

In the Garden

Flight of Fancy?

ALL at once there's a whoosh and a whirr,
Any day, any hour after dawn.
It's heart-stopping, sudden, a shock.
It's low-flying pigeons – a blur.

They have swooped and are crossing the lawn.
In cities, they scar the baroque,
And over my lawn, don't mind me.
Formation at fifteen feet high,
A fast-moving, power-packed block –
A purposeful pleasure to see,
And it's easy to understand why.

With perfect precision they come,
Not pausing at rooftop or tree,
To hurtle here, spurning the sky.
Their shock factor's striking me dumb,
As they fly, a few feet above me.

Their vigour pulsates as they pass.
In a second, they've come and they've gone.
It's a drama they deftly deploy,
They haven't quite riffled the grass,
But the action is second to none –
And the peace they bequeath is a joy.
