

Sunsetting Swans

As They danced o'er the pond

Shielding the sun.

Dashing through the breeze. Each one had me at awe.

Moving to their heart's content, their joy spread far beyond.

Feathers white as angel's wings

Their graceful dance shined within the springs.

The gleaming eyes they carry, they radiate with grace.

They soar up high, they fly down low, all motions they embrace.

The sunseting swans brought the day to an end, but one day...

They'll

Be

Back

Again...