

Gray distances

by [Suzanne Underwood Rhodes](#) in the [July 4, 2018](#) issue

The loneliness of their long whistles,  
the sound full of their whiteness,  
even in community they are lonely,  
miles of loneliness across the rain-  
beaten water as they have come to overwinter,  
to fly the gray distances from there to here,  
to be the wings of longing, to plumb  
the sky and sea, landing and leaving  
like arrows from the bow of God,  
the air crying for love of swans.