

Spen heron

Hey Julie Crane, you one-legged wonder,
Queen of mucky beck, omen-bird, stripe-eye,
you are the plumed herald
of this stream brought back from the dead
and when you fly over, at lollop-pace,
your torn-blanket wings acquire grace.

Hey Julie-of-the-ripples, fishy drilling rig,
Queen of tatty nest, tiddler-blitz, frog-clamp,
your big feet print six twigs
and the pressed creak of your call
pierces the peace of bunds and scrapes
in this woody sanctuary between estates.

Hey Heron-Rani, I catch you in my wing-mirror
when I pull out of Heron Close –
you loom the shallows in grey kameez
as you tilt at the wind this ice-less winter.