



Submission

Submitter:	Mr Thomas O Sullivan
Submission Title:	Wildlife Destruction
Submission Reference No.:	S005939
Submission Received:	09 January 2020

Application

Applicant:	Dairygold Co-Operative Society Ltd and TINE Ireland Ltd
Reg. No.:	P1103-01

See below for Submission details.

Attachments are displayed on the following page(s).

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The Call of the Curlew

(Original poem written by Cobhman Thomas O Sullivan and relating to his observations on the north side of Great Island - a location now environmentally threatened by the proposed installation of a pollutant pipeline from Dairygold Mogeely)

The ebbing tide revealed more mud.
On it a solitary curlew stood.
This avian visitor to our winter shores,
Going about it's daily chores.

Dressed in brown mottled feathers,
It comes here to feed in all sorts of weather.
Working it's shift while the tide is out,
Delving deep and slowly zig zagging about.

A roundy head, long neck and down curved bill.
I heard it's distinctive call so shrill.
Prodding and probing in search of prey
Worms, crustaceans and insects are the order of the day.

Two-ee, two-ee, two-ee, two-ee
A haunting, warbling, banshee,
Expressing lost love, storms and despair,
And warning mariners to beware.

For extinction now seems certain,
Unless we reverse the decline,
And work with nature,
To provide a lifeline.

It needs our help to prosper and thrive,
The clock is ticking as it tries to survive,
It's been here for thousands of years
And now it seems it's futures unclear.

Ten thousand pairs once were here,
Only one hundred and twenty eight pairs this year,
To lose the curlew would be shame,
The skylark and cuckoo would be the same.

I wish it was beyond the reach of progress,
Economic growth, and excess.
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday it's in free fall,
Will we hear no more the Curleys call?