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Mother Goose

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MOTHER GOOSE

Sam Lackey

The child's long, plaintive cry
Flew across the inlet.
The staccato notes of disapproval arrive
From brother and sister
Who knew the parents were still asleep.
"Got to go under that"
The words sank into the hissing waves.
The notes of the morning dove turned
My mind around to land.

Then they were there.
The clatter and gossip of geese.
Canadian geese on an Oklahoma lake.
Still in formation,
Sliding down the tilted water
Into a wondering crowd at the shore.

All found voices as tiny Alice
Cast her web of innocence and bread.
Her mother's magic carefully at rest,
Magic of a thousand birds.
Standing out of the charmed circle,
She sees her gift alive.

Electric, the child quivers,
Flexes like a bow,
Arms full of flight;
And, eye to eye,
She casts her web of life in
Long, sure, arcing shots . . .
Into the golden throats.