

A photograph of two white swans swimming in a dark, rippling lake. One swan is in the foreground on the right, facing left. The other is further back on the left, also facing left. The water is dark green and black, with some light reflecting off the surface.

...aug 17, 2012...

a blue black sky above the trees -
stars and stars and stars -
somewhere a moon - and in my mind
a backwards memory -

two ghost swans of yesterday
in an evening lake
circling dreams we almost found
inside of dreams we never lost -

and here we are - the strangest pair
exotica in drag -
weaving naked garden paths
among the marigolds -

dandelion crevasses
are guttering the roof
while we paint decks of summers gone
to startle garter snakes -

a strange farewell to sun and bird
while cords of winter wood
are seasoning the corner yard
where huckleberries bloom -

we collect each day by cherishing
this strangest of goodbyes -
gathering an island in
to let it go again -

another day - another day -
till woven paths divide -
while circling swans who never met
disintegrate to fog.