

**Irma Thomas****"Swans And The Swimming"**

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"take me again," she said, thinking of him  
"to the pond with the swans and the swimming"  
Far from his room the familiar perfume  
How it felt to her when she was naked  
Lessons she learned when her memory slurs  
As they marvel with love at the sunset  
Walking away at the dark end of day  
She will measure and break like a habit  
Oh how the rain sounds as light as a lover's word  
And now and again she's afraid when the sun returns

"take me again," she said, thinking of him  
"i don't care for this careful behavior"  
A brush through her hair, children kissing upstairs  
Keeps her up with her want for her savior  
The sun on the sand, on her knees and her hands  
As she begs for her fish from the water  
But turn them away, she's a whip and a slave  
Given time she may find something better  
Oh how the rain sounds as loud as a lover's words  
And now and again she's afraid when the sun returns

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