

Deep Bay, Vancouver Island
The Heron in the Cedar tree
Spreads his wings and squawks Pterodactylily.
He lifts off his perch, the branch rebounds,
Indifferent to archaic sounds.
But I'm alert to watch his shadow drift
Across an ancient valley rift,
And feel the continent divide
Though I have just now stepped outside.
He settles on the tidal shore
No longer leathered Pterosaur.
Then he assumes his breakfast pose,
And I return to breakfast prose.
But my day is brighter now by half
Because I heard the Heron laugh.

Larry William 06/17