

Jane Siberry

"Trumpeter Swan"

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will you wipe the flour from your hands
and look this way?
perfect
now hold your apron by your side
perfect
no, no...your hair's just fine
perfect
will you let me paint you?
I'll take such pride
many sorrows, many ways life could be kinder
but you laugh a lot - life is still a surprise
meeting you and greeting you is always an armful
"oceans of love" crinkling in your eyes

neck white and eager
my Trumpeter Swan
gliding through the ferns the fronds
we feel your love
oh Trumpeter Swan
oh love on

now I see you kneeling amidst the fiddle-heads
and ferns at the side of the pond
weaving 13 magic flaxen shirts
for 13 brother swans
and never once in your sweet thoughts
do you ever think maybe you might fail
in your unknowing way your love is strong
me - I fear the 13 brother swans are going
me - I curse them when they've gone
but you will never know for we will rearrange

the ferns and fronds to re-surround you
the devil makes us see more
and you don't see more
but somehow you go beyond

neck white and eager
my Trumpeter Swan
gliding through the ferns the fronds
we feel your love
oh Trumpeter Swan

oh love on

when I think of you I think of Christmas
of oranges and mangers on the mantelpiece
of red and greens and velvets
of stars that twinkle on the Christmas tree
I don't know if trumpeter swans are immortal
but if ever from this beautiful pond you should fly
the reason would be...the reason would be
you were loved too much by them by I

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my Trumpeter Swan
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