Heron and the Moon

Soft is her breath as the full moon rises
smiling looking down at smooth calm waters
warm breezes whisper to the gentle ripples
the lonely heron stands stoically entranced
serenity lulls the heart and warms the spirit.
Sounds of the city, lights and people are null
seagulls and terns have found their roosts
fog horn speaks from the rocky outer banks
swells carry seaweed on a high running tide
stars strive to shine through the bright lunar glow
a ketch cruises by with her mizzenmast down.
Venus clams squirt water all along the beach
a ghostly chill suddenly wraps all around us
the wind changes to an on-shore sea breeze
the great blue heron extends her wings wide
captures the zephyr and rises into the night
reflected by the light of the beautiful full moon
off to the sand dunes to nap until the sunrise.

Ken Allan Dronsfield is a disabled veteran, poet and fabulist who resides in Seminole, Oklahoma. He is a three-time Pushcart Prize and thrice Best of the Net Nominee for 2016-2018. He has three poetry collections, The Cellaring, A Taint of Pity and Zephyr’s Whisper. Ken loves writing, thunderstorms, walking in the woods at night and spending time with his cats Willa and Yumpy.