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## Black Marsh Eclogue

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## *Black Marsh Eclogue*

Although it is midsummer, the great blue heron  
holds the darkest winter in his hunched shoulders,  
those blue-turning-gray clouds  
rising over him like a storm from the Pacific.

His stands in the black marsh  
more monument than bird, a wizened prophet  
returned from a vanished mythology.  
He watches the hearts of things

and does not move or speak. But when  
at last he flies, his great wings  
cover the darkening sky, and slowly,  
as though praying, he lifts, almost motionless  
as he pushes the world away.