



Wild geese flying

Photo by Fred W. Lahrman

Flying through a cloud-made place  
 A bird may tangle east and west,  
 Maddened with going, crushing space  
 With the arrow of its breast.

From "Flight", by Hazel Hall, 1886-1924

The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,  
*Ya-honk* he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation,  
 The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listening close,  
 Find its purpose and place up there toward the wintry sky.

From "Song of Myself", by Walt Whitman, 1819-1892