

Wintering

Nothing clouds the moon
round
in the early sky,
and grasses stand stiff, slicked
with the silver of first frost.

Two geese cleave
the silence with the even beat
of wings, grey in morning grey.
Pulled towards wintering,
one veers, the other with it,
and then a dip into the smooth
move of their southern bent.

We cannot know
if sun or stars compel, or winds,
or if it is a listening
to the sea a thousand miles away,
but such mating shapes the space
between them in an easy hold.

And you and I, love—
we, too, must trust the patternings,
we, too, must trust and leave unsaid
all things lost to consciousness.

—Loretta M. Sharp