

# *Two Swans in a Pond Next to the Highway*

J.R. SOLONCHE

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.