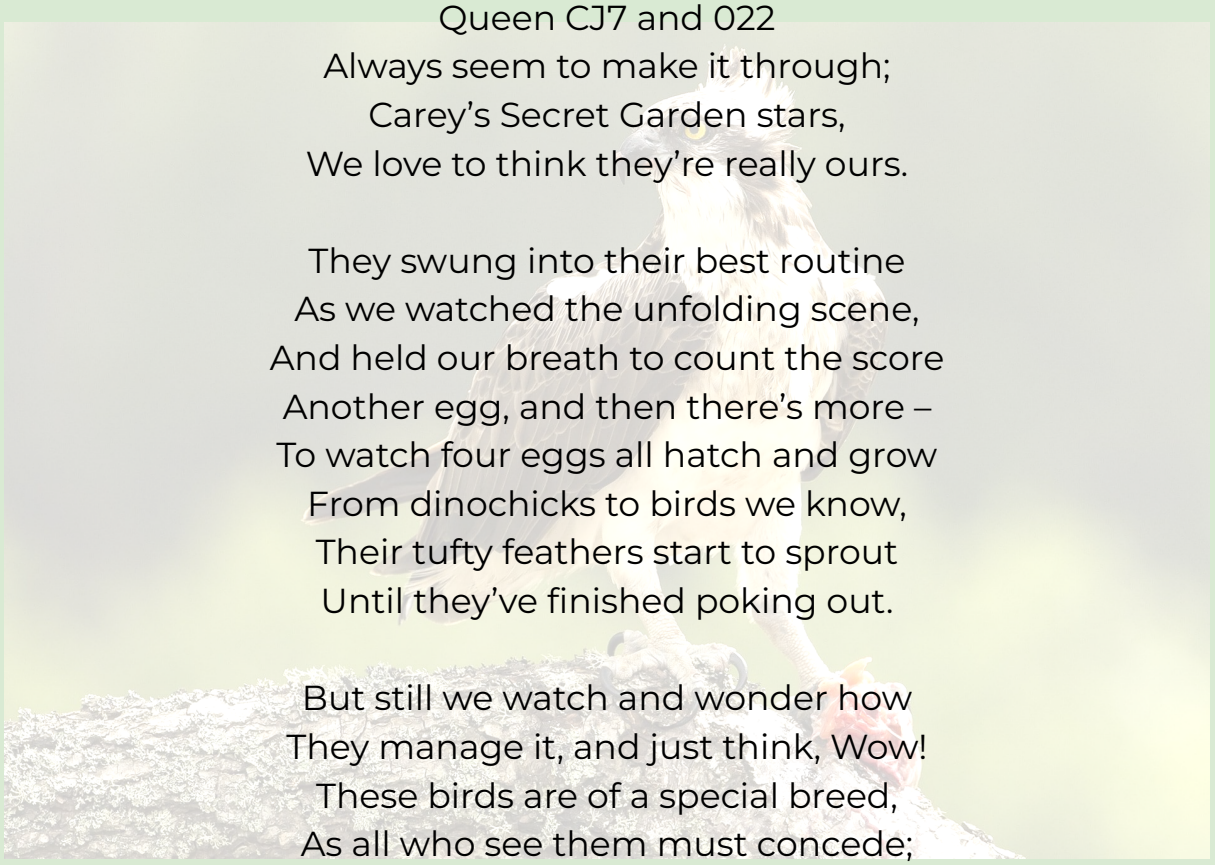
POOLE HARBOUR

Another Four!
In praise of the Carey's Ospreys

Well, was there any doubt?
This special pair know what they're about!
As we all sat and bit our nails,
Their safe return then never fails:
Queen CJ7 and 022
Always seem to make it through;
Carey's Secret Garden stars,
We love to think they're really ours.



They swung into their best routine
As we watched the unfolding scene,
And held our breath to count the score
Another egg, and then there's more –
To watch four eggs all hatch and grow
From dinochicks to birds we know,
Their tufty feathers start to sprout
Until they've finished poking out.

But still we watch and wonder how
They manage it, and just think, Wow!
These birds are of a special breed,
As all who see them must concede;
We stand before them in great awe,
And so what are you waiting for?
Just raise a heartfelt rousing cheer:
Another record-breaking year!

