THE PRESENCE HE HUNTED FOR SUDDENLY DREW
ACROSS THE SILENCE. THE ULTIMATE QUAM
OUT OF A SILENCE, A SENDENCE
OF WONDER AND TRANSCENDENCY
AS IF A SWEETNESS, THE SUMMARY
OF HERSELF AND HER INTO THE
ORIGINAL BOOKS OF COME
ENLARGED TO ETERNITY,
SOMEONE OF INFINITE
AND ABSOLUTE
A BEING: CREATIVITY, POWER,
AND DELIGHT
EVEN AS ANOTHER DRAWS
HER CHILD INTO HER ARMS.
TOOK TO HER BREAST NATURE
AND MIND AND SOUL.
SANTRI, BOOKS
DRAUROBINDO
Reddish Egret

The motor is off.
The quiet descends upon us.
The boat slides in
And secures itself to the mud.

I gently step into the December water
And am encircled by uprooted ducks
Settling back to graze the
Submerged grass flats of the Laguna,
Buffleheads and mergansers,
Pintails and widgeons
Whistling as they gather.

As I move toward the blue tails
That lazily flip in the crisp air,
Pods of feeding redfish before me,
Fly rod at the ready,
Stealth-mode engaged,
The reddish egret lands
On the shallow ledge beside me.

I slowly walk beside the ledge
In knee deep water,
And she strides up on the ledge
In inch-deep water,
To my right slightly to my rear,
Mirroring my footsteps,
Moving when I move,
Then lurching with her body and beak,
Wings spread, quick and effective,
Grabbing the unsuspecting mullet
Fleeing from me.

We fish together for most of an hour,
She and me working together,
Creating one of the most deeply felt
Experiences ever enjoyed in nature,
An event occurring over two decades ago,
Never to be repeated again,
Long-lasting proof of the partnership
That we have with other living things,
Such as an egret on a ledge
In the Laguna Madre in South Texas
In the water of December.