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The Tour Guide's Speech: Eagles at Fish Creek

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THE TOUR GUIDE'S SPEECH: EAGLES AT FISH CREEK

“You should have seen the sunlight,”
he says, “how it glazed the snowfields
and rose over their wings, how beads
of water covered their backs, how
the sky above them and the fish
below them bloomed in this gold light.
They walked on the banks like children
expecting some kind of surprise,
and the water foamed, there were so many
diving for fish, chasing each other,
squawking and fighting like sparrows.
The clouds moved in, the water whipped up,
snow was falling, and they kept on feeding.
That,” he says, “was a sight worth seeing:
the park roads closed, the hotels shuttered,
everybody gone home to wherever,
and sixty eagles fighting for salmon,
in the wrong season, in a coming storm.”