

A Cormorant on Fort Point Channel

by Con Chapman

I walk past the Postal Annex and
hit the bridge across Fort Point Channel.
There I see a swimming bird
'tween land and sea
a cormorant.



I see him, he sees not me. Indifferent
to the walkers above, he rests,
floating, his body beneath
the surface of the water, his
long neck and head above,



then dives towards a fish unseen.
I walk past World Shaving Headquarters,
he surfaces again down where I turn
to return to Summer Street and
work, the daily bread and all that.



He (for all I know it could be she)
goes about his business with
bland efficiency, dives again and
comes up with a fish. Done for
the day, or at least the morning.



Half an hour from now, old sport,
I'll be hunched over a desk and you,
sitting on a buoy in Boston harbor,
scanning the water with the rest of the
flock, while planes glide lower into Logan.

