

A Cygnet's Utopia

By Quincy Washington

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The spiritless cygnet will never once learn
What the world has to offer unless
With grace and finesse
Beats its wings to its breast
It contemplates leaving its nest.

And if it transpires that it so desires
To claim a life rich, full and free.
A life with such beauty; so markedly blessed
Is a life only some will then see.

For lest one forgets
That upon this egress
The cygnet embarks on its mightiest quest.
For many serve witness; through fright or unfitness
A failed flight without a redress.

The phantom of fear, of which countless possess
Will lead a frail bird to its premature death.
The prospect of failure; slim chance of success
Have long kept one's dreams so steadfastly suppressed.

But, through times of test
Trepidation and stress
Consternation and certain unrest
Of the most vital: a clear mind - not idle
Will make one's true dreams manifest.

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And to this I attest
One will soon reach their best
If they muster the courage to fly.
For a cygnet once young with a dishevelled crest
May soon be a swan in the sky.