

The Geese of Autumn

By John Pressman

This year is strange, just four weeks till November
And I really cannot think nor tell you why,
Except to say that summer here was hot and dry,
Drier than I barely could remember,
And there are thousands of Geese in the sky.

What message is it that they all are sending
As they do their weave and wending up on high,
And their V's are long and bending as they fly,
Till their feet splay out, to brake; descending
To the lake atop the hill, beyond my eye.

Their flow is wide and evermore increasing
As they fly and glide their way across the sky,
And they squawk and talk together as they fly;
Their mournful cry trails on, beyond, unceasing.
A call to those behind to show the where they lie.

Their song tells me I must make haste on autumns ground.
I'll take their scrambled message from the air,
Decipher it; defy the odds, I thus prepare,
And act according to their doleful sound,
So winter's song will not catch me unaware.

This year I'll stack my wood a little higher
Against the barn protected at its core,
I'll have it close to me at my back door.
Thus will I have it plentiful and dryer
As I watch snow build up across the forest floor.