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## Cape Meares Lake

I know you are man made  
but some good may come of that.  
Whimbrels, armed with whittled sickles  
worry the dunes in whimpered shrieks,  
while a young Glaucous-winged beats so near  
the red penny shines her lower beak.  
In the distance, windswept lake,  
gull cousins cut above you their white ghost-streaks  
ready to scavenge the dirty towns.

All afternoon, uneven chevrons of cormorants  
– their common throats give them away –  
are heard only by sips of wind,  
they leave perfect shadows in their wake.  
Several brown pelicans labor, then glide –  
how can such monstrous birds do both?  
A study in group dynamics: they tuck  
and dive, then rise above the sheen  
for a better look.

I know too, eagles  
perch patient in the snags until the sun dips  
past the slant of sedge-grass as trout  
sound-off bubbles from thickening reeds;  
Canada geese have flattened those shores  
their eggshelled nests pocked with gosling orbs.

(continued)

All these lovely flocks because a human mistake  
built a road, a jetty wall, a misplaced culvert.  
And still in spring, the best to come is yet:  
the secret pairs of trumpet swans bearing cygnets.

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