## 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