

**“Videotape of Fighting Swans,
Boston Public Gardens”**

A white, reptilian, synesthetic hiss,
The frantic slither of reply. Sudden
Dart of yellow beaks: the necks entwine
Stumbling on the asphalt garden path,
Graceless as drunks below the necks, they waddle,
Trumpet, don't relent, not even when the cop
Dismounts to wrench the necks apart. Traffic stops
To watch, the trio lodged against a trash barrel.
Wild swans: but hardly those from Coole.
Not symbolist, not Freudian, just set to kill
Or be killed. So now it's the cop who takes control,
Unsheathing the rubber-tipped cudgel.
Nothing allegorical, just motion too quick to follow
And blow after blow after blow after blow.