

On the Boulevard

by Paul McGeary

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1623 | 2023

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Photo Courtesy of Paul McGeary



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On the first morning of my new life  
on the weathered promenade  
alongside the ancient harbor,  
I see the swan  
gliding in from another cove,  
all curves and glory, magnificently  
Single.

And then a silver sedan pulls up,  
rolls to a stop over smooth stones.  
A woman emerges, stooped and groping  
calling "Sheenuu...Sheenuu...Sheenuu..."  
The swan looks in her direction  
and paddles toward the pebbled shore.  
The woman picks her way to the shore,  
her arms joined together in front of her.  
Sheenuu comes ashore, as awkward now  
as graceful before, one ungainly step  
after another. The woman stumbles  
a little, crooning softly now, "Here here,"  
she says, reaching out the cup of corn  
she holds in her clasped, ancient hands.  
The swan extends her sinuous neck  
into the curve of welcoming arms.  
They form a frieze on the shoreline  
on my first morning in this new place  
where anything is possible.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Paul McGeary is a retired journalist, technologist, city official and most of all a father and grandfather (known to his grandsons as "Pop-Pop"). He lived in Gloucester for 40 years and now resides in Trumbull, Connecticut.