American Oystercatcher 2

I walk to the banks of Christmas Bay
And launch my kayak for a long slow ride
To the future,
To a place where life and all livings things
Are special, are revered, are sanctified,
A place where we live by principles
That give all life a chance to survive,
A chance to realize the potential
That emerged from the Big Bang
(Or the creation if you prefer),
An event that brought forth you and me
And all forms of life on this living planet.

I come back to the bay, to the moment,
And realize I have been talking
Aloud to an oyster reef
About this imagined, spiritual future,
About this potential of my species
That could result from changes
Currently underway but yet to come,
And in this moment of realization,
I see that an oystercatcher has been listening
From his place amidst the living shells,
Lifting his neon orange beak
As a sign of recognition,
Giving me a knowing nod
Of his chocolate brown head,
Winking his golden eye and
Whispering to me “Yeah Buddy”. 
American Oystercatcher

The water is asleep.
The tide has not yet begun
To move through the pass
To fill the bay.

The birds loll complacently
On low exposed sand flats,
Waiting, ever waiting,
As am I in my kayak,
Watching for the movement,
Waiting for the moment.

The reef is above the water surface,
The oysters grey-black and shiny,
A squirt of liquid flying skyward,
Proof of life within the shells.

A pair of oystercatchers sit together,
Orange beaks like neon lights
In the dying afternoon sunlight,
Waiting, patiently waiting,
For the tide that will open
The shell that holds the meal.
And then it happens.
An alarm has rung that I
Cannot hear.
Two snowy egrets glide before me,
Extending black legs with yellow boots
To claim their fishing spot on the shells.
A great egret joins the reef fishers,
Followed by two fussing willets,
All coming to fish in pools
Within the oyster lattice,
Pools slowly, ever so slowly,
Being filled.

Well after they do, I perceive it,
The changing water line,
The motion of the tidal current
That the birds perceived
In ways beyond me.