



Epsom Common Bird Walk Poem

It's an early start, binoculars in hand,
we follow the winding path through the trees;
all shades of green surround us as we stand
dawn chorus resounds, distant bird calls tease.
On the pond, moorhen chicks scoot by
like wind-up bath toys, black pompoms of fluff,
Mandarin watches with her exotic eye
her dainty brood will follow soon enough.
Whitethroat, blackcap, greenfinch all sing,
a galaxy of colours – different notes hard to hear;
cuckoo calls abound, their voices herald spring
we look skyward and see one fly near.
All this the buzzard sees, soaring overhead,
every inch of the common easily heard and read.

K. Wiseman - local resident "who loves the Common".

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