

# THE WHITE SWAN

*James Feichthaler*

Spreading her feathers on my chest,  
Her eyes a monument to time,  
Her lineal patterns bring no rest  
But unify my wild rhyme:  
*Echoing sounds of lonely hours  
With songs that destiny devours.*

The vision of her precious face,  
The grace with which she glides away,  
Ecstasy driven by disgrace,  
The journeying of disarray:  
*Echoing sounds of lonely hours  
With songs that destiny devours.*

Where she shall rest or where she flies  
Is where the action of me dies;  
Those countless hours, born of sighs,  
Are all that shout her mysteries:  
*Still echoing the sounds of hours,  
With songs that destiny devours.*

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