

# *Archaeopteryx*

A heron stirs with easy majesty  
Spreads strong outreaching wings and grasps the air  
As if it were a solid thing, to push  
His massy body, from water derived  
Upward, where vision grows far and clear.

A hummingbird flails with frenzied fury  
But she is calm, serene, and fixed in space  
As she accepts her bribe from flowery depths:  
Our Sun's fierce energy, made tame and sweet  
To power the pollen-bearer's delight.

Archaeopteryx is not a virtuoso of the air.  
He is a feathered reptile, too heavy for his strength;  
He moves with vigor, but his motion is crude;  
His stability is precarious;  
He suspends his descent, and only that.

The proto-bird does not know what he is:  
A trial, an experiment, a bridge.  
I know my spiritual irony:  
Archaeopteryx I aspire to be.

