



Migrating Geese

The geese fly north,
Greylag, Whitefront, Pinkfoot,
In huge distorted arrowheads
Smoky at the edges.

The myths (from colour prints
And what I was told as a child)
Of V-shaped formations,
Precise, exact, straight-edged
Dissolve and blur
Into the reality of these
Hardly recognizable Vs.

And they are (remarkably) not white
Seen from this distance
But grey—or even black.

Nor is there a permanent leader:
If you watch closely
The tip of the arrowhead
Shifts and changes and blunts
For, it seems, there is often
More than one leader.

But still, at least,
They in their ragged squadrons
(Unlike those who watch below)
Somehow know
Where (and probably why)
They are going.

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