Osprey
By Russell F. Flynn, Jr.

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

About the Author:
Mr. Russell Flynn is a regular volunteer at Elizabeth River Project’s Paradise Creek Nature Park, Portsmouth, Virginia.

Russell’s poems are inspired during his daily walks in nature including along the Elizabeth River and Lafayette River branch.