GERI ROSENZWEIG

It Sings

Listen carefully,
You’ll hear the incredible
song whispering
into the inlet, rippling
through the silted rooms
of small lives surviving
on the edge, and
if it’s evening, brushing
the yellow legs
of the night heron
poised tense
as a comma against the shore.
You must be there, close
to the surge of salt
baptizing mollusk
and frog, snail
and slug, even the stone,
shorn of its algae,
glitters in the jubilant
swarm of the tide
ticking among reeds,
there, when the long,
whiskered heads sway like Cabalists
in the ecstatic swell.