Two Swans in a Pond
Next to the Highway
L.B. Sononchi

They have chosen well, these two swans, one swimming the circumference of the water, its neck a parenthesis, the other preening its feathers white as the steamy smoke boiling out of the stack on the roof of the aluminum can factory on the other side of the pond. They have chosen wisely, these two swans, for what do they have to fear here? A motorist having a stroke or heart attack and losing control of his car? Not likely. A stupid teenager with a rifle taking pot shots at them in the middle of the night? Less likely. A sudden and violent down draft blowing that toxic cloud over them? Least likely of all. How unlike ourselves, who have also chosen. The highway. The car. The rifle. The smoke.