

Original Poem by Sheniz Janmohamed

Does a Heron Know?

I slow my breath
and crouch down on the shaky bridge.

A heron stands like stone statue
in the rock-ridden river
its grey-blue feathers gleam in the sunlight

Does a heron know when it's being watched?

A sudden thrust of
its beak in the murky green
retrieving a golden fish, swallowed
as quickly as it was caught.

For a moment, the heron and
I stand still —
 witness and witnessed
blessed by the afternoon breeze.

PROMPT:

Slow your breath and steady your feet.

Scan your surroundings for signs of life.

What do you witness, and what is witnessing you?