

Calls in the Wilderness

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This Knight was black, but I could see
his form through the shadows moving free
The ground fog danced below the trees

The dark capped pilot, with a scarf of black and white
cut through the air like a jet fighter in flight
He swerved to the left, and then turned to the right
on a mission, on a cool starry spring night

His instincts of direction would lead him to his quest
his flight was urgent he must land before all the rest
To set down quietly on the water and become immersed
it was very important that he be there first

A long hard journey without much rest
to make his claim, he has to be the best
Establishing his territory, he must remain vigilant
swimming in circles checking the pond, head held high
neck upward and straight
looking for marauders, listening for his mate
A day went by, without intruders around
then he heard her call, a most beautiful sound

She glided over him, slowly making a turn
sliding into the water beside him
calling to him with her soft mating yearn
excitedly he greets her and their duet began
tremolos in different pitches
echoing throughout this wonderful water land

Both hungry and tired, he took the first watch
tucking her head back on her wing, she rested

The intensity of their devotion,
such a beautiful thing

With the rise of the sun, and the fog off the pond
I was not surprised to find them both gone
An occasional hoot exchanged between mates
helped me to locate them down by the dam gate

Resting and feeding, staying in close range
diving and preening and rolling in place
The urgency of their calls, when out of each other's sight
will draw attention from those in flight

Some say they are noisy, but quiet they can be
They will be right in front of you but you will never see
Drawn to each other by nature's mating call
dancing on the water with incredible grace
a minuet begins in this enchanted water place

Touching the shore only a few times in their lives
to mate, and then to nest,
He is large and strong defending his territory
She is small and willful, loyal and true
both formidable forces, in times of unrest

Foes come and go with tireless aggression
battles last for hours, without any truce
Defending their territory with body bashing,
intimidation, and long sharp bills slashing

Winners usher out the losing foe
Then off to the shore the pair will go
procreation is what will occur

Quietly together a nesting site is found

made safe on high swampy ground
made of mud and sticks, or whatever is around

Nestling down softly on her new nest
two eggs she will lay, and then she can rest
he stays very close, keeping a silent watch

Each spend hours sitting under the hot sun
they exchange places, then she takes a dive
this is the only way the eggs will survive
turning the eggs, then he sits to keep them warm
as the biting black flies and mosquitoes swarm

Battles are fought with determination and won
days go by and then the time has come,
for the eggs to hatch, and to greet two little ones

Joyous sounds complete the event
two little loonlings, heaven has sent
They jump in the water and bob like two corks
with both parents, nervous, exhausted and spent

Downy black feathers more like fur
two little charmers climb up on the back of her
Damp and tired, they push under the wings
with dad in tow watching over things

Family bonds are established and the teaching begins
two are now four, and their life's journey continues anew
The loons' calls in the wilderness rings loud and true.