

I Stopped To Watch the Swan

By Nikki Starrett

Driving over the bridge
at Stevens Pond, I stopped to watch the swan
drift
between thick shards of dusted ice.

He glimpsed me from below,
his neck
a graceful question mark—

drifting—white
upon water like ink.

For a moment I was lost
in jarring stillness, rapt
with the somber beauty of swan.

Driving over the bridge
at Stevens Pond,
I stopped to watch—
and returned to my car
to better navigate
these black rivulets.