A Heron Seen Feeding At Sunset

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Beauty burns upon the wave,
Aglow from the fire
Aflame in Plato’s cave;
Flown from the lyre
Of childhood’s dream,
The bird flashes its gleam
Through dark evening’s nave,
Startling the heavy-lidded stream
And stirring memories of long ago.

Its cry awakens the strange land
Of child and man, where trumpets ring,
Dragons sing, and colors dance upon command;
Where a serenity enfolded within its wings
The restless mind, the searching hand,
And the pearl sleeps upon the sand.

Its cry was first heard in the inland
Of childhood’s lore, long before
Its wing thundered upon this shore;
Beneath the beams of an open soul
It supped from its golden bowl
And softly swam an invisible maze,
In that land far from this shifting haze.

But its cry from out childhood’s dream
Now seems to echo with deeper note
Among these oaten reeds and rustling stream;
Whose whiteness now floats across the moat
To appear here with stranger wonder unfurled,
Nestling back the real and unexpectant world.

Fr. Leo A. Hetzler