

The Swan

I sail serenely up the river
stately swan
my feathers snow white
and perfectly preened
by my beautiful beak.
I survey the scene
with ebony eyes, and
dip my long slim neck
to nibble decorously
at the water weed
presented for my delectation.
I am the personification
of peace and serenity.



But

if danger threatens
my wings flap ferociously
beady eyes bore
into the enemy.
My beak becomes a dagger
to thrust and thrust again.
I honk a war cry
hideous to the ear,
a warrior on the warpath
Serenity forgotten -
more hawk than dove.



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