

Goosing Me

The goose is staring at me
greedily.
Waddling toward me
hungrily.
Stopping before me
warily.

A few more cautious steps;
now *I'm* feeling some unrest.
Sitting, sun-drenched on a bench:
Writing
wondering
imagining,
the feel of beak biting my ankle.

Steven J. Sackinger
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MMIV