in delight at the peaceable scene,
and they held an event with the single intent
of enjoying the silence serene.

But late in the day, to the people's dismay,
a familiar refrain filled the skies,
the birds had returned for they'd only adjourned
to regroup and design their reprise.

They spiralled about, many thousand no doubt,
and the air was awash with their cries,
then they circled around 'til their target was found
and they gathered to spring their surprise.

A hundred or more fluttered down to the floor
and they pulled 'til the statue was free,
and then Dangerous Dave, who did *not* look so brave,
was conveyed far away out to sea.

The worrisome mayor, who had lost all his hair,
was advanced in the air by degree,
though he struggled a lot, it achieved diddly squat,
and they left him aloft in a tree.

Five hundred or so thought the Council should go
- they were hiding inside the rotunda -
and it rose in the sky, using ropes from on high,
with the rest of them upping from under.

A thousand returned, and the crowd were concerned,
as they looked at what else they could plunder,
and the Institute Hall was no trouble at all
and they grabbed it and tore it asunder.

Five thousand at least of this marvellous beast
were observed in amazing formation,
and they picked up the school, with its gym and its pool,
and they lifted it off its foundation.
Ten thousand appeared, and they looked pretty weird,
with contraptions to aid transportation,
and they took the whole town and they ne'er put it down
'til they'd found an exotic location.

So the townsfolk were left all alone and bereft
without houses or buildings or city,
and they cried and they wailed and they ranted and railed -
the corellas showed nothing of pity.

They met in the trees and behaved as they pleased
and they prattled and thought they were witty,
and I think you'd agree that the scene you can see
is remarkably peaceful and pretty.

The moral, you see, of this strange fantasy,
- it's a mixture of rhyme and of reason -
is despite all the fuss it is not up to us
to decide on the time or the season.

We're terribly grand but we don't understand
that harmonious life can be pleasing,
if we go with the flow and enjoy nature's show
we may find in the end God was teasing.

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