

## **Bird Days**

On Human Days I step gently on earth,  
making my way down the lane  
foot-sure; solid soil beneath me,  
one tread at a time, padding along  
in this earthbound body where I reside

On other days, when I am perhaps  
not quite so grounded in the present,  
I glance skyward, see the long, lazy flap  
of blue-grey heron on her arc  
to grassy marsh at lane's end

On a Bird Day I know  
as though from deep memory  
how it feels to look down instead of up,  
savor the ripple of my grey-feathered muscles,  
scan the horizon for that lush line of willows,  
and look earthward at the creature  
who stares up at me in wonder