

Ian Anderson, A Raft Of Penguins

A raft of penguins on a frozen sea.
Expectant faces look down on me.
Shuffle uneasy. The whistler plays.
Counting eleven, they begin to pray.

Tenuous but clinging, the missing link
Joins us, closer than we might think.
Some half remembered coarse jungle drum
A naked heart-beat, trill and hum.

This world's no stage for the faint at heart.
Each symphony, a sum of parts.
Each overture, a sweet foreplay.
Let's crash and burn some other day.

Bonded in terror or suspicion deep
Tentative tiptoe or giant leap
Call down the angels to guide them in
A raft of penguins take to the wing.