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Cormorant

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Cormorant

You stand steadfast when I arrive. Perched
high above the river on overhead wires,
your black backs lustrous, heads alert to
any change of current below. You cling,
more patient than I could ever be waiting

in some interminable line to eat, and survey
the shifting current below. Sea crow
they call you, but there is nothing
of the common cawing backyard tyrant
in you. As still and sure as the prow

of a ship ready to launch, the sea
is yours. When you choose, you ride
the pulsing rush of waves, low
to the water, throb of drops against
webbed feet. Then you dive—straight,

swift. Rise with fish flicking in your beak.
Back on the wire with your fellows,
you spread your wings, preen. Balance
between river and sky, consider me
insignificant with your aqua marine eyes.