

# Spirit of Place: Great Blue Heron

Out of their loneliness for each other  
two reeds, or maybe two shadows, lurch  
forward and become suddenly a life  
lifted from dawn or the rain. It is  
the wilderness come back again, a lagoon  
with our city reflected in its eye.  
We live by faith in such presences.

It is a test for us, that thin  
but real, undulating figure that promises,  
“If you keep faith I will exist  
at the edge, where your vision joins  
the sunlight and the rain: heads in the light,  
feet that go down in the mud where the truth is.”

—William Stafford