The Heron

Stalking so slowly through swiftly flowing stream.
Standing still as stone. Striking suddenly, swallowing swimmers.

Feeding Frenzy

Flurries of finches in frenzied fights for footing on seed-filled feeders.

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Sanctuary

Birds of all sizes, from hummingbirds to heron, foraging for food outside my office window distracting me from my work.

Hawk

Glimpsed for only a moment, swooping across the wetlands towards the window, soaring above the roof.

Goldenholmes

the hawk circles above. in a bright burst of gold when window fly away flowers in trees outside my the black and yellow

Summer Creek

In summer, a path, hardened by footsteps of those exploring brown swaths of open space between buildings.

In autumn, a creek trickling through greening forage for geese and nutria, a playground for dogs from the neighborhood.

In winter swirling waters flooding the encompassing verdancy, beckon herons and egrets.

In spring, wandering through a lush songbird paradise amid flowering trees with ducks padding downstream.

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