

earth hard approach of winter with its wild geese looting what is left in the rice fields  
as i drive by

and think about the differences....

we have a philosophy that changes eating the philosophy that does not.

looking back into the old year that wore the life out of many things  
i begin to understand that our migration does not have a path that returns.

the lies with our bodies were worse than the lies with our words.

there was no better ending.

wf.h.

1985