

Waiting for Sunrise

In the black reeds, the swan dips his beak,
his black fountain pen all business.

He carries his own lamp, with its harsh white light;
if he cared about morning, he would be a shadow.

Yesterday, an ocean away, my client's application
for residence was denied;

now the inlet teems, the shallows swell,
the boathouse pulls on her red dress;

I send a simple message— *we'll appeal*.

Under the dock jellyfish open their petals,
suffused with rosy light;

and the sun, who's been waiting
for the swan to turn his back,

now rushes the barrier, wades right in
golden sandals held high overhead.