

Kelley K. Malone

## REFLECTIONS ON BOLINGBROKE CREEK

Rising up from the creek, the splintered piling  
offers an osprey bed high into the sky—brittle sticks and twigs  
poke and stitch precariously, while the family circles and feeds nearby.  
Then there is the turtle—  
emerging from the cold mud,  
doing its slow dance on the branch,  
basking in the adoration of the sun,  
while the water murmurs, while children  
point wildly from the shore.  
Minnows scatter from a mass  
of marsh grass and the heron's meditation  
breaks—gulping a silver splash of light,  
climbing into the dense air, croaking.  
I wish I could live so easily, singing my coarse  
song without apology, praying the wooded edges  
of this creek just as the heron's blue body does  
before gliding into the green.  
I wish I could bask like the turtle,  
rising from each black bath washed and warmed  
in a breath of sun, balanced on the back of each new day.  
I want to rest in fine moments  
woven like those brittle branches—  
building my home of sticks, nesting on the brink  
of some high, weathered peak—rising.