

At recess, she's in there, quiet.
She's in there, I know
she is, two of them say, two
who should be out on the playground, screaming.
Not one of them moves
though they want to—oh, they want to.
It's neither happiness
nor sadness
how they lean their heads
against her door that way.

GEESE

They open their beaks and something comes out—
a long ribbon.
And nothing to do with fear, what
they see up there.
It's like breathing to them
to swoop and glide,
a full bellows in those bodies
gives out a great foghorn.
A boat too lost in the water
might mistake it
for rescue, and signal hopelessly
with a flag, that flag
once a shirt.
To them, such a tiny flapping thing below
on the blue expanse
is—
no, not a wing.
Still their fine broad voices circle
and come down.
Oh heart of the world
briefly,
as the heart is pierced.