

The Black Swan

The home of the black swan can only be found,
If you take your chances and look around.
But remember your luck is really rare,
For everything you see is a shade of black despair.
The grass is black and so are the trees.
The sky is dark creating a breeze.
The lake is grey with no fish to be seen,
Do what you like, but no one's that keen.
That is where the black swan floats,
As cold as a human without a coat.
She used to have a colourful home,
Until the humans began to roam.

In a land full of scrumptious colours,
Where everyone is welcome, humans and others,
The Buccalo Bears would eat and eat,
The Sarawow Sheep would bleat and bleat.
The Pachyla Pelicans would fly and fly,
The Capica Cows would just stand by.
The Lorilo Lions would roar and roar,
The Castawo Crows would caw and caw.
Everything was peaceful, peaceful as can be,
From the biggest of the elephants to the tiniest of the fleas.
The lake would ripple as the wind blew 'round,
That is where the Sholaboo Swans were found.
They were white, clean feathers, long necks and all,
As graceful as a beautiful princess at a ball.

Then one day a fancy car rolled by,
It stopped at the grass as the owner said, "Oh my!"
"The animals are grazing, how beautiful is that!"
"I dare say this land is nice and fat!"
"I will call my family and friends alright!"
"We'll all live here as it's nice and bright!"
"Come on Daisy, let's go home!"
As he jumped into the car and closed the dome.
Daisy meowed as they drove away,

All this food had to wait for a day.
The next day rolled by in a click,
And when his family arrived, they knew it wasn't a trick.
All the cats and dogs bounded about.
And all the owners gave a scream and a shout.
They gave up the yells in a while,
And built structures and buildings crossing miles.
CHOP! SNIP! Went the trees on the spot.
BAM! Went the animals as they were shot.
Soon a city with a beautiful view was built,
And all the trees were on a tilt.
But the group wanted more! More! More!
And as soon all the trees were laying on the floor.
Factories were made, taking up the space,
While skyscrapers blocked up the place.
But the group wanted more! More! More!
And soon you could see the birds soar.
They were leaving the city, to find a new life,
While you could see the monkeys failing to cause strife.
But the group wanted more! More! More!
And soon the cats and dogs flooded the moor,
New people came, and they too were greedy.
So much that the big cats couldn't be all speedy.
Life was dull when more people came,
Using up all the space under their name.
The more animals leaving, the space they could have,
The more plants dying, the more people could misbehave.
Double the cities were built, one by one,
And the drainage drained all the fun.
Animals could no longer jump and play,
For they were shot on the spot and used like hay.
Smoke continued smothering the sky,
As more skyscrapers went too high.
Animals left in the chances they could,
Quickly, quietly, under a hood.

Until only one more animal could be seen,
A swan, black and serene.
She stayed there for years,

Crying crystal tears.

This was a black Sholaboo Swan,

Before she was white, moving on.

But the smoke damaged her feathers,

So this swan wasn't white, nor shiny leather.

She was black, like her lake,

Like that pain, that ache.