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## On the Marsh

Merry Higgs

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## On The Marsh

Cattail sentinels stand silent beside  
Hillocks of dried grass capped with snow.  
Watchful Canadian geese stare while  
Two fly overhead, piercing the silence  
With their strident honks.

Quiet descends again, except for  
The chatter of small birds as they flit.  
Dried grass draped over fallen trees  
Rustles in the wind, keeping the beat for  
The birds conversation.

Sitting atop trees at the edge of the marsh,  
Hawks look down on this bleak scene.  
Almost monochromatic, yet subtly colorful.  
Shades of whites, blacks, browns and grays  
Seen in birds, trees, grass, water and sky.

Candy wrappers add discordant colors  
To the pure earth tones of the marsh.  
Crumpled cans mark man's disrespect for  
God.

But even these can't mar the simple beauty.  
Cold and desolate, yet alive in small sounds.

Walk silently into this special place,  
Slowly let your heartbeat slacken.  
Stop and listen. Still and quiet,  
Yet the voice of God's creatures  
Enter your heart and soothe your sorrow.

*Merry Higgs*