

The Swan: John Harrison

Still falls the rain,
the velvet night
caress the blackened trees.
Their broken branches
like sanctified saints,
raise up their arms
as if some fervent prayer
might rescue winter's pain.

Beside the lake he waits;
the sensual mist pervades.
The voices now are silent,
no demon clouds of horror
invade his troubled soul.

Tears fall on blood soaked grass;
his hands clasp,
But torture cannot cease;
where fear and rage,
disturb the unquiet peace.

The graceful swan,
flew with angel wings serene,
over the watery scene.
A shot rang out;
piercing her snow white form.
Then down she plunged,
with rushing air, sky torn and in despair;
she fell into that swamp uncared.

Her beating wings,
his heated heart,
cried sadness on the dread fast wind;

such sin that callow youth had bought,
who killed without a second's thought.

Beside the lake
the young boy weeps;
unseeing he believes himself unseen.
His face smiles dimly at the moonlight;
glowing white, as he shivers into sleep.

Somewhere a bell tolls;
he does not wake.
Hearing nothing,
his crying is unheard;
his haunted soul,
still hears the dying bird.

Still falls the rain,
forgotten the nightmare mind;
unforgiven, the man, his murdered crime,
escapes unreasoned shame.
A faint mist rolls over him,
and he is lost in eternity;
where a mothers arms could hold him,
only the silence sleeps inside.