The goose

plopping in the fen violet    long neck white neck

a birch in the peat bog

geese mate for life

like the black vulture

like the gibbons who sing belly to back in the jungle mountains

but alone now

and no eggs,

except for the moon.

How long will it take

to find another like you

when the peat is long and deep

                                                                 the black roots under our feet

                                                                 the roman coins under our feet

                                                                 the young bones under our feet

still and kept

like a woman’s gold watch.

Years pass in the peat bog with little disturbance to the wind

which blows dander and cotton heather from

the east.

How long will it take.

The goose moves on.

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**About Lillie Elsworth**

Lillie lives in a studio flat on the outskirts of Exeter. She enjoys surrealism and weird, uncanny imagery. Lillie also enjoys making clay tiles and eating baked gnocchi.

You can find more of Lillie's work in The Cardiff Review, and on the Young Poets Network website.