

Take me to the opera

This opera star of nature
rivals *Pavarotti's* stature;
its wondrous strains of gurgles, whistles and trills
slices the darkness with a range that thrills.
Performing arias from dusk to dawn,
in a sylvan auditorium, its own Glyndbourne.
Like Keats, we are sent into rapture, bewitched;
in an instant our lives deeply enriched
by an avian Domingo or Callas
a voice to grace a monarch's palace.
Its libretto, an ancient secret concealed,
a story in Nature yet to be revealed,
impossible for us to translate
whilst likely to attract a mate.
Yet it shuns the status of celebrity –
so a sighting is something of a rarity.
A nondescript bird, easily missed
and tragically, now on the red list.