Egret

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Four seasons passed.  
Our beach survived the storms, the water’s forcing  
Elements,  
As—winds swept, sands swept,  
Golden, silver suns swept, moons swept  
Over all the prints  
Of bird and boy feet, roller-icechest, grill feet  
Fronting days of crashing foam—it  
Recreates itself in being  
Malleable as girl and boy-made  
Castle fort defense of every age.

Amid the daily mess of patient  
Pelican and gull  
Along the elevated pier, reconstructed  
After summer’s storm, I met  
An egret—white, imperious, slender.  
Yellow-sandaled, golden-eyed, tuft-crowned,  
Timeless as the changing,  
Changeless beach.  
We stopped and took each other in.

He left me, stunned. I turned  
To face an ancient man.  
“What was that?” he asked, following  
My thoughts. “The name starts  
With e or i,” he answered prophet-like.  
I moved on, convinced.  
The tuft-crowned, golden-sandaled  
Master of the beach, the pier,  
Implied in gaze and walk that we  
The guests—an audience for God—  
Live unaware.