



*In response to Sarah Kercheval*

*The Secret Cove*

**Snow Geese**

The pond, once brimming,  
has sunk into dry reeds  
and winter-white grass

The stripped cornfields  
lie barren  
under frosted stubble

Overhead  
long skeins of snow geese  
twine and unravel  
as they pass

Is having had  
better than not having?

But who can bear  
these winter dawns  
without the open-throated cry

And the pulsing  
of a hundred thousand wings

**Paula Lozar**

Invited Guest of Roaming Writers



Sarah Kercheval, *The Secret Cove*, encaustic medium, pigments, on board, 8 x 8 inches