

SNOW GEESE

Cathleen Micheaels

There was no one to tell you
the two white birds
were not swans. Their wings

waxy like petals of magnolia
blossoms. There was no one
and the two white birds

were not magnolia blossoms.
They were long white gloves
floating toward you—

your mother's hands
like crumpled gloves, like wings
caught in your hair.