

HARMONY

And on the third day
it flew in,
low and slow,
pulled up and set down
near the foot bridge
over the drainage ditch.

It had been there
the past two days
doing what a graceful
great blue heron does.

But I couldn't take
the time.

The third day
was no different.
I simply stopped.
I had to.

The heron paused
at the water's edge
to take notice.

Warm September air
filled the azure sky.

The heron stood tall,
poised to participate.
It was beautiful.

I was there.
I breathed time.

The turtles surfaced.
Matched pairs of dragonflies
danced from one
blade of grass
to another.

Vultures floated
in the circular thermal.
Sparrows chirped
in a chorus.
A hawk drifted above
as the wind whistled
through the piney woods.

Perfect nature hummed
its quiet symphony.

The heron stepped
gingerly through
the foliage.

God watched.
The turtles watched.
I watched.

Our baptism was silent.

The grace of the heron
melted into the harmony.

Then along came Boo,
a young pit bull,
dragging his person
with staccato energy.

Moment over.