

BRACKISH

Like that other loner,
the great blue heron, I patrol
the salt marsh for hours, measuring
time in increments of hunger.

How the heron persists,
solitary in his courting plumage,
long-legged patience dedicated
to customs of past success yielding
nothing for the hole in his belly.

Esparto grass sways against
your absence, the old habits of sand,
its cryptic patterns
persuading my emptiness
to see your sandal prints.

--Glenna Holloway