**Wild Geese**

Cackle-calling.
Wild geese
In sudden aerial flurry,
Wingspreads swishing,
Climb away in skeins
On old flyways,
Through cloud spaces,
In skywastes...

Out from our city, once,
With their drums thrum-thrumming
With their flags flap-fluttering,
Marched the ranks of Sarsfield's men
Flocking to France and thundering battles,
These 'Wild Geese' left - all remember them.

Others have left,
Have gone unnoticed,
Have left without
Flurry or swish or drum,
Have gone in their thousands,
Have quietly departed,
Have taken wing
Unmourned, unsung.
No ancient callings,
No martial urges,
Have forced their flight
Towards other lands;
But their feeding-ground,
Being bleak and barren,
Promised little
To their willing hands.
One way tickets ...
Emptied wallets ...
Heavy cases ...
Leaden speech ...
Their migration
Is only echoed
When sea birds scream
By a wave-washed beach ...

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**First landing place, Botany Bay.**

**Sarsfield Bridge, Limerick.**

**Port Arthur, Tasmania.**

**King John's Castle, Limerick.**

**New Norfolk, Tasmania.**

**Old Thomond Bridge, Limerick.**

**Destination Australia.**

**The Shannon River, Limerick.**