

## **Egret**

She began at the edge of the lake,  
Wings like an awning on a rainless day,  
Slicing through the airy space.

A bullet pierced the lake from the northernmost bank,

opening the surface to a spray.

She conceded that home must become

somewhere else.

Beautiful Great Egret, the traveler,  
Floating and heavy as if the whale took to the sky,  
Finding flight in the warmest and wettest layers of atmosphere.  
How could I ever quantify her patterns?

Upper lip beads of sweat sticky summer-heat.

When I see the Egret in a shallow pool of fish soup,  
I yearn to know if she would ever love me,  
Or if she would just know me.