

A photograph of a swan with its wings spread, floating on water. The swan's head is turned to the left, and its wings are a mix of brown and black feathers. The water is dark and reflects the light. The background is a bright, overcast sky.

...february 6, 1985...

did you hear me say
you were too beautiful
to be allowed
to queen the garden path –
too beautiful
to hold the streets
in thrall –
too beautiful to face
the midnight madness
in its fever pitch –
too beautiful
to say?

did you hear me say
you were too gentle
to withstand
the flaking snow –
too gentle
to sleep easily
on feathered beds –
too gentle for the twang
of electronic
love-spun radios –
too gentle
to be real?

did you hear me say
you were too beautiful
to be received
into the fairytale?
too gentle
to survive
the ivory tower?
too beautiful
to live?

you did.

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