

## Terra Cognita

Each morning I see them flying low,  
skimming the rusted antenna towers  
of my neighbors, big galumphing geese  
with their white chinstraps and their volubility,  
heading for the little waters north of town,  
and every evening back again in some goosey  
half-remembered murmuration from another life,  
all of which leads you to wonder if these  
straggling gagglers ever think about their long-range  
anserine brethren, high flying migrators on a  
bumpy road of air, feathery fighters beating  
back bone-cold fatigue early spring and late fall,  
grand and tight in their heart-clenching vees  
and do they, the locals I mean, look up, marvel and regret  
giving up their fly in the high sky for a shallow dive  
in a tepid golf-course pond? Do they ever think of the  
olm, the blind cave salamander who enjoyed the  
dark so much that now he's without eyes?  
Do they realize they are like giant pigeons,  
most successful in their skulking self-abasement,  
wholly satisfied with their timid *terra cognita*?  
Do they? Do you?