Diana Payne
August 2026

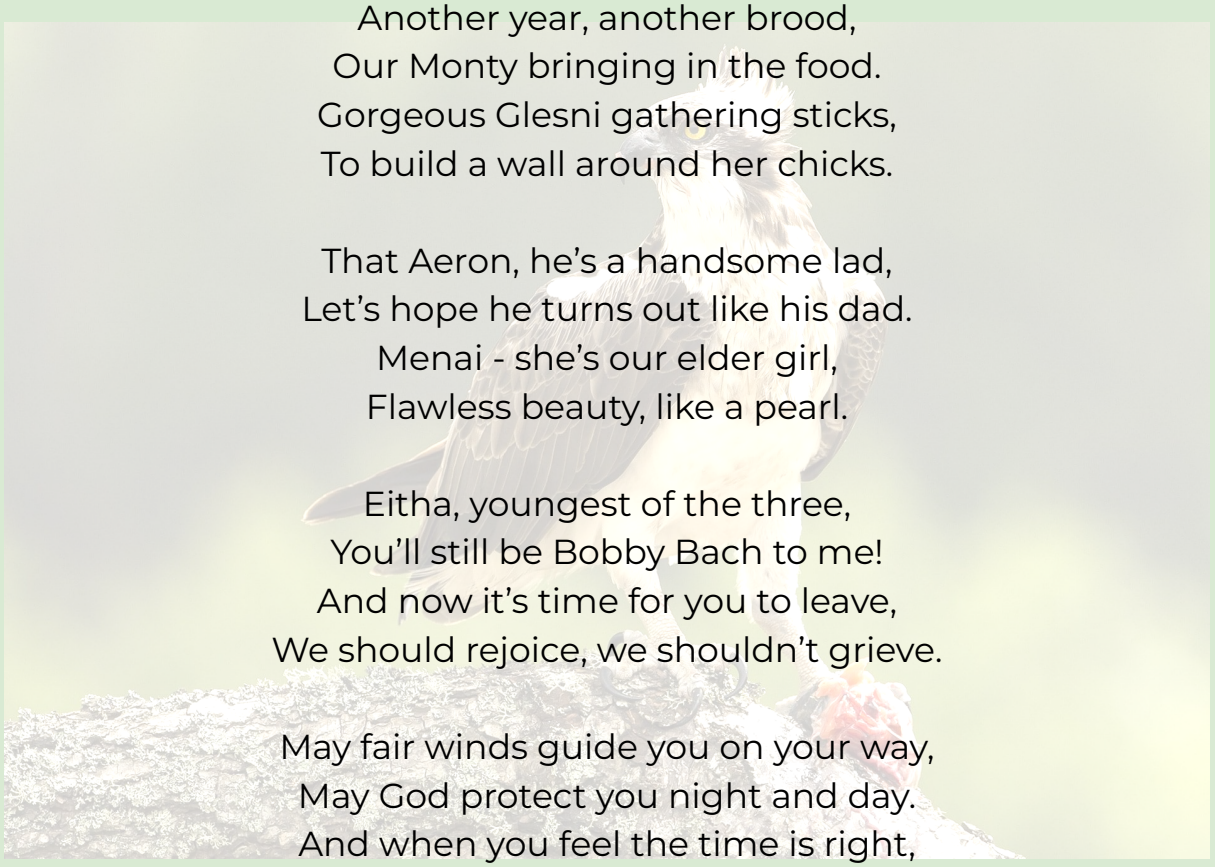
PANDION POETRY

DYFI OSPREY PROJECT

THE NEST

An empty nest, its job is done,
It stood the test of rain and sun.
‘Neath winds that up the Dyfi blew,
The nest stayed firm and strong and true.

Another year, another brood,
Our Monty bringing in the food.
Gorgeous Glesni gathering sticks,
To build a wall around her chicks.



That Aeron, he’s a handsome lad,
Let’s hope he turns out like his dad.
Menai - she’s our elder girl,
Flawless beauty, like a pearl.

Eitha, youngest of the three,
You’ll still be Bobby Bach to me!
And now it’s time for you to leave,
We should rejoice, we shouldn’t grieve.

May fair winds guide you on your way,
May God protect you night and day.
And when you feel the time is right,
Come back - you’ll be a welcome sight!

So bon voyage, our little bobs,
Please take no notice of our sobs.
Stay safe, stay healthy come what may,
And please come home to Wales one day.
Now Mum and Dad deserve a rest,
Their job is done - just like the nest.

