

**Migration by Richard Macwilliam**

Where do birds go  
When the ground's covered in snow?  
Far, far away,  
Where the wild lions play  
And the sun's always hot,  
Elephants flop,  
Baboons howl at night,  
The moon's large and bright,  
And crickets form choirs  
Around evening fires –  
That's where they fly,  
Through the dark winter sky,  
That's where they go  
When the ground's covered in snow.