























There was Cozumel and Canavet's,  
And those with bellies white.

(Aside: Not to mention that displaying Sheartail later!)

Coba brought us small white dots  
On wren and also rail,  
And greetings from a young doorman,  
Politeness without fail.

For Punta Laguna we were told:  
The wardrobe's not clam-diggers,  
And we obeyed implicitly,  
Just to avoid those chiggers.

Chichen Itza brought us owls;  
That morning pair was quite a score.  
But then along our evening drive,  
There popped up yet two more.

Friday morning brought the fog.  
Along the trail we did not jog.  
At the end of the road to our delight,  
A juice of orioles came into sight.

Those Saturday grosbeaks in a tree  
Did make us all just clap with glee.  
Then Alan found us quite a stunner  
When he spotted a Lesser Roadrunner.

Pink flamingos and anhinga necks  
Were joys for all to see,  
But surely the stars of the Celestun trip  
Must be those kingfishers three.

We mustn't forget our driver Juan  
Who drove us safe each day  
On highways, byways, and rough-hewn tracks,  
Helping us enjoy our stay.

But now our trip is at an end,  
And homeward we are bound.  
Many a laugh we all have shared,  
And many a bird we found.

And as we go our separate ways  
And take leave from friends old and new,  
We know we'll all keep birding on.  
This is au revoir but not adieu.

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**Totals for the tour: 202 bird taxa and 5 mammal taxa**