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Strictly,

by Luke Zilles

step by step,
 the heron enters
 the shallows:
erect, adagio,
 in rigid concentration:
 to stab suddenly and swallow
 a flash of glitter.

Imprinting the sand's domain
 of stillness and shimmer,
 its steps echo
the stamp of peace,
 as crisp as frost
 perplexed on glass
 to window winter.

A wash of watercolor
 brushes the paper with not sky,
 but the lazuli of heaven,
a haze of reverence
 serenely floating
 the lifted frankincense
 and air of evening.

Time, overwriting
the dead history of ink,
inscribes in stringent salt
the scattered shore
of shell and elegy,
of hull, keel, skull.
Read the nameless sand.

Bio

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