

## The Question of Ice

The honking interrupts my frustration  
as I look to see the geese land on the pond.  
The flock stands upon the water  
that is frozen; their images reflected upon the ice.  
One by one, they lift their feet in random rhythm  
before squatting upon the coldness.

How long will it take for their bodies to warm the ice?  
Or will they become frozen instead?  
I suppose it depends upon the thickness of the ice.

Only a few moments pass until I glance up  
from my work in process. A film  
of water did appear on this side of the geese.  
They have moved closer to the shore  
and the safety of the distant bank,  
while adjusting to the sudden winter day.

And, I, from the library plateau,  
ponder my own need for security  
within my inner solitude.