

Geese

I hear their voices loud and clear.
And lay down rake or hoe or broom,
to search the far horizon
looking for their strings.
Across leaden sky or blue
they come,
they set their wings,
their heads to the earth,
their legs outstretched,
they glide and
gently, they set down.

Mother Nature's gleaners, they descend
by numbers untold.

Their swaying necks mimic the corn that
stood there so short a time ago.
Amidst the cacophony, their undulating
movement so like the waves on an
inland ocean.

At eventide, they rise up once again,
calling as they go,
their Vees silhouetted against the
harvest moon.

They follow the calendar imprinted on their soul.