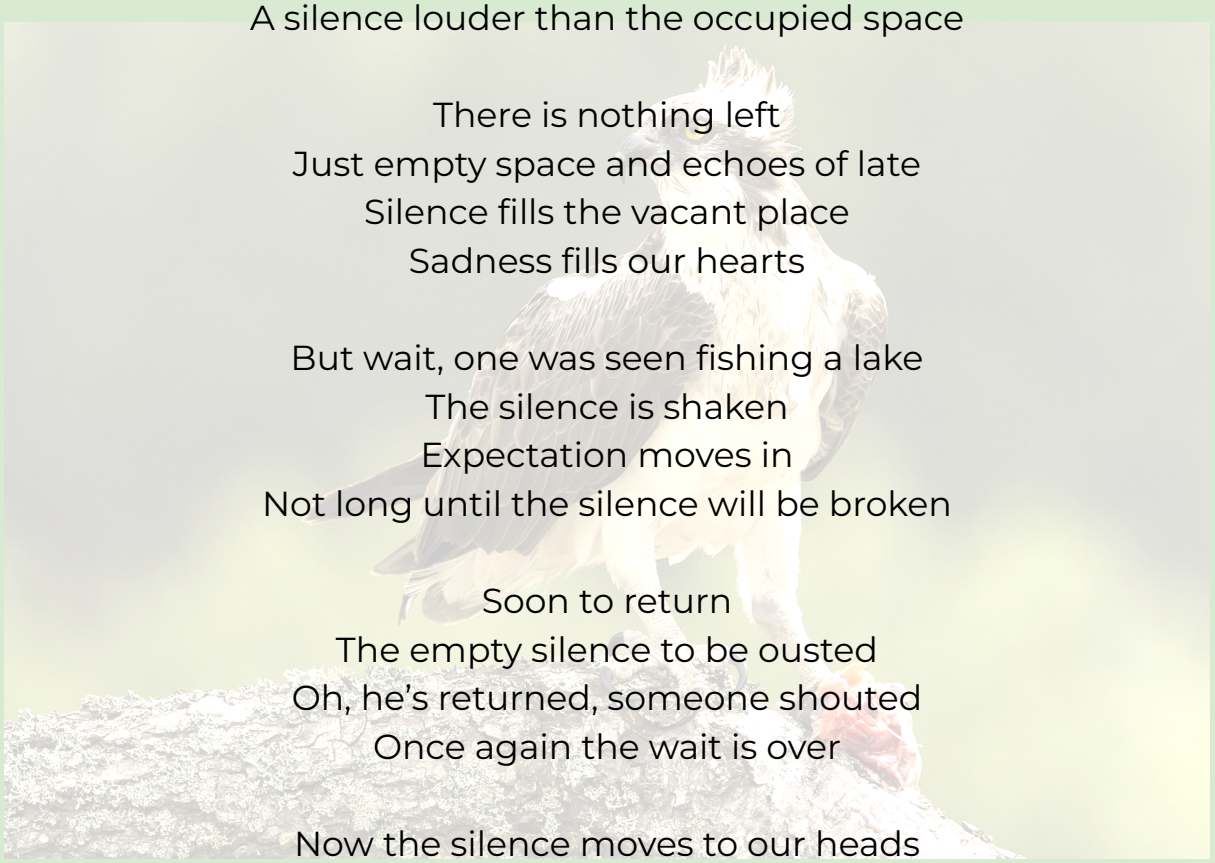
Jacqueline Harrup 2017

PANDION POETRY

THE EMPTY SILENCE

There is a silence,
That leaves one with a heavy heart,
A feeling of dread.
Have they gone or are they d—-.

A silence which takes up the empty space
A silence that is not only still
But is thunderous loud in the space it is to fill
A silence louder than the occupied space



There is nothing left
Just empty space and echoes of late
Silence fills the vacant place
Sadness fills our hearts

But wait, one was seen fishing a lake
The silence is shaken
Expectation moves in
Not long until the silence will be broken

Soon to return
The empty silence to be ousted
Oh, he's returned, someone shouted
Once again the wait is over

Now the silence moves to our heads
As we wait and dread the season ahead
We hope all goes well and she returns as well
Will the chicks be fed or end up d—.

3 chicks raised
Every one praised
The season is over
Silence invades

Jeff Kear September 2026

ROUNDWOOD QUAY

Osprey at Roundwood Quay

Neither eagle nor kite,
but something else—acute,
all glare and appetite—
a river of lake and river.

One early autumn day
she circled twice above the nest,
that coarse embroidery of sticks,
then turned and took the skyway south.

No map required: from midgy forest loch
to waterways of Africa,
two thousand miles
hard-wired in brain and bone.

She followed England’s long bleak watershed
where minnows flashed in upland streams;
alighted on a pylon’s limb,
then soared above the motorway fumes
on thermals' stealthy lift.

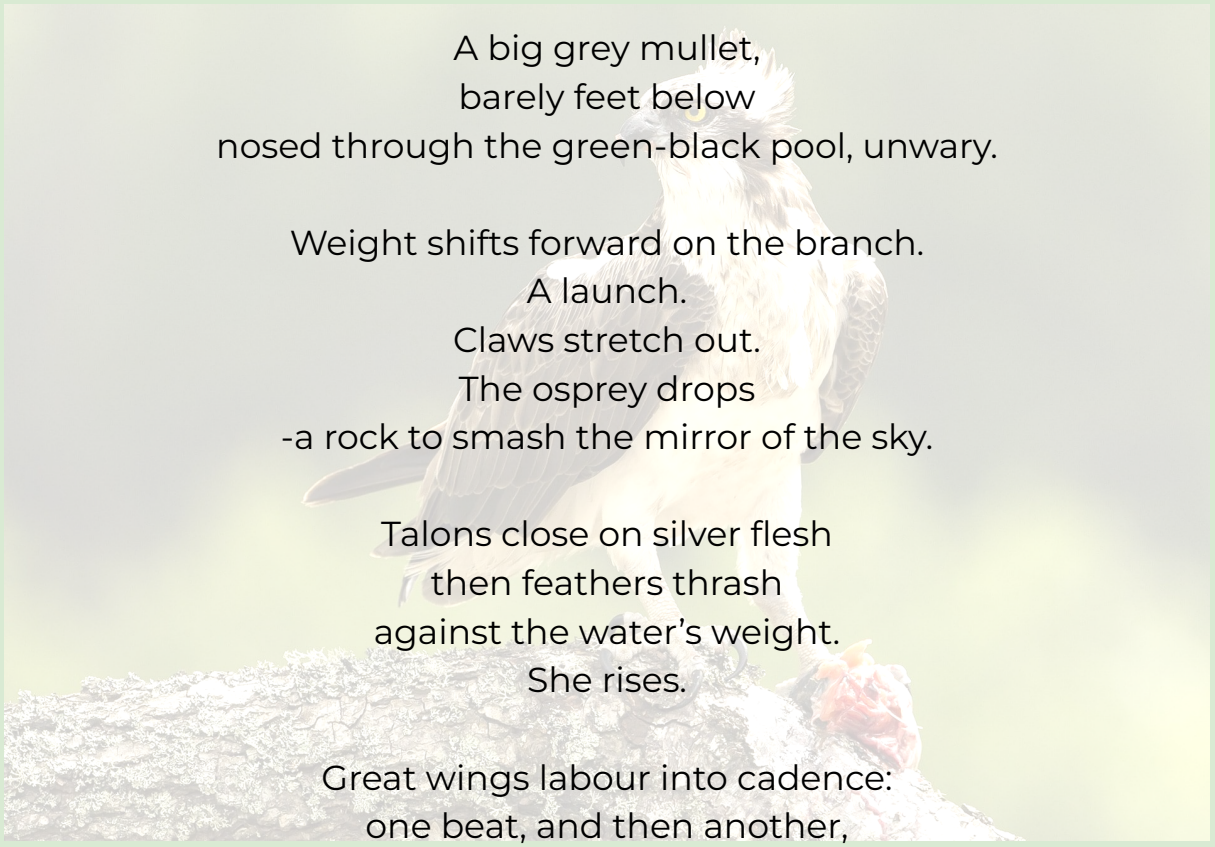
Beneath her wings lay concrete towers,
brick estates—the eyries of a creature
with far stranger plumes.
And beyond, an eiderdown of fields and woods unrolled towards the sea.

