

# The Catch

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## After the Splash

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After the Splash

we step to the porch railing—  
wine glasses in hand, Scrabble forgotten—  
to spy a bird floundering in the cove,  
dashing the sea with great, feathered  
downbeats, almost obscured by the spray.  
It's a bald eagle and my heart thrashes with it.

I'm ready to canoe to the rescue,  
my husband paddling, me leaning  
over the bow, poised to pluck a frantic,  
flapping, full-grown eagle out of the sea  
in my bare arms. Its wing span is wider  
than I am tall, its beak a scimitar.

But the bald eagle doesn't need me.  
It settles onto the water, plump as a duck,  
turns beak to shore, scoops the sea with  
feathery palms, and climbs out on a rocky  
shelf, dragging in one talon a fish,  
huge and silvery in the sunlight.