

## Five Herons

Five herons flying past, low above the water,  
Long necks tucked back: flying between the golden shimmering sea  
And the gray and golden clouds of the sun's rising.  
Behind, in sky of palest blue  
Above the palm fronds,  
The yellow moon sinks slowly to her rest.  
Oh golden flying moment, snatched from time,  
Valued above all price,  
With loving care laid in the treasure house  
Of memories and taken out, as now,  
To feed my soul  
When all around is dear.