

## **Green Heron**

I wish I knew a woman like the elegant green heron,  
A stiletto standing keen  
and watchful in the water,  
Claret-throated,  
Blacksheen clad in polished gun-metal,  
Exquisitely lithe and sure.

I'd love her for her patience  
And allure.

Time spirals  
Languid in the weedy emerald glow  
Where snapping turtles lethargically tread and  
Small frogs hide unblinking in their own green stillness,  
The heron  
So deliberately strides the shallows,  
Statuesque and yet petite,  
So silently abides  
Until the instant that she  
**STRIKES!**  
Then rises,  
flapping thrice  
and glides up to her nesting place.

I'd love her for her quickness  
And her grace.

Her yellow-beaked chicks  
Hopping branch to branch  
Are homely things  
And scruffy  
As she is sleek  
And lovely.

Yet at the shrieking challenge of the hawk,  
Green heron flares with passion  
To protect her nestlings,  
Leaps to meet the cruel and ravening talons,  
Flies to duel in fury,  
Spears her bill against grasping claws,  
Beauty risen to ferocity.

In triumph with a piercing cry  
She settles to her perch,  
Enfolding all her delicate strength,  
Refined, a cool aristocrat,

I could love a woman like that.