

The Swan

Her arms have feathers white
shimmering— she molts.

You watch her, beguiled,
and wonder why you never grew wings like that.

Hair rooted in your arms and scars instead:
the marks your fingernails left at night,

once you swung so high you lifted out of your seat
but it wasn't flying, you were falling.

For a while you forgot in a haze of thick smoke
the absence of wings, the grass made you soar.

This isn't flying. You haven't flown
since you were a girl with a broom—

you are a woman now. You need hands
for fixing. If God had given us wings

we'd never be on the ground.