

The Swans

Brett Anderson

Huddled like rabbits
By the hole in the fence
Frozen like statues
To the chair on the lake

Clouds of birds
Make shadows on the moss
Fields of kale
All patterned with ice

Whoah-ohohhh outside
Whoah-ohohhh the swans rise

The curve of the river
Like the neck of a swan
And the veil of the sky
All peppered with rain

And a field of crows
Picked clean to the bone
And a love unchanged
By the chatter of time

Whoah-ohohhh outside
Whoah-ohohhh the swans rise