

Summer

The frog, for example,
in her satiny skin;

and her eggs
like a slippery veil;

and her eyes
with their golden rims;

and the pond
with its risen lilies;

and its warmed shores
dotted with pink flowers;

and the long, windless afternoons;
and the white heron

like a dropped cloud,
taking one slow step

then standing awhile then taking
another, writing

her own soft-footed poem
through the still waters.

Mary Oliver

Winter Night

What is there beyond knowing that keeps
calling to me? I can't

turn in any direction
but it's there

in the gleaming snow, and the deep
shape of the heavens, and the white

slowly traveling stars, whose fires,
for all we know,

ring like the most glorious music.
What I am sure of

I could put into a pack, like bread, like cheese,
and carry on one shoulder —

oh, it is precious, and honorable, but so small,
while all around me

the unexplained continues to spring forward.
Wherefore I say of this world,

how wonderful it is to follow a thought quietly
and perfectly to its logical end; and how wonderful

to step out into the vast night; and how wonderful
to bow down.

Mary Oliver

