

Birding at the Lake

D. A. Cooper

A pod of pelicans patrols the shore
like angels guarding the gates of heaven.

Two robins stare into the rising sun,
seeking communion with the mystery of light.

A sole hawk soundlessly hovers,
hoping to find flocks to prey on.

A gang of gulls glides like leaves
freshly fallen from the tree of life.

Three egrets skim the water's surface;
Creation ripples, wrinkling in their wake.

Gulps of cormorants calmly glide
to the distant shore in the shining dawn.

An echo of mockingbirds, eager to mimic
something lovely, listens and waits.

Pen and paper perched on my lap,
I search the numen for the notes of my song.