

# When the Snow Geese Fly

*by* Marcia Meier

When the snow geese fly to the warming marshes,  
when the ice melts on the pond in the wood,  
when the sweet breath of fresh-mown hay  
lofts over us and settles on the fields,  
I will remember you have been a blessing,  
a quiet steady force

We will sit at the kitchen table and eat  
fresh eggs and ripened tomatoes  
from the garden

I will trust that all my shattered  
pieces will knit together again

and I will go when the day breaks

