

Kingfisher · *David Wagoner*

The blunt big slate-blue dashing cockaded head
Cocked and the tapering thick of the bill
Sidelong for a black eye staring down
From the elmbranch over the pool now poised
Exactly for this immediate moment diving
In a single wingflap wingfold plunging
Slapwash not quite all the way under
The swirling water and upward instantly
In a swerving spiral back to the good branch
With a fingerling catfish before the ripples
Have reached me sitting nearby to follow it
With a flip of a shake from crestfeathers to white
Bibchoker down the crawhatch suddenly
Seeing me and swooping away cackling
From the belt streaked rusty over the full belly.