At Roundwood Quay, the Fal swirls
fallen leaves and swans,
fills mud-dark
creeks beneath the oaks.

(contd)

I remember the smell of September morning;
the hint of mist,
a fish-scale sky;
anticipation in the air.

We watched her cross the water,
settle, lens-still, on a bough—
orange eyes
that raked the flood tide.



A big grey mullet,
barely feet below
nosed through the green-black pool, unwary.

Weight shifts forward on the branch.
A launch.
Claws stretch out.
The osprey drops
-a rock to smash the mirror of the sky.

Talons close on silver flesh
then feathers thrash
against the water's weight.
She rises.

Great wings labour into cadence:
one beat, and then another,
and the raptor dwindles to a dot
above the estuary.

An awesome spectacle,
wild nature's dance.
Yet, as she carried on her way,
she spared us scarce
one single glance.

Andy Dalgleish 2026

LOCH ARKAIG



Beautiful Dorcha returns to the nest,
No sign of Louis, we dread he's at rest.
Then out of the blue, Louis finally returns
And we all cheer, our master fisher Louis is here.

He's soon up to his tricks, gathering his ridiculous big sticks
Then gets down to business of making his chicks.
Three in all but sadly one lost
But two beautiful girls make up for the loss.

Dorcha as ever, a wonderful Mum,
Feeding them well and keeping them warm.
Louis supplies plenty of fish
More in fact than they could wish.

Soon it's time for them to leave
And as a group we start to grieve
We say goodbye and watch as they fly
To warmer shores, with a tear in our eye.
But they'll be back, of this I'm sure,
To beautiful Loch Arkaig once more.

