

# ***No Mynah Matter***

All the birds of the air are  
a'crying and a'sobbing.  
They've heard of the death  
of the wren and the robin.

Of the Wagtail triplets  
killed asleep in their nest  
And poor Jacky Winter,  
twice stabbed in the breast.

The birds are all asking  
They're all in a twitter,  
Is it someone among us  
who's Jacky the Ripper?

These are our Gardens  
where we've lived all our lives.  
Who's the terror among us  
with beak sharp as knives?

Hey, beady eyed stranger  
with the long yellow legs!  
You've been seen prowling around  
where the robin lays eggs.

Ha! Caught you red-handed!  
Now it's your turn to pay.  
Judge Wikipee  
has been called to the fray.

The long arm of the law  
has reached out at last.  
Operation Mynah Bird  
is now come to pass.

This promise I make you  
as a bird loving man.  
Their mob is in trouble,  
the shit's hit the fan!

Small birds will return to  
where the kookas laugh.  
The wrens seen once more  
along the bush lined path.

The Gardens made safe  
for your dear little nests.  
There'll be birdsong again  
from small feathered breasts.

I swear this before you  
on the currawongs cry.  
These unwelcome strangers  
are all going to die.

So ladies and gentlemen  
out enjoying your lunch  
You've just seen the last  
of this murdering bunch.

My decision is final  
my judgment must rest.  
The Indian mynah  
has robbed its last nest.

It's death by rat poison  
because one of us cared.  
The invasion is over  
the small birds are spared.

*Bryce Courtney*