



Brilliant
and the
moon-
tides bit
along the
crater's
bottom.
Shaping,
making
baby boulders
swallow hard.
The mountain
black of the lake
an eye flat as dread.
Solipsism set soft
now, dark swept.
I am a man upon the
land. There is a rare
bird near at hand.

At eventide
I shuffled
down into the
reeds. Plicked
a cat-tail and
pointed it,
tensed for the
shift. A fat little
fawn, the night
came on. The moon
a milk mouth in a
bath of black ash. I am
a man upon the land.

The swan
shunned
stars, stuck
square to the
shadows. Twist
of a fool's
tongue, she
drifted, listless.
This is a tale of
warning, this trial,
this is a trial of
mourning and then
wanting, the tail end of
the mounting trail.

Soundlessly I spied her,
between the seventh splash.
The static of white shifting in
the moon reeds. Will you deny
that everything we see is made
an iris? Will you deny it is all
surrounded and blank?

When she drew near, I stood, cat-tail
to shoulder, and steadied the line. This is
a sawed-off shotgun, I said, this is serious.
She blinked without batting an eyelash.
I loved her, then. Like when the Sea-Captain
sailing his ship face to the wind, stumbles
up the white shore slope and discovers
dream logic, all damned.
Too late. She broke into wedding cake, wandering.
Got flexed by an onyx knife, dipping at Eskimo Neck,
Alaska. Dispersed into a white white fog draining low
along the dregs. I took her for a prayer, for a bed of
baby's breath, braced by the water's edge. Cupping up a
headful of damp sand, I whispered into it, "What does a
lake look like, to a doe?" I let the ink breath slip.
I tied the white apron round me, in mourning,
the light squeaked evilly in the east.

I should've known then: She is a seaswan of the sea.

Beware
your
familiar,
they are
your most
despicable
ideas. We
can start this
again, smooth
out the beak's
crease. You'll
marry a gunner,
when fate fails.

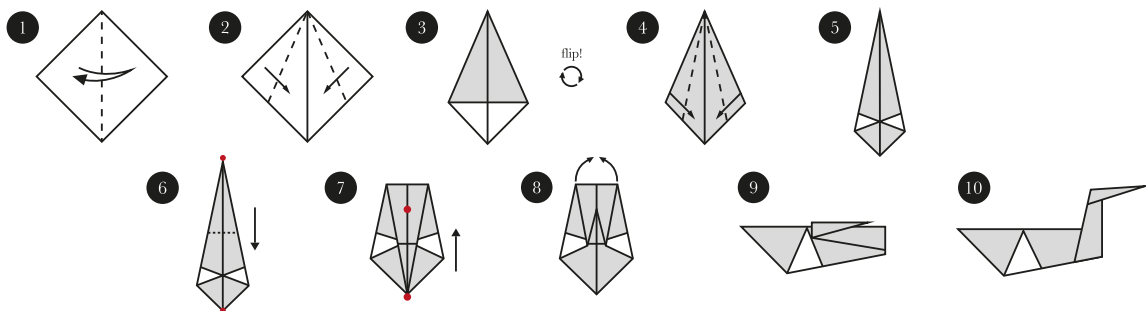
If we go up
together, my
love, we would
never come back.
If we had gone up
together. There is
a rare bird near
upon the land.

Brilliant
again the
moon-tides
flit along the
mountain top.
Maddened, bored,
dropped. The rain
lake or its gaze set to
stun. What is a sadness
once set to sea? There is a
rare bird, she once was you.

The Swan

by ZACH DODSON

THE SWAN by ZACH DODSON



FOLD FIRST, READ SECOND. Tear the bottom portion of this page off, follow the instructions, keeping the printed side out. Then, let the story unfold.

