

Voices for Change Poem Submission

PORTER BROOK.

Slow, slow, fast,
slow, slow, fast,
the water beats
to it's waterfall dance,
it dives – it's come alive,
from smooth to rough,
on rocks it's jumping up,
and spinning, swirling on.

THE HERON

The heron's come to watch the waterfall,
and we watch it,
we know it's after fish;
we wait, it flies,
a pre-historic curve above the cars,
and out of sight.
Did you see the heron? I'm asked.

Shirley Cameron

