

2

**Geese
In
High
Wind**

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**Ann
Erickson**

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2 geese in high wind

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the lovers separated

together again

5/2/21

the nature of love

(bonding with the newborn
a hallmark card
sweet-smelling, pink & blue
"falling in love")

but, no
instead
conception in fire
in difficulty
in poverty
in pain
in passion
the smell of oleander
death
down the road
but
saying, yes
to this love, yes

that it will extend
into the rocks &
desert & fragmentation
of the future, lies
& truth
so be it
this love is formed
as though in a volcano
& when these tiny
pieces of human flesh
erupt
in a cascade of fire
they who have been kicking
or sleeping
within us

we will lay down
our lives
for theirs

5/15/21

fog lover

humans draw close
as apparitions

& far away

the doe & fawns
barely appear
as darkness
in the beige grass

10/3/21

our thoughts are like dogs

our thoughts are like dogs

on leashes in city parks

under cloudy skies

4/3/2022

I saw that landing

I saw that landing

giant coastal bumblebee

boooooomp....a white petal

4/18/2023

like a woman

earth

not only like a mother but

like a beautiful woman
the smallest trail is
like a bend of roses
reaching for the light
& then
the shade

like the smallest sand
tumbled & bejeweled

earth equips us

when we overdo it
there is no punishment

we fall away into the
empty stars

9/9/2022

I can't remember

who is dead

as I awake from dreams

the margins of the spirit world

slip like transparent water

on the sand

2/3/2023

where I get the news these days

I have a timer
3 minutes
& I have a compass

with a little tap
my compass points
at what seems to be north

& the timer tells me
how much time to talk

but the real headlines these days

I go outside
reluctantly
(sometimes)
my walker jiggling
on the bumpy road

& there unfolds
the windy sky

the crows dance
& gulls descend
& osprey plummet
into an invisible bay

out there, the ocean I ignore (sometimes)
curls up in giant hammering
white explosions
on the rocks

long ranks of the horses of
an invincible cavalry

2/11/23

the laundromat

of eternity

where we are washed
clean of attachments
numbers time

our sins
are forgotten

like the momentary birds
disappearing
in white mist

10/17/23

the spirit world

is a breath away

a gossamer film
divides us

the smell of the sea changes
blown up from the south

& a million voices
living & dead

are in the wind

the thought of the bee
below the stark bird
hundreds of feet above

the deer looks

motionless

unwilling to cross my path

so

I sit down

on a worn bench

the same brown as the grass & the deer

her eyes & ears
exclamation points

finally I get up
 "stupid stupid stupid"
I say to her
my walker rattling on the rough concrete

then
she decides to run
but not one two, three
diminishing in size
in a delicate line

I am already talking
to two sparrows
in the coyote bush

to the spirits
in the gray clouds

8/23/24

the earth is dancing

for a moment

I take it casual

eating a salad

under the table

12/6/24

fire

in the arctic air

the crows dance

bright black embers
whirling
in the sky

2/20/25

riviera

a resort built on the bodies of babies

rivers of blood

an america built on bones

2/16/25

I am a struck bell

trembling
easily afraid
a cruel word
I am shaking

Gaza is my waking
& my sleeping

I walk through
trying to be kind

as if that would help

I have little kindness left
& yet

I walk by the ocean
bright & blue
giant whitecaps

wind tears across the grass
bending it silver

4/12/2025

the value of

the false life

"if only life could
be as smooth
as this coffee"

product placement
in my k-drama

I buy the coffee

4/17/2025

Ann Erickson was a WW2 baby and spent her early life on trains and on the move, growing up in the Midwestern U.S. and going to college on the East Coast. She has written poetry and short prose since she was a child but did not publish until she settled on the Russian River in Northern California. During the 49 years she lived on the River, her writing appeared in more than a hundred small press magazines and anthologies. She edited tight magazine, an independent international experimental literary quarterly, from 1989 through 2000. Ann moved north to the Pacific coast in Fort Bragg, California, in 2020 and has been painting seascapes and writing a little.