

Marty Willson-Piper **"Swan"**

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If you sway
In the breeze of moving reeds
Swim away
Then fly out in the universe
With grace

Softly down
You lose a feather from your snow
There's no sound
Just whispers from the waters you have found

Wings of silk
Curves of beauty to behold
Face of milk
Oh my swan
The gift of you unfolds
Unfolds
Unfolds

White opaque
Fabled goddess
Drifts and dreams
In your wake
Astounded by the wonders that you make

You glide by
I stay loyal to my queen
Don't have to try
Swans they stay together
All their lives

Raise your head
Stroke your neck that's soft and long
Have I said
Oh my swan the gift of you I want

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