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The Flock

Fara Young
NSU University School

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The Flock

Fara Young

They migrate in mass numbers during the winter season,
And they fill up hotels and motels for only one reason:
The sandy beaches cannot be beat,
Nor can the Miami Heat.
Beneath this bedlam of beach bums,
Lies the inevitable consequence that comes;
Natural wildlife lives in the Everglades,
But every tourist season it fades.
The flock makes the early bird special just in time,
The French ones from Canada do not tip a dime!
When we hear accents all about,
We know the New York birds have come out.
Quite a few Floridians fulminate at the festering flock,
But still the ports are hectic at the cruise ship dock;
This popular place is now saturated with friends and foes;
When the migration will stop, no one knows.