

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.
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VII

<i>Geese Level:</i>	Life within a comfortable grid.
Uncomfortable	Parallel lines
<i>Expect:</i>	Interrupting narrowing circles
subdermal itching;	Of birds in flight.
formication	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?