

Woodpecker

Woodpecker, tree-wrecker, would you ever give your neck a rest and let a fellow get a bit of peace round here?

Oh no, very sorry, but I'm far too busy; got to check a beech, a hazel, and an ash for beetles, larvae, weevils; I have things to do, my friend; goodbye – must fly!

Over-worker, why not shirk a tree or Three; you've surely earned the right to take a break from making holes all day and night?

Don't concern yourself on my behalf; I'm fine and dandy, thank you kindly, and my modus operandi is to drill until I fill my bill with insect candy.

Press pause! Chill out! Relax a while! take up a hobby maybe (just not the drums or carpentry...)?

Ever thought that maybe I just like to live my life staccato, love to be the forest's castanet; swooping round from crown to crown in my tuxedo, tapping out my Morse-code alphabet?

Chisel-gouger, head-banger, bark-stripper grub-picker, nerve-shredder... the kicker, Mister Woodpecker, is you're boring me to death!

Kindly cease your castigation; boring is my occupation – setting up reverberation from amid the vegetation is to me not aberration but a sweet intoxication!

Each and every excavation doubles up my irritation, expedites deforestation; save us all some enervation, undertake a transformation – quit your tunnelling fixation!

Remedy the situation, get yourself some ear protection – for I abhor procrastination, must perfect my perforations, put my skull in oscillation, sending out my good vibrations all throughout our forest nations!