Something Told the Wild Geese

Rachel Field

Something told the wild geese It was time to go.

Though the fields lay golden Something whispered— “Snow.”

Leaves were green and stirring,

Berries, luster-glossed,

But beneath warm feathers

Something cautioned— “Frost.”

All the sagging orchards

Steamed with amber spice,

But each wild breast stiffened

At remembered ice.

Something told the wild geese

It was time to fly—

Summer sun was on their wings,

Winter in their cry.