

# Osprey

The osprey waits  
On number three  
Her nest a twisted simile  
Like a tangled castle in the sky  
Safe from sails  
That pass it by

Up she flies  
Soaring high  
Till silver dances in her eyes  
Then down she drops  
Into the sea  
Grasping at opportunity

With vigorous beat  
Of flapping wings  
Her treasure snagged our princess sings  
She works her way  
Out of the foam  
Straining now back to her home

Her mate stands tall  
On number four  
Eyeing the tasty metaphor  
Up on life's stage  
For all to see  
Majestic prince of liberty

To his castle high  
On number three  
Our prince now flies with dignity  
He nods then bows  
Above the sea  
Then osprey dine like royalty

*Russell F. Flynn Jr., Hermitage Gardens Volunteer*