

IN MORNING LIGHT

Within a rushing stream of morning light,
she stands still as a heron
with one sole
held flush against the other inner thigh
and her long arms
like bony wings folded back
so that when the motion of a breeze
passes through her body
there is a deep repose at its root
and in an eye's blink
she has become this gently swaying tree
stirring in the wind of its breath
while linked to the ground
by the slow flow of energy
that brings her limbs together
now in prayer and blessing
for the peace she is finding there.

by Floyd Skloot