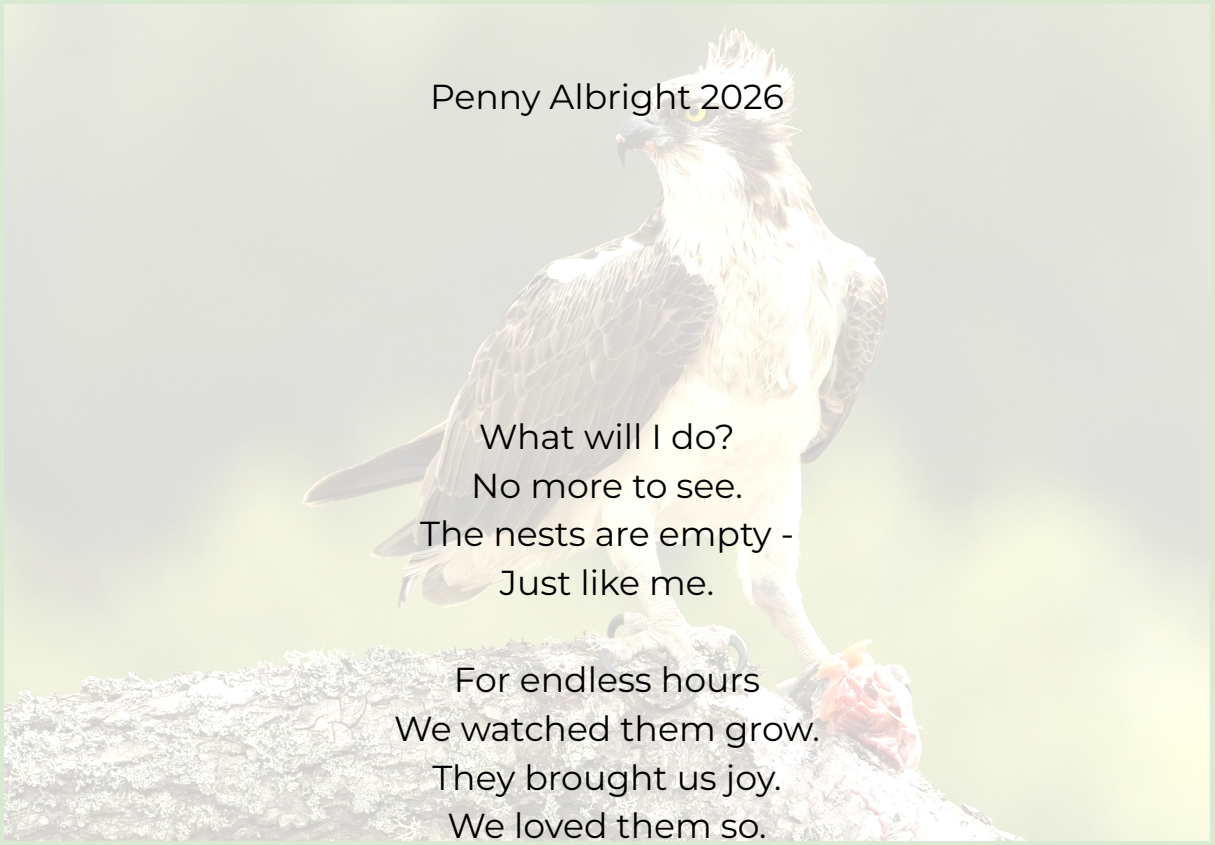
Leslie Cuttress 2026

One last circling flight

Osprey follows autumn sun

Empty nest below

Haiku



Penny Albright 2026

What will I do?
No more to see.
The nests are empty -
Just like me.

For endless hours
We watched them grow.
They brought us joy.
We loved them so.

Their parents steadfast
To the end.
Fare well, stay safe
Each Osprey friend

Wendy Lewis Sheehan 2026

PANDION POETRY

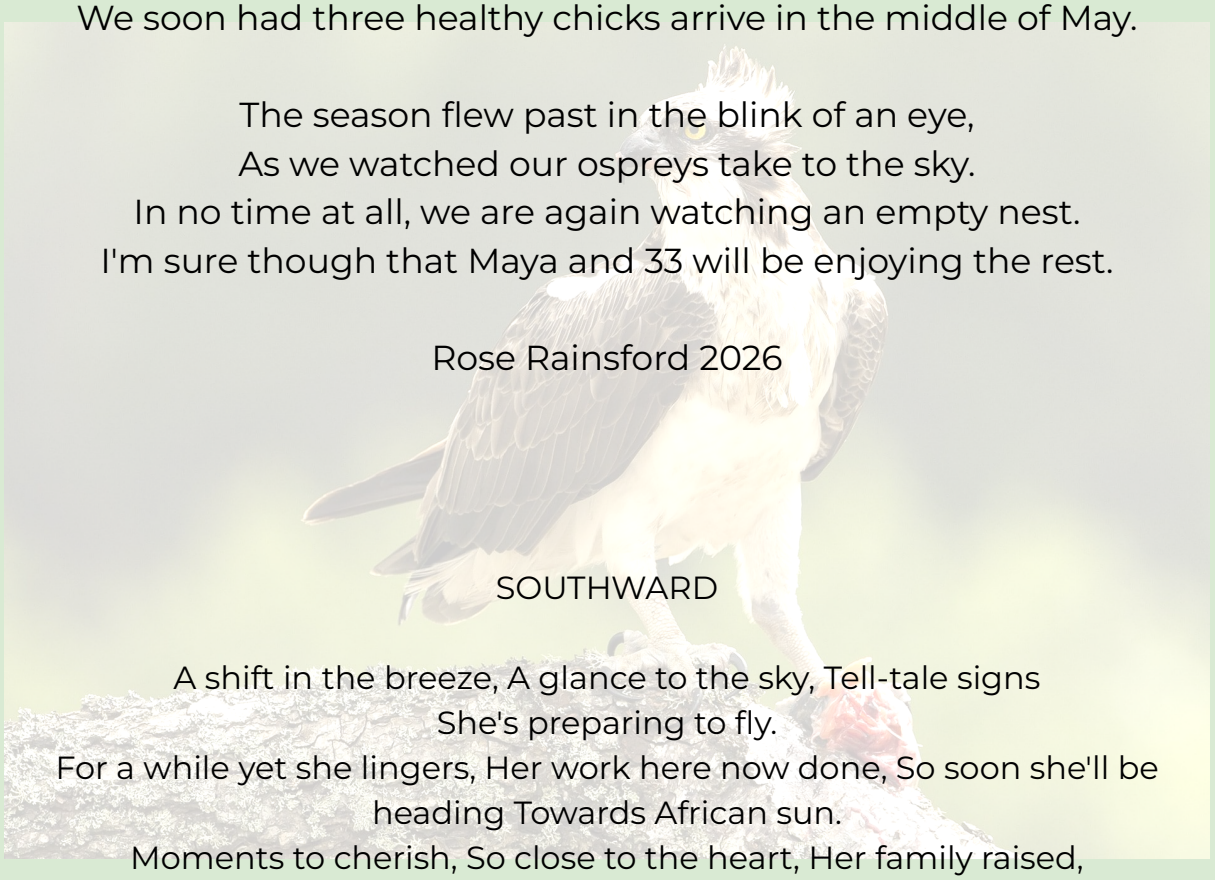
MANTON BAY

It seemed like we waited day after day
For 33 and Maya to return to Manton Bay
Eventually they arrived for their twelfth year together
In a season that would be known for beautiful weather.

The eggs were laid and number two was white.
We all began to worry if everything would be alright.
No need to panic though, as it all turned out okay.
We soon had three healthy chicks arrive in the middle of May.

The season flew past in the blink of an eye,
As we watched our ospreys take to the sky.
In no time at all, we are again watching an empty nest.
I'm sure though that Maya and 33 will be enjoying the rest.

