

Azure Kingfisher

© Alan Stuart March 2013

Blue as the water o'er which it flies,
Blue as the vast over-arching skies.
A silent flash first catches my eye.
It faces me now, buff orange breast,
Enhancing the blueness of the rest.
Its vivid colours cause me to sigh.

The shadow-filled billabong is wide
It flies across in a graceful glide.
My quiet presence does not intrude.
It perches on sentinel duty,
And both its silence and its beauty
Reinforce the peaceful solitude.