

Perfect Morning

by D. E. Laczi

Nearly each morning
I see them heading upstream on the Wabash,
long, slim vessels parting the water,
multiple oars dipping rhythmically, fluidly
a lone heron perched on a half-submerged tree limb
as mist rises with the bark of the coxswain's drills,
and the taut beauty of muscled arms and legs
rowing vigorously in unison
as the early Spring sun's radiance
blossoms on the dark stirring of river.