

You might not have seen the dump truck today, illegal fill
on the hill. But, I did, watching from your perch on the deck.

What did you see standing at the corner for hours?

What did you hear?

Unfolding scene, highs and lows?

White heron stalking.

Wings flapping, rustling of leaves. Rippling water.

What did you make of that bulldozer last summer?

Could you see this estuary slipping away?

Did you see the family of swans sailing away?