

Swans

A night spent alone walking by the windswept canal,
sharp stinging shards of rain shower me from on above.

Heavy dull shades of amber hue heave down upon me,
fractured by fragile droplets that fall in waves.

The salt of streetlight playing the part of interloper,
furtively forbidding my fancy for darkness.

Looming over lustful waters my shadow beckons an audience,
whispers of wishful promises lie waiting beneath the swelling surface.

Reason of mind and regret of heart in antipathy vying for ruling,
contriving cause and caution for the release of the handrail.

I could sink or swim like a toppling swan turning in its grave,
my only salvation a cold guard cast of cut steel.

Giuseppe Gillespie – Apr 2021