**Heron's Arc**

Stan Galloway

A grey heron glided slowly overhead

somewhere south of Bredasdorp

its S-neck smooth as ribbon candy

in the crystal dish my grandfather filled at Christmas,

grace and leisure merged into

that single arc across unbroken sky.

Did the space where it had been remember it

a moment later, or a year?

I couldn't see the heron any longer

but my mind retained the image.

If space and time collapsed

and I could be all places I have ever been

in a single moment, could I

taste the old sweetness

from my grandfather's hand?