

The Kingfisher

For Maureen Harris

And so each bird throws the idea of herself
 ahead of herself, up the river—
A line of spiritual thought without a sinker—
And flies after it. As if the actual could ever hope to reel the ideal in. But so it is
That awareness of the azure kingfisher—a dark electricity, a plump
Trim elegance of intent—reaches you on the riverbank
 that last warm Sunday of autumn, split seconds
Before the bird; so that when she passes you at light speed, her name
 is already a bright blue phrase on your tongue, is already
 the unresolved cadence of your second self.

MARK TREDINNICK