Close encounter of an avian kind

From the little village hall,
To the sound of children's play,
Across the open fields
I made my muddy way.

When, there I saw it standing.
Thought at first it was a crow.
It then took off and glided,
Just keeping very low.

Not far off it landed.
Dark brown wings folded sleek.
A noble pose this bird took,
Potent was its curv-ed beak.

Buzzard – for that's what it was,
With sharp eye at me did stare.
Strong and proud, it stood its ground.
To stay so close was rare.

The Bard of Babbs Mill
Inspired by seeing a buzzard whilst on a walk from Middleton