

Flotilla of swans

This was no Spanish Armada
Nor American or UK aircraft carriers
No, instead some twelve beautiful swans
With all their regal floating
On East Island lake
A Saturday in February
They were gliding
Amid geese and ducks
Same concept as a flotilla
Same idea as a fleet of ships
But not war icons or security icons
No, creatures living swimmingly
Old Testament talks
About 'swords into ploughshares'
When peace comes
The flotilla of swans
Pointed somehow
To a coming peace
When human beings
Would not 'study
War no more'
Swan song of peace
In the meantime