

**Leda**

Faced with a simple truth:  
You either lurch into the sea, naked as any plucked and pimpled swan  
or else you stand and cringe uncouth,  
maintain that sad position on the shore;  
I leapt and found the water strangely warm  
soft as the feathers of some youthful bird  
  
and joy enough to float.

*Catherine Cole*