

The Shadowed Swan

Cam Coleman • 10.20.17

She bathes in the moonlight
during the softest of hours,
taking flight over homes
of the unloved, of the rotted.

The Shadowed swan.
Gifted
with the implement of flight,
to be the guardian of our sacred sleep.

A song so sacred
with a frequency only gifted to be heard by the blessed.
For whom does she travel every full moon,
propped on the edge of a distant coal mine?

Polluted promises.
Scorched lies.
Stained fears.
Oh, what torment the world has brought to the protectorate.

Damaging blows by the adversaries
cause her feathers to turn ever so grey.
Yet she so patiently waits
for the arrival of the audacious part of her.

Such trouble it is waiting for it
for it only comes during the burning hours
where the gracious Shadowed Swan
slumbers next to the nest of her missing half.

Her half only arrives in the day
Because of their major differences;
Because of their different work,
And their different times

Her other half works

Somewhere unknown
By the fallen, angelic swan
Who keeps the shadows from burdening the world's sleep

Her other half occasionally calls
When its work provides meagre hours
To synthetically give the swan her half
For a pinch of the night.

But her other half never forgets
About the sworn protection
The Swan promises to provide
In return for the other half's fulfilled, permanent return

Where they stay together
During the coldest of days
To keep each other warm
And to complete each other once again.