

Variations on a theme, Aldous Huxley

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

SWAN, Swan,

Yesterday you were

The whitest of things in this dark winter.

To-day the snow has made of your plumes

An unwashed pocket handkercher,

An unwashed pocket handkercher . . .

"Lancashire, to Lancashire!"—

Tune of the antique trains long ago:

Each summer holiday a milestone

Backwards, backwards:—

Tenby, Barmouth, and year by year

All the different hues of the sea,

Blue, green and blue.

But on this river of muddy jade

There swims a yellow swan,

And along the bank the snow lies dazzlingly white.

The end