

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