Rose Rainsford 2026



SOUTHWARD

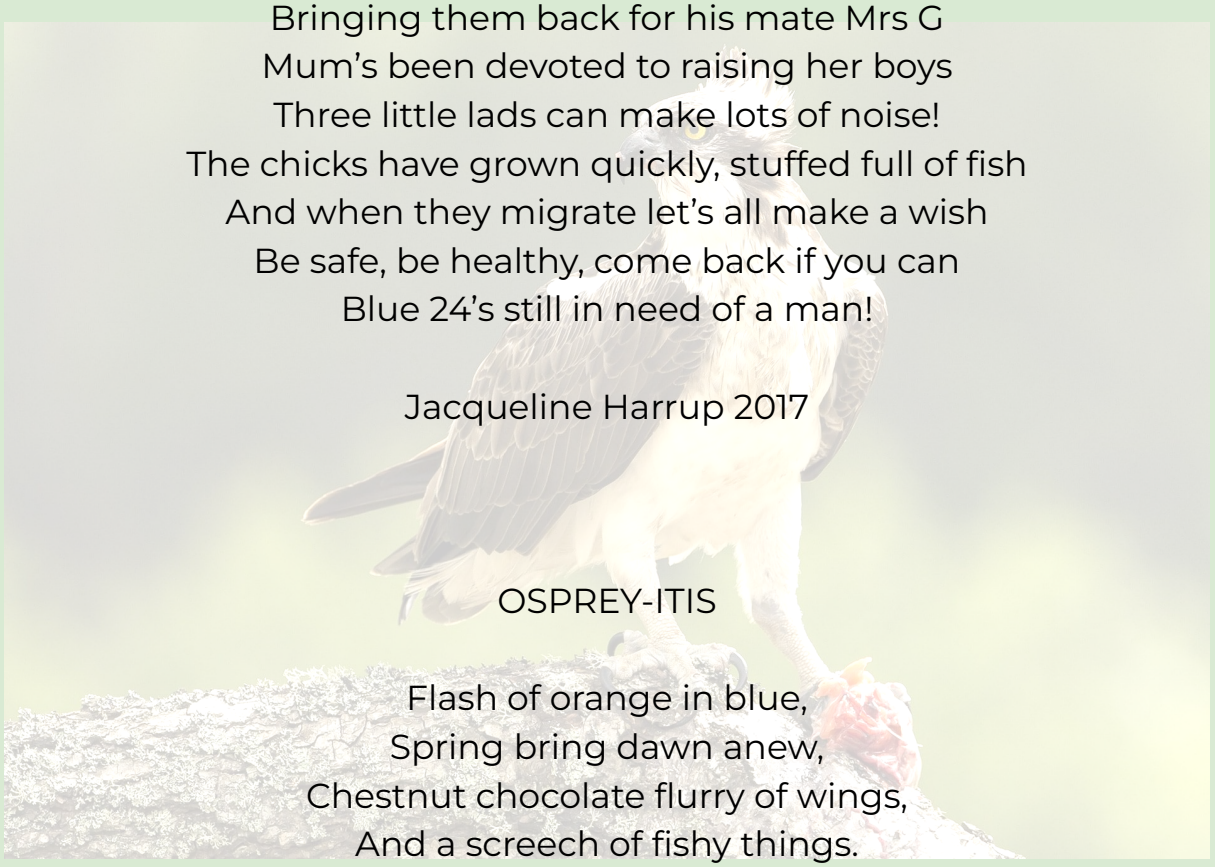
A shift in the breeze, A glance to the sky, Tell-tale signs
She's preparing to fly.
For a while yet she lingers, Her work here now done, So soon she'll be heading Towards African sun.
Moments to cherish, So close to the heart, Her family raised,
Now it's time to depart.
On long outstretched wings,
She takes to the skies, Locating a thermal,
On which she'll steadily rise.
Circling slowly, intent on her quest,
Her southward course set,
Bids farewell to her nest.....

Nick Gordon 2015

GLASLYN OPREY PROJECT

High in a nest in a Glaslyn tree
A very precious cargo, one, two, three
More than we hoped for, three little males
Just what is needed down there in Wales
Aran's been busy doing his job
Fishing for mullet down on the Cob
Fishies for breakfast, fishies for tea
Bringing them back for his mate Mrs G
Mum's been devoted to raising her boys
Three little lads can make lots of noise!
The chicks have grown quickly, stuffed full of fish
And when they migrate let's all make a wish
Be safe, be healthy, come back if you can
Blue 24's still in need of a man!

Jacqueline Harrup 2017



OSPREY-ITIS

Flash of orange in blue,
Spring bring dawn anew,
Chestnut chocolate flurry of wings,
And a screech of fishy things.
A thump! on a branch,
A symphony sky dance.
Joyous greeting, however fleeting,
A chance of another
meeting.
A wedding gift of garland of fish,
to his mate he brings.

