

Crystal Pond

By Marilyn Reeves

I dreamt I was a great white heron
Soaring high in the summer sky.
And in the midst of a grass-green meadow
Something shiny caught my eye.
I fluttered down to the lacy crown
Of a graceful willow tree,
Whose silver fronds cascaded down
To touch their own reflection
That was mirrored in the pond.
The crystal water of the pond
Swirled round and round
Its own perimeter,
Revolving around the dark blue depths
That formed a vortex at its center.

A family of tiny yellow ducklings
Followed their proud mother,
Cutting crisscrossed chevrons
In the surface of the water.
On a small log across the way
Four small turtles had come out to play.
And near the pretty red rose bushes,
A giant bullfrog called his mate,
Who was playing hide and seek
And was hidden in the rushes.

And then from my perch on high
I saw a pretty fish swim by.
It was colored white like me
Which made it hard to see
Against the shining surface of the water.
But I decided it would do;
It's the one I would pursue,
For I was hungry for my supper.

The little white fish swam toward the center,
Where the water swirled around and down
And its color turned dark blue.
As a bird of the water
I followed it down the twirling fulcrum
All the way to the very bottom
Before the fish I spied.

I grasped it in my beak
And then reversed my stride,
Climbing higher and higher
Out of the whirling water,
Until I reached the side.

But when I opened my mouth
To take a breath,
The little fish leapt away,
So I had to find another meal
To feast upon that day.
Around the edge of the pool
Lived a mass of krill,
So I scooped some up
In my long, sharp bill
Until I ate my fill.

And then I startled awake
And the dream was gone,
But the pretty images lingered on.
I wish I could be that great white heron
And fly to the top of the tree –
The one with the silver fronds.
I'd love to spend eternity
Looking down at that clear bright water
With its swirling dark blue center
That I dreamt was Crystal Pond.