

# Swooped Again



Bellbirds ring, kookaburras laugh,  
A cantankerous old crow calls someone's name...  
"Mark, Mar-arhk, you must take part  
In the fun and mayhem of our little game.  
Through the wattle-scented air I fly,  
I'm the *woosh-bang-whalloper* of Wombat Drive."

"Mind your tongue", Mark retorted.  
"Face me now, if you think you're so tough.  
Don't skulk around behind", he snorted.  
"You're as cagey as you are plain ugly."  
"Even so", said the crow, "I've got my pride.  
I'm the *woosh-bang-whalloper* of Wombat Drive."

"Many a man you've caught unawares,  
But come near me with that arrogant stare...  
And I'll flay your feathers from the living flesh,  
And teach you a lesson you'll never forget.  
You're a fella that's wanted dead or alive.  
You're the *woosh-bang-whalloper* of Wombat Drive."

The crow then swooped from the eucalypts above,  
Clipping Mark on the head, with a terrible thud!  
"Mar-ark, Mar-ar-aahrk, don't tangle with me;  
I'm the smartest darned crow there'll ever be.  
You think you can take me, but I will survive.  
I'm the *woosh-bang-whalloper* of Wombat Drive."

- *Adrian M. McGlinchey*

