

## Swans

When desire dies  
it's no one's fault;  
a body or personality  
no longer holds

the mystery it used to  
and the heart doesn't want  
what it doesn't want  
or at least the loins don't,

or they want something else.  
I'm inclined to think  
that love has a lifespan  
just as humans do,

only in some cases  
it ends sooner than the body's.  
As for me, I'm a little pissed  
that having slogged through

finding the right person  
I can't stop wondering  
how long our run will last.  
I could put up with

backache and forgetfulness  
armed with that knowledge,  
but no, I'm unable to enjoy  
whatever time we have left,

envying swans, whose god  
seems to find them worthy  
of being left to just  
float downstream.