The Widgeon

On Deer Lake near Wimberley
On a clear winter day
In a canoe with Garland.

The canoe slips behind cattails
Rising up like green daggers
Reaching toward the blue sky,
Shielding us from the ducks
Moss-dabbling at water’s edge
That is retreating with no rain.

The tails pop up.
The feet break through the surface.
The head emerges,
Green strands stringing from the bill,
The drake widgeon’s head glistening
Green and white in the winter sun,
Startlingly clear, marking my soul.

I am witnessing the miracle
That is bird migration,
The ability to move
To find conditions needed to survive,
To breed, to live -
Life that they have a right to,
Just as do Garland and I,
Life that is fragile, fleeting,
Impossible to truly understand,
Life that is breath and breathing,
Life that floats through time and space,
Bending as proclaimed by Einstein,
Crossing seams within the universe,
An insight from here to there,
My own Hubble telescope
Affording me a view of eternity
From a canoe with Garland
On Deer Lake on a clear winter day
Watching widgeons.