Patrick Mc Phail 2026

Ode to an Osprey

Today I spied you, red in beak and claw.
You perched atop a roadside pole to dine
On scaly prey with silver skin, pecked raw—
A mullet dish of thrashing flesh; a fine
Beachside feast; a smorgasbord of sweet
And briny meat with spiny, hairbreadth bones,
All talon-torn by hunger bared and wild.
I gazed upon your lofty luncheon feat.
It drew my awe and silent, stricken moans.
I stood stock-still both sickened and beguiled.
This curbside voyeur aimed and then zoomed in
On Mother Nature's savagery and grace.
I crammed my lens with scene of wing and fin
In images that fired my heart to race.
Just like a sniper poised to take a shot,
I felt the thud of blood, the twitch of eye—
The fevered thrill a hunter entertains
When stealth and patience hit the golden spot.
I snapped your sea-snatched banquet in the sky,
Then slunk off with my prize… my spoils… my gains.
Now, as I sit before my laptop screen,
Scrolling through a midday spent with you,
I focus on the gifts my close-ups glean
And see you from a different point of view.
I see your majesty—divine design—
A form that sings a hymn of aerial flair.
I see your might; that flight before your dive;
Your plunge and splash, your lunge, your clasp and climb—
The struggle with your quarry in mid-air.
I see your steely will to soar and thrive.

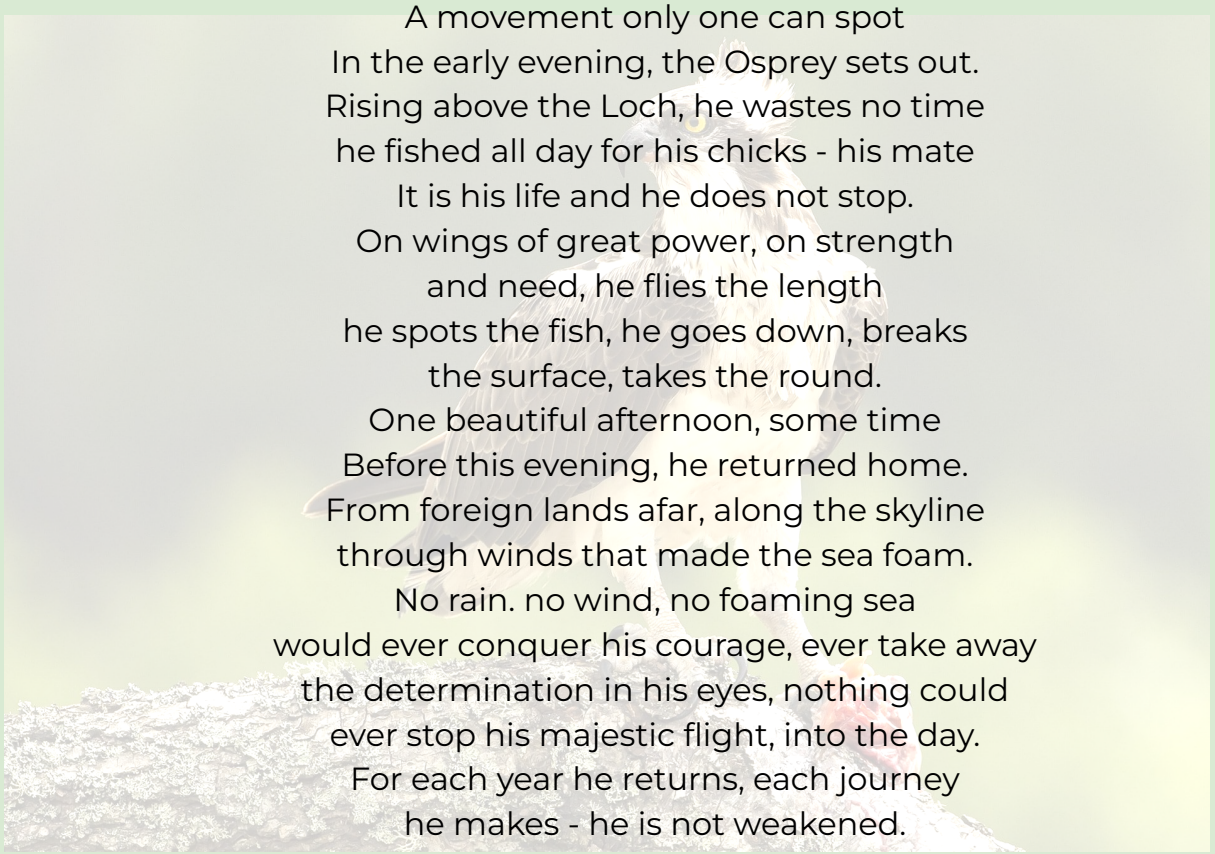
Susan Jarvis Bryant
Society of Classical Poets 2021

LLYN CLYWEDOG

The season started well for you
You both made it back to Wales,
Dylan landing first,
With Seren swiftly on his tail.
The nest was looking perfect,
You both looked after it so well,
Dylan brought fish for Seren,
And their eggs were looking swell.
Three chick's were born to them,
And Dylan was on task,
Feeding them all his catches,
Whilst in the sun they d bask
Then a cruel storm hit the country,
And Seren flew away,
Dylan did not know what to do,
And we don't know where Seren went to this day,
The chicks got cold and hungry,
And nature took its toll,
When Seren got back to the nest,
She could no longer fulfill her role.
The adults huddled on the nest together,
Looking quite confused,
Their family was broken,
And their hearts had been bruised.
The weather turned to good again,
And they decided not to leave,
They soared over the hills and reservoir,
And gave themselves time to grieve.
But their season is now over,
And back to Africa they have gone,
Safe journey to the both of you
Next season won't be long.

