

Kingfisher

A spray of droplets, clear and bold
a thousand beads of molten glass
A blur of blue, like dark ice cold
a flash of green with jewel-like cast

Wings of iridescent blue
feathers splay in perfect flight
Throat of cherry blossom hue
golden tail sparks electric light

Sawtooth crest, crowned in spray
of sun-baked rocks where river rushes
A streak of teal on stained glass bay
among the rooks, the cranes, the thrushes

Solitary vision twists and turns
falls through silken clouds and sky
Skims shores of stone, slowly learns
to fan its wings and fly

In whose song the fragrance
Of Spring remains?
In the sound of wings
and chiseled rain

Echoing like a sweet refrain