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The Soaring Swallow

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The swallow soars high; clouds cover the ground.

Nothing around, nothing near, no sights to hear.

He dives and dips among the ice crystals,

Asking if they are friends, hoping they are friends.

Nothing is around, nothing is near, there are no sights to hear.

Touching the ground with light feet, the swallow searches,

Seeking, listening, for something.

Nothing is around, nothing is near, there are no sights to hear.

In the darkness, the swallow still sits.