

Seamus Heaney

## Trout

Hangs, a fat gun-barrel,  
deep under arched bridges  
or slips like butter down  
the throat of the river.

5 From depths smooth-skinned as plums  
his muzzle gets bull's eye;  
picks off grass-seed and moths  
that vanish, torpedoed.

10 Where water unravels  
over gravel-beds he  
is fired from the shallows  
white belly reporting

15 flat; darts like a tracer-  
bullet back between stones  
and is never burnt out.  
A volley of cold blood

ramrodding the current.

## Rookery

Here they come, freckling the sunset  
The slow big sailers bearing down  
On the plantation. They have flown  
Their sorties and are now well met.

5 The upper twigs dip and wobble  
With each almost two-point landing,  
Then ride to rest. There is nothing  
Else to do now only settle.

10 But they keep up a guttural chat  
As stragglers knock the roost see-saw.  
Something's satisfied in that caw.  
Who wouldn't come to rest like that?