

Unlike Geese

A V of Geese fly low overhead
as I dislodge wet grass from the mower.
Today is your 363rd day incarcerated.
Unlike humans, if one goose is injured
the others will stay with it until it dies
or rejoins the flock. Most who loved you
have written you off, but I wait
to restart the mower and watch
the skein cut through the steel blue sky.

(Borderland Texas)

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