

## 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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