



Water's Edge

**In the crease between dawn
and a receding tide,
spreads a space to listen
when the Spirit speaks.
In shallows where
the Great Blue Heron lights
to feast at dawn's ebbing tide –
poised, hovering in a shallow sea
its silence extends eternity
thinner than the line
between dawn and day –
a pause that takes my breath away.**

**Mary Kollar
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