

**Martin Robertson**

## **Bicycle Ride**

In front a black cloud masks the sky.  
Behind me the sun's levelling beam  
illuminates against it, white,  
brilliant, one swan high in flight  
across the flat fenland. No dream—  
this is today and I am I.

No swan, though, is just a swan.  
A loaded image: birds of Coole,  
Lir's three children, Elsa's brothers,  
and the white godhead, Leda's lover.  
That long-stretched neck, those purposeful  
pinions, legend is lifted on.