



Swans

They greeted us at the edge of the lake
A crowd of white wings
Extended necks
Looking for bread we did not have.

They're bachelors the ranger said
All male
They'll never mate
Surplus to nature's requirements.

Disappointed at our breadless state they glided off
Towards an excited child
And his mum
Who did have bread.

Strong white necks
Wings like sails
Feet paddling
They streamed towards the potential snacks.

They're a protected species the ranger said.
They used to be eaten
In medieval times
A centrepiece at banquets and the like.

Now they glide along waterways
Safe from being eaten
Surplus to requirements.

