

EGRET RISING

Jutting out a bank crest I cross
an egret just west of that wooded vat
of swamp only I know, and hear the thud
of it, west in a splash of wetland slush,
the white wings bashing water
in shallow bursts, their one thought
aloof at the sight of me. In the slough
I am its gap, the brackish lead behind it,
porous like every other work
of earth, my rote shape on the verge
of wisdom, but slouching, on the off chance
my two lives come untied, like two
hands, wrinkled in the blood and grain
that rock below the egret rising.

Travis Wright