

The Geese Go

The geese go
south every winter,
but the turn,
turn of seasons
brings the winged wedges
back.

The boys and girls go
to cities every winter—
like silly geese,
who don't know
that hunters wait
in marshes by the way,
that some don't
have the strength,
and fall
behind, and the fast ones
leave them as
they hurry on
to the easy life.

The ones who survive
must let
the turn, turn
of seasons
bring them back.

Some lose hope,
wings aching in
the tear of the north
wind, and never make it
home.

—James Irving