

The flight of the Eastern Curlew

Every year around spring
you escape the frozen heart
of the Siberian Arctic
as it begins to
cover itself
in the heavy blanket
of an unbearable
northern winter.

Your journey
to our shores is one
thwart with uncertainty,
defined by a profound endurance.

For thousands of kilometres
you beat your wings,
stopping only
at a handful of places,
that you rely on
for energy-giving food.
Your global home -
a mosaic of intricately
connected ecosystems.

Physiologically,
your heart gets bigger
to accommodate the fitness needed
for your epic feat.
But I am sure
it also fills up
on courage
and determination.

For some it will be their first voyage,
others it will be their last,
and sadly, there will be those
who don't make it.

For those seeking perspective
beyond the mystery
of your existence;
in your lifetime,
you can fly the distance
between the Earth and moon.

I often wonder
what it must be like
as you nervously depart
and head into the clouds
and over the oceans
for days on end.

Do the stars shine brighter
as they guide you
from their faraway universe?

And when the winds howl
and oceans roar
are you rattled
or is your belief strong enough
that it can prevail
through any storm?

You show us
that anything
is possible.

You arrive on our shores
like a flock of ghosts,
unseen by those
who don't look.

For many months
you will dance to the rhythms
of the tides,
on the muddy edges
of our sea.

Despite the resilience and courage
you emulate
it is darkened
by the fragility
of your deteriorating
global habitat;
being taken away by those
that don't see you
- the way
you should be seen.

To see the shadow
of extinction
cast on the shores
of your existence
is a heavy reality
that you share
with many others.

But whatever adversity you face,
whatever hardships are placed
upon you
- there are many that fight for you;
driven by a passion to change
your narrative from one of decline
to one of survival
and triumph.

Jason Tyndall



Nature Play
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GREEN
AN ELAIDE