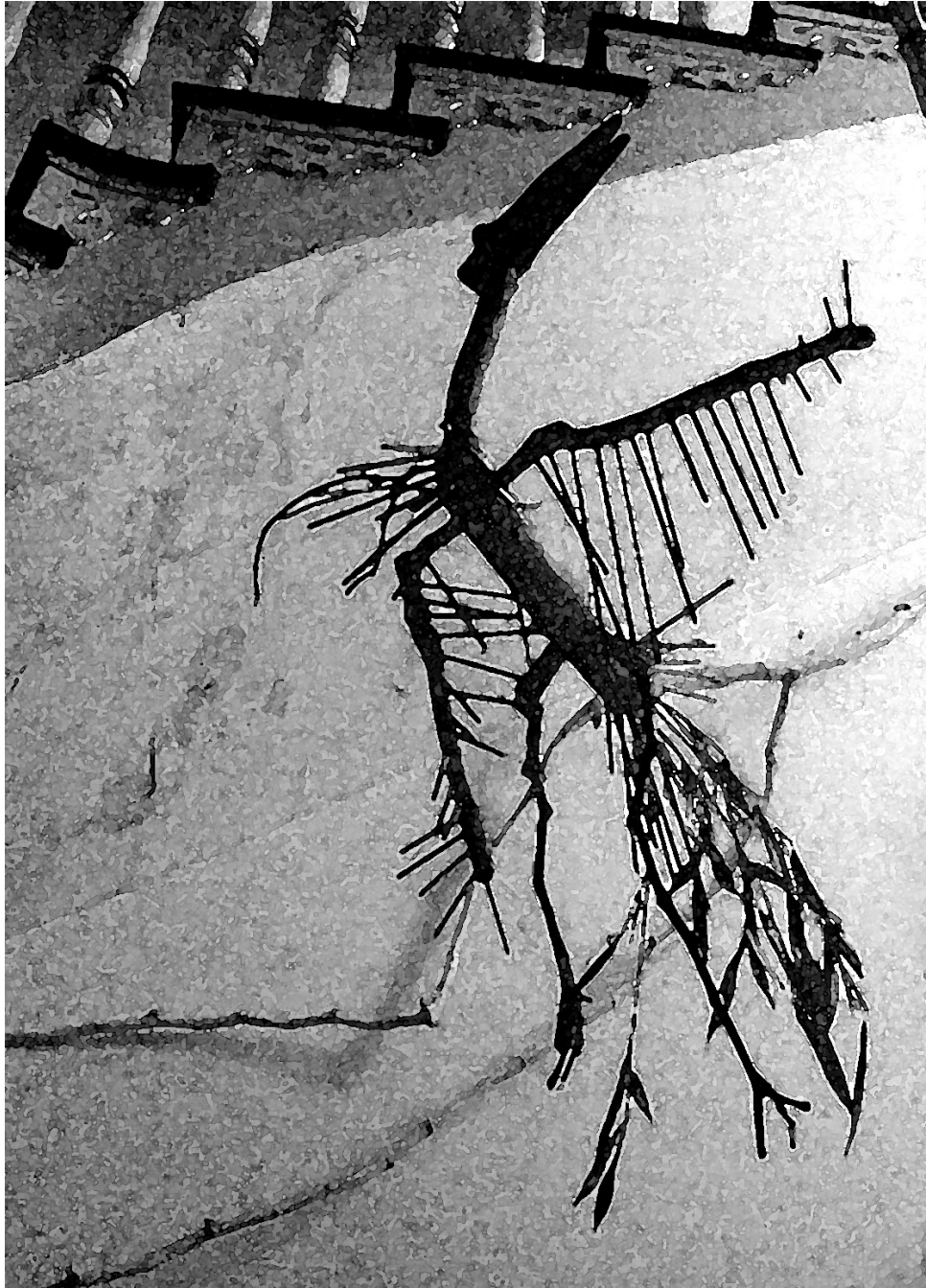


## The Heron Angel Rises



## HARK! THE HERON ANGEL SINGS

Have you heard the heron angel sing?  
The long throat thrum, hoarse call,  
Sigh of pinfeathers, whistle of ribs?  
Rattle of flutey hollow bones  
on nesting sticks in riparian tree?

~ *battuta col legno* ~

Before she died, her wings beat in 4/4 time,  
Conducted by hormones and marshy seasons.

~ *con brio* ~

Still she wants to build the nest.  
Still she searches for sticks to carry in her bill.

~ *pizzicato* ~

To arrange them, each sticknote, one by one.  
The arrangement of an inherited song.  
In bones and skull, she still  
Believes she has a mate, and always will,

~ *sempre* ~

She flies upriver,

~ *silenzio* ~

The sounds are in memory only,  
Hers and mine.

~ *a cappella* ~

no angel harps or trumpets,  
in our woody church,  
just the chorus of other voices:

Bullfrogs (*basso ostinato*): ngarrupp guhlknnpp

Songbirds (*vivace*): teerup teeerp teerup

Owls (*devoto*): whoooo whooo whooo

Woodpeckers (*percussio*): knocknockknock nnock

Trees (*sospirando*) pssssshhhh pssssshhhh

Me (*lacrimoso*) Oh, poor bird, poor heron.

~ *morendo*

