

Fiona Lemonts – Black Swans

I went to put out the garbage
and walking back in the last glow of light,
there was a noise in the sky.
Looking up – a most uplifting sight,
a dozen or so black swans,
winging north, in full flight.

They were chatting to each other,
as they sped along.
And I thought: where have we
humans got it all wrong?

I had been feeling overwhelmed
This day: busy, busy, busy, things, things ...
Here I was surrounded by 'clutter:
papers, - things, - stuff.
How can one ever be organised
without running out of puff?

How wonderful that would be.
What to keep and what to throw out?
Can one's mind be under the power
of some dictator hiding within?
'Don't throw that out you might need it';
So you hang on to it through thick and thin.

In the midst of much agitation,
of what to do with it all,
One's mind returns again to the sight of those black swans –
they were just having a ball.
They seemed to know where they were going.
All that they own is on board
Sleek and trip they point in the direction
Is it shown to them by the Lord?