

Feathers collect from the milk and the bones of the dead,
Expressions of lives passed away live on in their debt,
The journey begins from the tail of a swan at the end,
Tributes below color spaces above and the sun,

The weight of the world is measured in cells and specks that collect,
The foundation compels the ladders of life to reflect and upraise,
Reflections of prey charge the predator's gaze,
Wearing the face of the quarry, it takes the swan,
Shows the blood as a mask on its face,
Expressing the water and milk in embrace,
And the sun the flames of life extinguish
And fire to impel the distinguished

Beyond the expired the spark is renewed
As the torch is propelled, the swan song crescendo to bid death
farewell,
The journey ends with a swan at the top,
The earth facing the sky as the ultimate sum of the lives
That it chose to survive and shine
Back at the sun to take the world between your bill
(To leave enough and have your fill)
To leave the water but drink the milk
(To spin the wool with silk)
To be a royal swan