

**Becky Kennedy**

**The Swans**

In the season of returning  
to the clarity of winter,  
in the morning, which will always  
be the first morning without you,  
a bar of white December sun  
floats on the water slick with cold.  
Feathered stillness, the cradles of  
the wintering swans, pedaling  
now, planing the water, and the  
heavy climb. Daylight disappears  
beneath the face of compacted  
water; the shallow wingbeats lift  
past the empty trees and sail the  
wide, apparent sky, always the  
first sky, which is the blue part of  
water, which is where flying goes.