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

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| It was springAnd finally, I heard himAmong the first leaves-Then I saw him clutching the limbIn an island of shadeWith his red-brown feathersAll trim and neat for the new year.First, I stood stillAnd 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 understandWhat the bird was saying,And the sands in the glassStoppedFor a pure white moment While gravity sprinkled upwardLike rain, rising,And in factIt became difficult to tell just what it was that was singing-It was the thrush for sure, but it seemedNot a single thrush, but himself, and all his brothers,And also the trees around them,As well as the gliding, long-tailed cloudsIn the perfectly blue sky-all, all of themWere singing. | And, of course, yes, so it seemedSo was I.Such soft and solemn and perfect music doesn’t lastFor more than a few moments.It’s one of those magical places wise peopleLike 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. |