

Devotion

What can I say of steadfastness?
How long must I wait to see the heron start
his strut, lift his yellow legs like fishing lines,
place them quick in slippery river mud ?

All morning he stands at river s edge, napping
in sullen reeds. Drifting in my kayak, I dip my paddle down to knotted lily roots,
bring up slimy weeds.
Staring as I float, I see the poem,
its words like silt churned from below.

Now, yellow eye intent, he plunges down
his steely beak, emerges with a fish. That simple.

And why wouldn't he get exactly what he wanted ?

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