**Such Singing in the Wild** *by Mary Oliver*

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| It was spring  And finally, I heard him  Among the first leaves-  Then I saw him clutching the limb  In an island of shade  With his red-brown feathers  All trim and neat for the new year.  First, I stood still  And thought of nothing.  Then I began to listen.  Then I was filled with gladness-  And that’s when it happened,  When I seemed to float,  To be, myself, a wing or a tree-  And I began to understand  What the bird was saying,  And the sands in the glass  Stopped  For a pure white moment  While gravity sprinkled upward  Like rain, rising,  And in fact  It became difficult to tell just what it was that was singing-  It was the thrush for sure, but it seemed  Not a single thrush, but himself, and all his brothers,  And also the trees around them,  As well as the gliding, long-tailed clouds  In the perfectly blue sky-all, all of them  Were singing. | And, of course, yes, so it seemed  So was I.  Such soft and solemn and perfect music doesn’t last  For more than a few moments.  It’s one of those magical places wise people  Like to talk about.  One of the things they say about it, that is true,  Is that, once you’ve been there,  You’re there forever.  Listen, everyone has a chance.  Is it spring, is it morning?  Are there trees near you?  And does your own soul need comforting?  Quick, then-open the door and fly on your heavy feet;  The song may already be drifting away. |