

# 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