

“Egret”

a poem inspired by Peggy Cook’s painting, *Great Egret*

by Rachel Heinhorst

She doesn’t even know the word *grace*,
that coming around my river bend run,
when I saw her
looking out on the everything
she lives among –

that *grace* is what I named her,
that she is the strength
every girl should know,
beautiful because of her being –

I saw her and I stood.
I saw her and I saw nothing else.
I saw her and I wished
not to *be* her, but to learn from her -

which is exactly what happened
when her great wings opened
and moved her
wherever she wished to go.