Karen Brown 2026

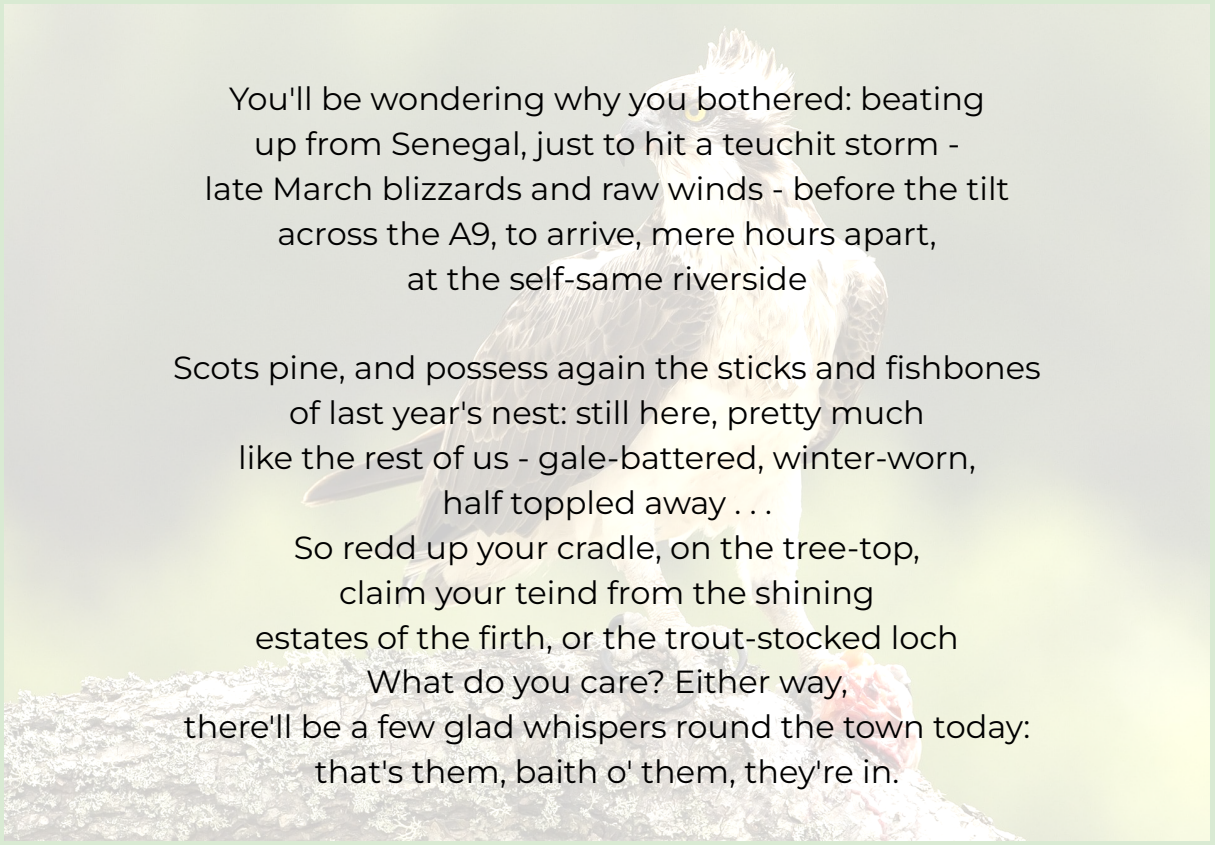
About An Osprey



If you walk by the Loch at dusk,
your heart will tell you hush.
There is a silence that only one can break
A movement only one can spot
In the early evening, the Osprey sets out.
Rising above the Loch, he wastes no time
he fished all day for his chicks - his mate
It is his life and he does not stop.
On wings of great power, on strength
and need, he flies the length
he spots the fish, he goes down, breaks
the surface, takes the round.
One beautiful afternoon, some time
Before this evening, he returned home.
From foreign lands afar, along the skyline
through winds that made the sea foam.
No rain. no wind, no foaming sea
would ever conquer his courage, ever take away
the determination in his eyes, nothing could
ever stop his majestic flight, into the day.
For each year he returns, each journey
he makes - he is not weakened.
His eyes are still burning - in the early morning
he sets out again above the Loch where
shallow water deepens.
He makes- he is not weakened.

Inge Dorothea 2026

Ospreys



You'll be wondering why you bothered: beating
up from Senegal, just to hit a teuchit storm -
late March blizzards and raw winds - before the tilt
across the A9, to arrive, mere hours apart,
at the self-same riverside

Scots pine, and possess again the sticks and fishbones
of last year's nest: still here, pretty much
like the rest of us - gale-battered, winter-worn,
half toppled away . . .
So redd up your cradle, on the tree-top,
claim your teind from the shining
estates of the firth, or the trout-stocked loch
What do you care? Either way,
there'll be a few glad whispers round the town today:
that's them, baith o' them, they're in.

Kathleen Jamie 2012

LOCH ARKAIG NEST 2

Downy mite, less than a handful,
You came from the egg when the cuckoo was calling
Fed by your father's talons,
By your savage mother's cruel beak
Until one day you could leap into thin air
and glide away.
Fierce heart and amber eyes,
Where do you wander now
Borne on your mighty wings
Beyond deserts and seas?

SUSAN ANDREWS

