LAMENT FOR THE GONE-GESE

The young goslings (green-fuzz gone
With their gabbling confidence in man)
Grown feathered and arrogant and adult
Have now gone (the flock discontinued),
Leaving only one tough schooner-shaped
Old gander-ancestor who lonely-and-mad
(Muttering asides and editorial hisses)
Insists on being present but definitely
At the periphery of all human activity.

A CONTRIBUTION TO
THE DISSOLUTION OF
SULLIVAN’S POND

Those speeders
 the insect-surface-skaters
On the water
 squiggle
Dare-Devil-ish-ly
 zip zapp-ing
About leaving wash-ripples
 widening;
Their concentric circumferences
Lapping the dirt-dam
dumbly and delicately away.