

The Dying Swan

Laura Noemí Villarreal*

Even though swans live in herds and stride in groups from lake to lake, dying swans always spend their final minutes alone, away from others, in complete isolation. The night's darkness, the lake's fog and the gleaming moon light reflected on their pearly wings are enough company for them at this stage. When the time has come, they gracefully get out of the water and perform their last demonstration of pure elegance that characterizes them before extending their wings and resting their heads below them, acquiring the final pose in which they may rest in peace for eternity.

So was the case of a swan on a chilling July night. This swan's dainty movements as she glided across the lake were so lithe one could barely perceive ripples in the dark cold water. Her pale, silky feathers contrasted against the dark atmosphere of the foggy lake just as the blue corn moon did in that somber night's sky. Such was the quietness of the place that the rhythmic movements of the creature's extensions could almost be heard. The swan was alone in this bleak place, alone with her suppleness, her bewitching appearance, her balletic nature, as if she was on an altar waiting to be worshiped. The decrepit creature was aware her time had come, for she did not resent the idea of dying but had rather accepted and gracefully embraced it, as most of them do. The inactivity of the place made it the perfect scenario to live her last moments.

Suddenly, the quietude of the night was interrupted by the abrupt flapping of wings; the swan was now out of the lake and tiptoeing towards the bushes, for she had perceived a meddling silhouette stalking her, completely captivated by the decorum of her movements. The mysterious figure kept following the weeping swan across the place, trying to get a closer look of the mourning gestures on her face and the feeble yet graceful movements of her body. Swans have always been resentful of human beings, for they have often been witnesses of their final moments, as if death was something they enjoyed watching. The swan's heart became overwrought at the presence of a stranger in such a fragile and vulnerable moment of her life.

The cautious figure kept shortening the distance between him and the swan, aiming to get the most precise glimpse of all her movements, as if trying to meticulously evaluate them. He seemed to be skeptical of the idea of a swan being a living creature and not some divine and godly creation, crafted to perfection. Even though he was aware of the frightened and anxious look in the piercing black eyes of the swan, he couldn't help being completely captivated by the fluency of her steps as she moved around the bushes. So close was the figure to the swan that he could almost hear her breathing, completely exhausted from all the energetic yet graceful flapping and gliding around in this deathly performance, this final stage.

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Her heart was about to burst with anxiety and uneasiness. The mere presence of this figure was to an extent boycotting a moment that was supposed to be memorable and ethereal, the final scene to show why they are known to be the most elegant yet skillful beings in the world, the rawest representation of sophistication. The moment arrived, the swan finally ceased the flapping of her wings and struck her final pose, with her head under her pristine feathers, resting for eternity.

The reflectors in the Opera House turned on, the final rehearsal before the Swan Lake show had ended. An old man in ballet slippers and torn clothing walked towards his favorite ballerina and congratulated her on her performance, for it was as magnificent as the creatures that had inspired it. “You were the perfect reincarnation of a swan” he said “Just try not to feel so nervous and anxious when I walk close to you, you know I do so because we need to check any mistakes so that everything will be perfect, ethereal” The ballerina stood up from the ground acquiring her human shape again, her heart still racing from the nervousness and the pressure of having to wrap up the ballet with the most difficult yet iconic number of them all, The Dying Swan.