

Night Geese  
by Brian Kokensparger

All day the geese composed variations  
on winter's demise. In improvised vees  
they swam overhead, not always true north,  
sometimes north westish or eastish, or defiantly  
South; at noon they flanked my campsite  
to settle some primeval instinctual craving.  
Then cacophonizing, all flapped due north.

Now I lie in my tent, awakened  
mid-night by gronks and squeals high overhead.  
They pass over like bomber squadrons,  
bearing payloads to some sinless sleeping shore,  
flying with instruments deep in their heads.  
An assassin laughs near my tent flap: his throat  
strains into goosespeak. My heart restarts.

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