The Heron

The blue-grey bird hewn from grey-blue rock, stands as a motionless sentry.

With prehistoric eye, it watches, it waits; with patience as its birthright.

Snowy brow of wisdom covers the instinct as shadows move beneath the waters.

Beard sharply bristles like sharpened fishhooks.

Balancing between sleep and predator; it strikes at once.

It swallows, cold fishy flesh descends.

Will its legs ever fatten?