

Miranda Pearson

Geese

An old love marries and you
hear about it at a party as you hold
your glass of Pinot Gris and
reassure the woman who told you
really, it's fine and in fact
you do feel something like relief,
this time it's finally over, like the end
of a boardwalk. There you stand,
try to be at peace about it. After all,
you didn't want him.

The boardwalk ends.
There's a bench, and a plaque
that reads: *for-----, who loved this place.*
They say the best way to forget
is to commemorate. You sit on the bench
and watch a flock of geese rise up,
and as one, move on.