

Heron Bird

The sandy shore scattered with pebbles plentiful
A heron bird is tossed by the waves back and forth repeatedly
I look into his pitiful eyes and stopped to see if he was still alive
Even though my friend told me it was a helpless cause
And to keep going on my path and not to stop
The heron bird had his foot and beak caught in a fishing lure
I could not go on even though I took a few helpless steps to be on my way
All of a sudden in desperation I ran in the opposite direction for help
I was able to say no
I will not leave the heron bird to die painfully in fishing hooks
There were three people situated there on the beach
They were enjoying this lovely summer day
I called them over to see if they could help the heron bird in distress
Since I did not know how to help the heron bird myself
They carefully took the fishing lure off the lovely feathered heron bird
Then suddenly he took off to the water and swam away into the horizon
Never looking back to the beach again
Further on down the beach another heron bird died
He was caught on a fishing lure
I remember the feathered heron bird in distress looking pitiful in his state
And when he swam into the horizon free to enjoy the beauty of living again
Go heron bird go, go and go
What a spectacular sight to see him go free again
I love it!

Renata Dawidowicz

Published in: "Spirit"

On page 21- November 94

