

Teisha Dawn Twomey

GOOSE

Duck, duck, the pulse quickens
as you chase your own plumes,

leaving a trail of smoke, to follow you
down, down, to this bottom. Tonight

you can whip and weave all you'd like
trail that dumb bird round and round

till closing. Face the facts:
You're the goose this time.

It is a game you learned to play
long ago, making love in the dark.

No hard feelings. Basically,
we are strangers. When push

comes to—look...you're just one more
strange bird from a flock, a gaggle

a swarm of someone(s), no one
knows—no one cares to.