

GEESE

It's evening in mid-October and I'm outside putting sliced apples on the ground for any night time visitors. It's almost dark and hard to see as I lift my nose to the sky and breathe in the crisp air.

I hear the distant honking of geese and wait as they grow closer and closer and though their form is blocked out by the denseness, I know they're now directly overhead.

Their shouting symphony echoes in the dusk and I search between the trees for any sight of them. I catch a glimpse as they fly beneath a single star and all I can get out is a faint "take me with you" as they begin to disappear. I believe they would welcome me but my wings were clipped when I was born and my plumage is a distant memory.

The honking fades into twilight as they travel to unknown destinations and leave their featherless sister standing on the grass, lost and gazing at the evening sky.