

# FIESTA FOR DUCKS

By Ursula Oxley

No Mardi Gras could be more gay  
Than the ducks on Alresford Pond that day  
Nor even the thrill of a Firework Display  
Could outshine in glory the Fountains of Spray  
Thrown up by those ducks  
As they frolicked around  
Beating the water and  
Making it bound  
In the air where t'was caught in the Sun's powerful ray!

All around lay the water, sparkling and bright Deflecting the low setting sun in  
its flight,  
While it seemed as though streamers encircled each Sprite  
As it splashed o'er the Pond in such dizzy delight  
One up-tailing in style,  
While another would preen,  
Still another would take  
A short rest on the Green, Still quacking. though hidden from sight!

I feel slightly tipsy - the Battle of Flowers  
Is here represented by - the Battle of Showers!  
The air is quite heady  
The Pond is Champagne-  
The ducks are all drunk - -  
It's all part of the game – And it goes on for hours and hours!

