

Wilderness House Literary Review 14/3

Daniel Edward Moore

Heron

Leaning down toward godliness
the way a heron's unsheathed sword
teaches you which foot to lift
& where to put it down,

Lord thy will is salt to me preserving who I'm not.

I witnessed how your shift in power
made me sacrificial, when flesh
was stone & prayer the end
of every father's knife.

You splashed me into words, keeping feathered psalms alive,

sparing shallow pools of me, soaked
in battles lost, from being more
than beaks could sing
if it came to that.