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Egret

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Egret

Mary Dengler

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.