

# David Albracht

## Gothic Gander

The preservation of a goose requires  
The umpteenth dereliction of some duty  
I cannot recall presently in the moonlight  
But fat grouses risen in stern wind surges  
Flee in fear from tables where they gorge  
On loathsome ooze and other discharges  
Scudded on buoyant hulls  
Wasted bonds of hospitality  
Foaming tepidarious milk toasts  
In the land of returning gnaw  
As hallowed hackles bristle platters  
With teeth awestruck in the offing  
White ram to the zephyr  
Fair and forlorn as any dog star