

Migration

Mary Gilliland

Geese knock dry cold in the stubble, clap upward.
Eve's foot pierces the edge of the garden.

Light is what she needs, not this
journey through temporal gloam
on a horse in the dark without reins.

That heady feeling:
Come along, come be born—

Someone's dreaming her now, a whirl
like a buzz saw against time's grain.
The geese cry out, announce themselves

—cleave the Making.

Occupied

Mary Gilliland

Bruised ribs, raked shins
in the search for a sweet grape
among dry vines

Endlessly back and forth
reading maps, reading the legends:
“city of peace” “gate of the gods”

Standing knee deep in the mud
of an untilled field
a rogue bull amid the red dirge

Hub of bricks on the flood plain
submerged save for its fame
Re-upped, streets radial from the gardens

Called again to prayer:
land of marshes and sand
looted and forced, and forced once more

Bone chips rattling
arms gone to a roadside bomb
Meat cold in the bowl