

Perpetual Swift

Look carefully, and still
you can't tell them apart.
No individual swift,
only the substance of swift,
anonymous dark outlines,
black-but-not-black, curved
steel in swinging flight.

Or swift by name and nature,
reckless, kinetic, a life force,
singularities of unknowability.
Swift-flying, now, yesterday,
last month, last year. And then
tomorrow traversing the world,
gone away, back next year.

Swift has always been swift,
is timeless and for certain.
Our fathers saw perpetual swift.
After us, swift will go on,
not this or that one, just swift,
pure motion travelling the sky.
Swift, swifter, swiftest.

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