

White Swan

The wind makes its own currents
A broad brushstroke of gray
Sweeping in and out
From bare banks
Where shadows play
Under the fingers of towering split maples
That are silent
And alive.
A gaggle of Canada geese
A score or maybe more
paddle through frigid water
honking as they shift lanes
on this floating freeway
leaving the shore.
A few look toward the sky
But others dip and dive
As they follow their leader
Black and white heads
Soon turn into a mass of gray
That blends in with the river
On this winter day
Far away from this extended family
A white swan floats alone
A graceful statue of alabaster
That stands untouched
And unmoved
Still as stone
At this distance
It does not appear to be fighting the currents
Of wind and water
It does not lament
A lost love
Or the hand of fate
It is silent and steady and certain
A mate without a mate
The sun slips behind
The drawing curtain
Of night
The wind dies down
And the river becomes dead calm
As the white swan takes flight

