

Raceday Poem

by Murray Hartin

Folks, we're here for pigeon poetry and the field is looking hot
When you talk talent, form and breeding these birds have got the
lot

And their proud, protective poets who you've just heard waxing
lyrical

Have given insight to their characters, both witty and satirical

Now you've prob'ly guessed too quickly I'm a rhyming poet type

I grew up reading Banjo so that's the style I like

I'm also bloody lazy and on mornings after benders

The rhyming style helps, it's much more easy to remember

I parked my peepers on the pigeons earlier today

Well, that's a blatant lie but what else could I say

I'm masquerading as an expert but I haven't got a clue

So if there's a pro pigeon caller out there I
might leave it up to you

Now Real Radio has descended from pagan Dragoon Witches
Where the menfolk all were bastards and the women nasty bitches

But the pigeons broke away -
King James Bible as their guide
And Real Radio - who likes popcorn
well, she can really bloody fly

Her Poet is Brook Emery and I might need confirmation
But the form says Brook was born in the year of Federation
If it's true then he's a stayer
and from what I know and what he's said
If Real Radio gets up Brook will really hit the red

Now the pigeon Old Man Time is a Western Aussie bumkin
And like Old Man River

"she don't say nuthin' but she must know something"

But she coos in fluent Gumleaf and while no one else can coo it
She holds one-way conversations just because she likes to do it

Next the blue chequer pied cock, The Big Ish is his name
And while he sometimes get depressed
he knows how to play this game
Craig Sherborne feeds him prozac
while he reads him books on sport

And if The Big Ish gets in front
I don't think that he'll be caught

Sydney PEN Shadow is a champion,
I think she won the Pigeon Slipper
And she shares my mother's birthday
so I'm gonna have to tip her

Kate Fagan is her poet and she also has some form
And if The Shadow hits the front she'll be singing up a storm

From the Stanley Calvert Clearing sale Jimbala's got a start
She's read The Book of Kells and she's got a ton of heart
Ivy Ireland's drawn Jimbala and if you see her here today
She'll be reading Charles Dickens and drinking fine champagne

Now the Newsflash is that Newsflash
has supporters in the know
He might've only cost a monkey but this bird can really go
Anthony Lawrence has good mail,
well that's the whisper that I've heard
But if you speak fluent Chinese Monal
you'll get the word straight from the bird

This Is Not Art Smokey is a tough name for a poet

It's hard to fit six syllables in

and don't I bloody know it

She also shares my mother's birthday

so I'll seek the mate of Andy Quan

And if he looks confident at all

that's the bird that I'll be on

Then we finally have The Baron, and he might just be the one
This bird likes the taste of blood and he drinks his own for fun

Robert Adamson has him primed

- he trains night parrots to hunt

And if things go The Baron's way

he just might pull off this stunt.

So that's the poets and the pigeons

there's not much more to say

You've read the form, you've got the mail

and the race is underway

I've never done this stuff before, I'm not sure what to do

But to be here calling pigeons, well, it's really quite a coo