

Virus Vigil



ORIGINAL GARANTIEEGEL FÜR
GERISSENE PAPIERSTREIFEN
1590

Yellow-crowned Night-Heron 5

Sitting outside at my virus office
On my porch looking at a Night-Heron.

She flew in and landed in my office –
A visitor from the sky,
Dropping in for a visit –
Grey-blue body crowned by a yellow top,
Walking along the pool's edge
Searching the garden for tasty delights.

It's not all bad news that comes with this virus –
Slowing down – officing on my porch –
Writing poems and thinking about life –
Realizing how grateful I am to be well,
Grateful that I am watching the bees
As they move within the purple salvia,
A sight I normally don't see
On a Wednesday at 11 a.m.

A reader of my poems told me of her experience
When a Night-Heron came when she was despondent,
Landing on the fence near where she stood crying
Over a lost relationship,
A heron that stayed near and comforted her,
And I look out at the Night-Heron watching me,
Standing motionless as the blue jay cries out
And the white-wings offer their whooping yodels,
And I realize there is much I have been missing,
Happy with rediscovery,
Happy with today,
Just happy.

Yellow-crowned Night-Heron 4

Watching the Yellow-crowned Night-Heron eyeing
Our goldfish outside my window on Albans Road.

It flew into the live oak that spans the yard,
Sitting quietly for a minute or two,
Then floating down to the stucco fence,
Staying for only a brief minute before gliding
And landing on the silver tank
Holding gold and white fish
Swimming lazily back and forth all day,
Waiting patiently to be fed,
Attractive fare for the hungry night heron
Standing quietly, neck arched, tense like a bow,
Waiting to discharge its arrow beak into the water.

Nature has a room in our household,
A place for monarchs and their green and yellow
Spawn that chew the butterfly weed,
Leaving a stalk,
A place where the chartreuse anole
Blows pink neck bubbles from the stem
Of the Turk's cap red with flower,
A place of worms, bees and living things,
A place free from human 'cides,
A place where I invite the heron
To sit outside my window and join me

As I welcome another day of my life -
A day made more by nature.

A psalm of gratitude from the yard
On Albans Road with the night heron.