Brilliant and the moon tides bit along the crater’s bottom. Shaping, making baby boulders swallow hard. The mountain black of the lake an eye flat as dread. Solipsism set soft now, dark swept. I am a man upon the land. There is a rare bird near at hand.

At eventide I shuffled down into the reeds. Picked a cat-tail and pointed it, tenned for the shift. A fat little fawn, the night came on. The moon a milk mouth in a bath of black ash. I am a man upon the land.

THE SWAN by ZACH DODSON

FOLD FIRST, READ SECOND. Tear the bottom portion of this page off, follow the instructions, keeping the printed side out. Then, let the story unfold.