

## I

*Geese Level:* A hundred geese overhead —  
*Unnerving* A thousand —  
*Expect:* A million —  
anxiety

Heady scent of premonition.  
Acrid tang of ill omens.  
Portents.  
Too much meaning  
In too small a space.

## II

*Geese Level:* Geese are a byproduct of laminar shear stress  
Noise-Cancelling Of two layers of phantasmagorical  
Headphones Newtonian fluids,  
*Expect:* Which is why they're often seen on a plane.  
auditory aberrations A thin, sort-of Truth  
From a sort of thin layer  
geese chromatography.

### III

<i>Geese Level:</i>	As the dove bears the olive branch,
Eldrich	so to the goose bears the wand
<i>Expect:</i>	that withers all it touches.
red tint to vision; hot	A wand of nightshade,
flashes	Core of tainted silver.
	A wand of obscure origin,
	The goose surely stole it.
	Malice begets malice.

### IV

<i>Geese Level:</i>	We know not the transgression,
Beyond	the origin -
Comprehension	We know not the punishment,
<i>Expect:</i>	only the terror.
confusion; nausea;	
sweating; racing	
pulse	

### V

<i>Geese Level:</i>	Geas
Excruciating	Wing
<i>Expect:</i>	Dark
pounding heart;	Horizon
tunnel vision; racing	
thoughts; black outs;	
blood pouring from	
ears	

### VI

<i>Geese Level:</i>	I'd rather owls.
Terrifying	Owls, as though geese were turned inside out,
<i>Expect:</i>	made less evil.

tinnitus; piloerection;  
shortness of breath;  
uneven gait

Still portentous,  
Still momentous,  
Just less terrifying.  
Owls are okay.  
I can think about owls.

## VII

*Geese Level:*  
Uncomfortable  
*Expect:*  
subdermal itching;  
formication

Life within a comfortable grid.  
Parallel lines  
Interrupting narrowing circles  
Of birds in flight.  
Travel in straight lines.  
Turn at right angles.  
Trace the roof of your mouth  
With wet tongue.

I'm not afraid of geese anymore  
Because I can step on them now.  
I'm big enough.

## VIII

*Geese Level:* Ritual thinking  
*Birds* Driven by geese —  
*Expect:* By lines, by grids, by food —  
*birds* By numbers and neat delineation.  
And I'm left with questions:  
Why are they so portentous?  
Why the anxiety?  
Or maybe:  
Did I take my meds this morning?

Failing that,  
Can I just have the comfort of prayer  
Or the ecstasy of signs  
Without the bleak paranoia  
Over circling birds?