The Swans

Brett Anderson

Huddled like rabbits
By the hole by 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
Oh-ohohhh ouuuuutside
Oh-ohohhh the swans rise
Like the neck of a swan
And the veil of the sky
All peppered with rain
A fields of crows
They cling to the bone
And the a love unchanged
By the chatter of time
Oh-ohohhh outside
Oh-ohohhh the swans rise

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