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Observing the Heron

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Observing the Heron

From the porch, I sat
and watched a heron soar
over my red-bricked house.
I gawked at its wingspan;
God's kite embracing the landscape.
On the branch of an oak, the heron
braked to prune its wings,
mining dusty blue feathers,
to reveal patched, mangy plumage.

With hooked neck, the heron
surveyed the land—a needled bill
as its compass. Marble eyes shifted
from water to grass, pleading for the
twitch of dinner. After a pause,
the heron opened its stringy wings,
pumped, and turned eastward to bless
another's terrain. A cloud longing for fish.