



MIGRATING GEESE

The geese fly north;  
Greylag, Whitefront, Pinkfoot,  
In huge distorted arrowheads  
Smoky at the edges.

The myths (from colour prints  
And what I was told as a child)  
Of V-shaped formations,  
Precise and straight-edged,  
Dissolve and blur  
Into the reality of these  
Hardly recognisable Vs.

And they are (remarkably) not white  
Seen from this distance  
But grey — or even black.

Nor is there a permanent leader:  
If you watch closely  
The tip of the arrowhead  
Shifts and changes and blunts,  
For, it seems, there is often  
More than one leader.

But still, at least,  
They, in their ragged squadrons  
(Unlike those who watch below)  
Somehow know  
Where (and probably why)  
They are going.

## Saxby Pridmore

### WHALING

We are whales  
trailing rope  
from bent harpoons  
rusted thin over time.

The barbs hold  
firm in flesh  
as water washes  
pus holes clean.

Side by side  
in trust we fear  
one more wound  
will kill us.