

## The Peacock by Cynthia Ryder

The peacock,  
somewhat overdressed  
for an ordinary day,  
comes rainbow shimmering  
across the ordered lawns.

His sweeping tail  
brushes the close-cropped  
grass,  
as, with the merest bow,  
he accepts the adoration  
of the gaping crowd.

With regal pomp  
he gloriously unfurls  
the iridescent splendour  
of his jewelled tail  
and, emperor-like, stands proud.

But then, he goes too far;  
he tries to sing.  
An eerie, plaintive wail rings out.  
A noise not fitting in the least,  
for such a sumptuous king.

