

## **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.

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