

The Wild Geese

Kathy Mar

- R: The wild geese are flying out on a bright wind
And never again will their songs fill our skies
They've taken their magic and grace from our seeing
And followed the dark in their eyes
1. The wild gypsy geese in a thousand sad cities
Heard tales of a chance to fly from their tears
Out on a sun-breeze in a dark Ban-sidhe wailing
A journey of more than one hundred light years
 2. The wild gypsy geese like some star-haunted pilgrims
By ones and by twos all flew to the field
They knew they would fight to the last if they had to
That every dark hunger might somehow be healed
 3. And though they were strangers they shared a wild dreaming
And meeting that first time they knew at a glance
Without any planning, by some magic signal
They captured the ship that would see the stars dance
 4. And out on the sun-wind they flew in their rapture
With never a thought to the world left behind
The poets, the singers, the dreamers, the mystics
The few who could see among so many blind
 5. And every gosling they birthed on the star-ship
Was heir to the wild streak that drove them all on
And still the dark dream and a wild Ban-sidhe wailing
Would haunt all their sleep in that night without dawn
 6. And somewhere between the gold star that they came from
And one more unseen at the end of their flight
They lost their last yearning for somewhere to settle
And chased the wild wailing across a dark night
 7. The wild geese are flying on sun-colored feathers
In black velvet seas beyond galaxy's shore
The wild geese with all of our dreams in their pockets
Are winging away to forever and more