

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.