

Pre-Dawn—The Great Blue Heron

By Margaret Galiardi, O.P.

Briskly I walk in the grey-blue light preceding the dawn.
 Mindlessly I move toward the water's edge.
 Indistinguishable form among the muted morning hues alarmingly pierces
 the stillness
 with its cry, calling me to attention.
 Quickly it skims the water's surface, lifting off into the waking morning sky,
 moving me
 to stillness.

I return
 morning after morning
 walking now in mindfulness as I approach the muddy, reed-sheltered shore
 where
 The Great Blue Heron
 barely perceptible in pre-dawn light, awaits Earth's turn into full sun.

Forgiving of my initial intrusion she grants me a daily, if fleeting
 rendezvous,
 but she will not, indeed cannot, allow proximity of approach.
 Pushing the boundaries of propriety in search of greater intimacy, I slowly
 raise the
 glasses upon glimpse of her.
 Turning toward me her eyes catch the emerging light.
 Green-yellow fire locks onto my gaze.
 I behold Spirit: this Great Blue Heron.

