

Spring 1997

Feeding the Geese

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Recommended Citation

Schalm, Karin (1997) "Feeding the Geese," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 47 , Article 5.

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FEEDING THE GEESE

One hand holds corn, the other
pebbles. I want to swim back.
Which hand can I open?
I'm anxious about the geese.
Last time I saw them, I tied
a string to their tails—by now
it must be broken. They fly
all day in the middle of winter.
A voice says, "save yourself."
My dog, my silly dead dog.
I reach for the lamp, cracking
its glass with my clumsy fingers.
Corn spills out. All the pebbles
sink deeper. I want to pet my dog
in the close, dark water.