

Comical, lumbering, in those first brief moments,
great webbed feet slap-slapping the wave-tops,
spread wings clutching urgently at air,

then

the white undercarriage

lifts clear

like a wide-bodied A380 soaring aloft

from the runway on a bright morning

with the sun a pink blur on the horizon.

Black wing-tips caress the sky,

powering upward

in a slow,

lazy spiral

until,

grace and artistry personified,

the giant bird

drifts,

wind-pinioned

against iridescent, cloud-veined eggshell blue,

a magnificent celebration of avian beauty

in glorious flight.