

# Tyger Tyger Magazine

*New poems for children*



## I AM FIONNULA

by Sophie Kirtley

*after The Children of Lir, an Irish myth*

I was turned into a swan yesterday;  
it still stuns me,  
still stings.

But my stepmother let me keep my voice,  
so I can sing. Sad songs like this,  
well wouldn't you?

Nine

Hundred

Years

with nothing more to do  
than swim in circles, dive and dip  
remembering the ghosts  
of my own fingertips,  
my own bare toes,  
my unfeathered skin... oh where...  
oh where do I begin  
to list all the things that I will miss  
now that all I was is...  
this:

yellow feet; black tongue; beady eyes;  
sharp hard beak;  
and widest whitest wings to fly...  
but even up here as I soar  
I wish for who I was before,  
remembering laughter and hopes  
and tears; and dancing and feasts  
and underbed fears...  
all lost...

all gone.

I *was* Fionnula.

I *am* swan.

