

# Even now I wing

by [Jason Hickman](#) in the [September 21, 2004](#) issue

It stands in the water stilted  
head cocked like a hammer; faster  
than the eye it hooks a flash of gray and then  
a glimpse of silver quickly swallowed.

I wish the canoe to silence,  
hold breath with the day a ruffle  
of air and feathers an explosion  
into grace and it's gone a hundred  
yards away. I begin the painstaking  
task of easing oar and self across  
the surface towards this totem an avatar  
granting pure life, motion, a reason  
to be. It wings forth again in perfect  
silence and falls perched on the stillness  
that stretches its hand out over  
the water down deep into the mud the fish  
that are blind to the roots into me where  
even now I am winging

with the blue heron.