

## The White Geese

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [June 2023](#) issue

Waiting has been, always, a discipline  
alien to me. Too often, impatience consumes me.  
I am a candle, its dark wick burning down too fast,  
a lonely thumb of wax destined for snuffing.  
I will watch, then, as its pale smoke drifts  
to the ceiling like an angel's scarf, before thinning,  
vanishing. Today my living spread ahead of me  
like a field dank with wet in fall, decorated with  
flocks of white geese. With what integral grace  
their congregation lifts and lowers over the field,  
like a woman in her backyard, whose white sheets  
on the line lift their wings to receive the wide air.