

## **Ride A White Swan**

The bruised hand of swan man  
Lucky he ain't made of bread  
They are keen for more!  
He's gone in a puff of bread  
He stands a swan magnet  
And all swans come to him  
They follow him in a great procession  
He stands across the Thames  
In the setting sun  
Under the fringed Lilac pale clouds –  
A little stopped in his Swan white shirt  
He waves as we wait for the swift's supper  
Followed by the bats  
The fish are jumping and scudding  
For insect supper too –  
Swan man is 81  
And all the swans blow out his candles  
As swan man rides a white swan  
To Wolvercote

**Stephen Micallef**