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All There is to Tell

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I.

great blue heron
with his great yellow beak
spears a fish from the waterway,
between
the slick reeds,
green as a thunderstorm.
he drips it down his
great gray throat,
shaped like an archer's bow,
and swallows
like a loosed arrow.

why do I see you
in everything?

II.

some things
are just hard.

that's that.

no fanfare
just the firmness
of a stone, sharp
on one edge,
pressed
into the riverbed;

the cold water says
goodbye, goodbye,
as it winds off
into the world.