

The Scot-free renegade. Jones  
And Barry took the plunge  
Right, when the sovereigns spun;  
Plenty of Irish pluck  
Called wrong, was not so lucky.

*"My sovereign,"* said saucy  
Jack Barry, meaning Congress;  
And yes, it's true, outside  
The untried, unstable recess  
Of the classroom, every one has one:  
A sovereign—general issue,  
Like the identity-disc,  
The prophylactic, the iron  
Rations. Irony fails us;  
It butters no parsnips, brails  
No sail on a ship of the line.

#### WINTER LANDSCAPE

Danger, danger of dying  
Gives life in its shadow such riches!  
Once I saw or I dreamed  
A sunless and urbanized fenland  
One Sunday, and swans flying  
Among electric cables.

There are so many of us,  
Men and swans, in places  
Congested with new dangers.  
It hurts that we are mortal  
Less there, for we remember  
Mortal is what the race is.

Swans in unimperilled  
Flight above bare hawthorn  
Ask, as a more austere  
Occasion, a taste for the sparse  
That likes its landscapes Northern,  
Serener, and more hurtful.