



Something Told the Wild Geese



Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, —“Snow.”
Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries luster-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, —“Frost.”
All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild beast stiffened
At remembered ice.
Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly, —
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.



—RACHEL FIELD

