



The Cockatoo's Lament. © Carmel Liddell

It's upsetting moving house!
For cockatoos like me.
The switch was fast, I wasn't asked,
I was bequeathed, you see.

For forty years we were mates.
Before Old Jack departed.
He shuffled off his mortal coil.
And then the trouble started.

It came as such a dreadful shock.
To be named in a **bequest**.
Passed on with dusty Persian rugs
and Jack's old seaman's chest.

Quick as a wink, our old house
was gutted and vacated.
And in the rush, amid the fuss
Yours truly - re-located!

I'm out of sorts, living with
two boys, a drum and fife.
One large, jealous, ginger cat
and Jack Junior's little wife.

She's not a fan of cockatoos.
She says my screeching galls.
And that my common sailor talk
could *strip* the paint off walls!

So she's flung me *out of earshot*.
Down the yard, in a coop.
Where I'm fading fast on bird seed
and my crest, has brewer's droop.

These folk just don't know the drill.
The facts of my daily round.
Jack used to serve my seed with corn
and green apples by the pound.

I suppose I'll settle down - one day
If I survive this change of pace.
If Jack Junior grants me flying time.
And if the cat gets off my case.

So, heed this cocky's plea folks.
For a will to stand the test.
Include details of your pet's routine,
when making your bequest.