

## SNOW GEESE

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*Cathleen Micheaels*

There was no one to tell you  
the two white birds  
were not swans. Their wings

waxy like petals of magnolia  
blossoms. There was no one  
and the two white birds

were not magnolia blossoms.  
They were long white gloves  
floating toward you—

your mother's hands  
like crumpled gloves, like wings  
caught in your hair.