

ELEMENTAL FLIGHT

BY MOLLY BERESFORD

Wild geese northward come . . .
In the far distant height
Crying through the hushed night
Wild geese winging home:
They call and call
Call to my heart
Home! Home!

Wild geese flying steadily . . .
O, the sad vibrant calling
That lonely wild cry falling
Unceasingly:
They call and call
Call to my heart
Home! Home!

Wild geese brushing the stars . . .
Cleaving clouds asunder
Swift-moving moon-bright wonder,
Old astral avatars:
Urgent they call
Call to my heart
Home! Home!

Wild geese pass overhead . . .
O sleepless weary crying,
Voices fading, dying—
All, all is said—
No more they call
Call to my heart
Home! Home!

Nay! I can hear them still . . .
Breasting the distant sky
Far echoing comes the cry
Faintly, faintlier, until
Night trembles: a star falls . . . Again
That ghostly ecstasy of joy and pain
The lonely keening cry
Of wild geese flying, calling . . .
I hear and weep as they call
Call to my heart
Home! Home!
Call to my heart—
An earth-bound heart—
Home! Home!