

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.