

Poetry

Written by Bob Bender
Wednesday, 15 July 2015 06:21



Midsummer Marsh

By Bob Bender

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Soft you now

First light be slow breaking

Over the cross sound Cat Island pines

Onto the face of the new moon tide

Spartina blades in silhouette

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Feel the calm

Still air on a moss hung morn

Puff of down feather slowly on the drift

Perchance from nestlings cradled near

Large eyed and quiet waiting

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Now the sun

Steady on bodes hours sultry

Raising a shimmer over the mud banks

Gators and cooters lie by lids closed

As beads form on the brow

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Comes the breeze

Sending marsh grass rolling

Steady onshore winds up river flowing

Bringing movement to tree shadows

A cool caress most welcome

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Hide and seek

In intricate chains connects all

As myriad beings play out life's game

Plying innate and mysterious skills

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So to eat and not be eaten

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Low the rumble

Late afternoon comes knocking

With all too familiar cloud banks rising

An easing wind and growing hush

The scent of rain wafts nigh

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Across the bay

Now sweeps a curtain heavy

With the flash and roar of angry gods

Crashing down all 'round in fury

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Spending itself weak with loss

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All is quiet

Save the cadenced pat of droplets

In consort with the coming darkness

Harbingers of the tree frog choir

Moon through parting clouds