

SWAN SONG

by

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Entering the lake, the swan, with measured stroke, cut through the mirrored glass. Pausing, he watched the ripples fade, and considered his reflection while time stood still.

He smiled, for he understood the tiredness and dull ache that had become his body; and even with autumn's afternoon warmth, he trembled as if caressed by an approaching winter's breath. Yes... it was time... and soon he would slumber.

Reflected back was winter's softness as it had been in youthful summers gone, and a sprinkling of dust was all that spoke of seasons past.

Once again, summer had caressed his brow, and he had flown so very high - he could leave now, and his life would end in beauty.

With eyes on horizons new, the swan, with gentleness, moved beneath the curtain of a willow tree. This was his place, the special place where he dreamed his dreams on sultry summer days.

A bold sunset kissed, with lips aflame, the water's paling cheek, and evening's robe hung ready in the wings.

As dusk discreetly entered, the swan, with head stretched forth, began to sing.

And never before had been such notes... so full of love for life... so full of awe for the beauty of the earth, the water, the setting sun, and the evening star.

The song mingled with the cooling air, and tinged with sadness, softly... softly... in the arms of fading light... its hushed strains paled.

"It's the swan," said the creatures of furrowed field, and wooded glade, and azure sky. And with heaviness they turned away, and whispered with wonder, "It's the swan... the swan is dying..."

"Be of good cheer," whispered the evening star, "the swan is not dying... he's coming home..."

End

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