“In the Eye of the Egret”
By Deborah Schmidt

Lowering sun flames the rippled shallows as the snowy egret lifts her catch in her long beak. Her world is not the one we see—or think we know. Her amber eyes focus both near and far, despite turbulence and reflection. How does this sunset manifest to her? Even for us, who only perceive red, green, and blue, this play of light on the estuary is a shimmering fairyland, a magical fusion of fire and water. But she and her kind also see ultraviolet, a range of hues for which we have no names, an unknown and unknowable beauty.