



*Photo by Joe Cox on Unsplash*

This poem examines how the everyday and ordinary things in the world can be truly extraordinary.

Just take a walk around Roath Lake and see what I mean.

## **Extra Ordinary**

Home is the brown tranquillity of Roath Park Lake.  
Nant Fawr stream does its best to raise the level.  
Somebody keeps pulling the plug out.  
The islands don't care.

Heron stands - poised eerily on a twisted tree root,  
flicking its quiffed head to scan new waters.  
Arrow-like beak stabs at mirror's glaze,  
Fish shimmers, squirms and disappears.

Cormorants, vulture like, spread their washing line wings.  
Lazy, purposeful, clumsy, elegant.  
They launch skywards, then sink into the water's cold embrace  
Haughty beaks proclaim their superior disdain.

Pintail Duck in eponymous plumage  
wears his evening dress with elegance.  
Neat grey suit, meringue white bib.  
He dances serenely in the lake floor glide

The iridescent green of your head  
contrasts  
with the smooth dapple of your body feathers.  
You move effortlessly through the water  
stopping to dabble for food in the muddy lake bed

You rise out of the water. Droplets glint then disappear,  
as if by magic, leaving you dry and immaculate.  
The delicate curl of your Elvis D.A.  
mocks the medallion man chain around your neck.

But you are, "Just a Mallard"  
Familiarity yes  
Breeding definitely  
Contempt never.

© Richard Garman,  
11<sup>th</sup> March, 2003