

The White Geese

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [June 2023](#) issue

Waiting has been, always, a discipline
alien to me. Too often, impatience consumes me.
I am a candle, its dark wick burning down too fast,
a lonely thumb of wax destined for snuffing.
I will watch, then, as its pale smoke drifts
to the ceiling like an angel's scarf, before thinning,
vanishing. Today my living spread ahead of me
like a field dank with wet in fall, decorated with
flocks of white geese. With what integral grace
their congregation lifts and lowers over the field,
like a woman in her backyard, whose white sheets
on the line lift their wings to receive the wide air.