

NIGHT SWANS

They came upon the wind like sailing ships
Cutting through the darkness like a sudden cry
Luminous as clouds against the cobalt sky
With broad, beating wings and blackened lips
And soundlessly they settled on the glassy lake
Dipping and dropping with a whisper's grace
Ghostly dancers gliding on the water's face
Silken ripples trailing shadows in their wake.

—*Olivia Varney*