

Glory

by [Jeffrey Munroe](#) in the [July 2024](#) issue

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A July afternoon

A friend's deck

A Michigan lake

A bald eagle lodges itself onto a nearby tree

Big brute shoulders and murderous intent

Then off as he galumphs over the water

A Baltimore oriole comes to a feeder

Bold beautiful black above a brilliant belly

I thought I understood orange

The eagle is a torpedo bomber

The oriole God's paintbrush

So much to be astonished by

I look for the edge

What we've almost lost

What we're losing

Yet today is heaven

Bright sun dancing on blue water

I break off a bit of bread with my wine