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On the Marsh

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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