





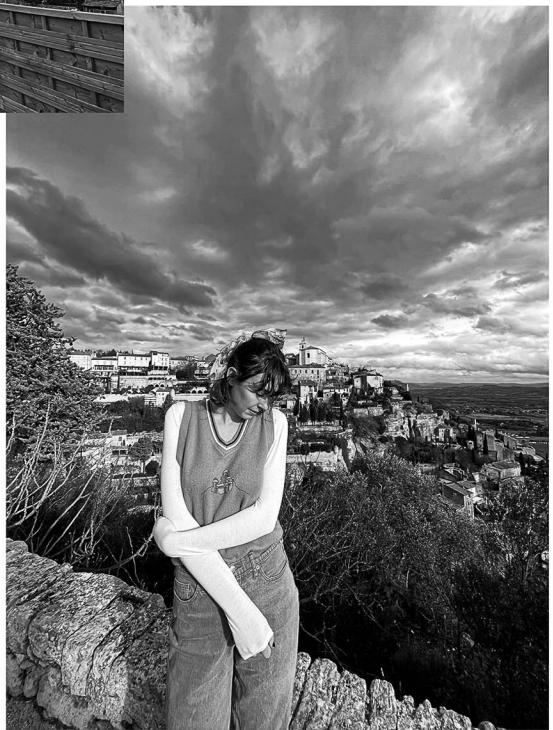
You do not have to be good.

You do not need to walk on
your knees





For a hundred miles
through the desert
repenting





You only have to let
the soft animal of
your body
love what it loves





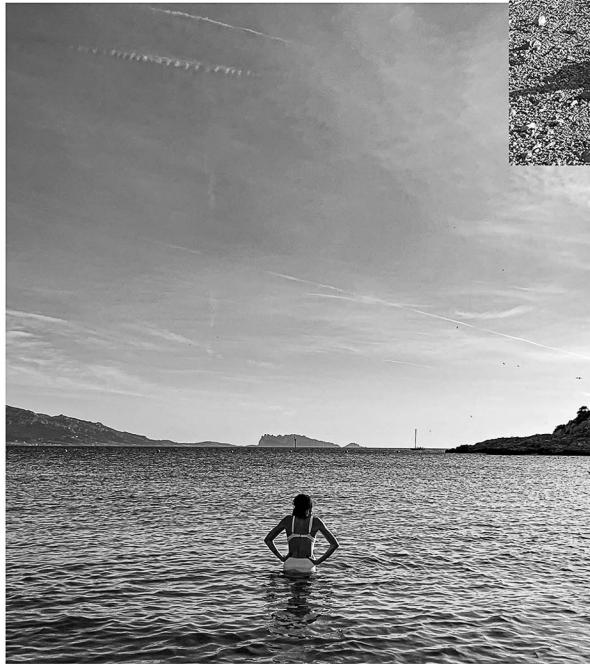
Tell me about
despair, yours, and I
will tell you mine





Meanwhile, the world goes on.

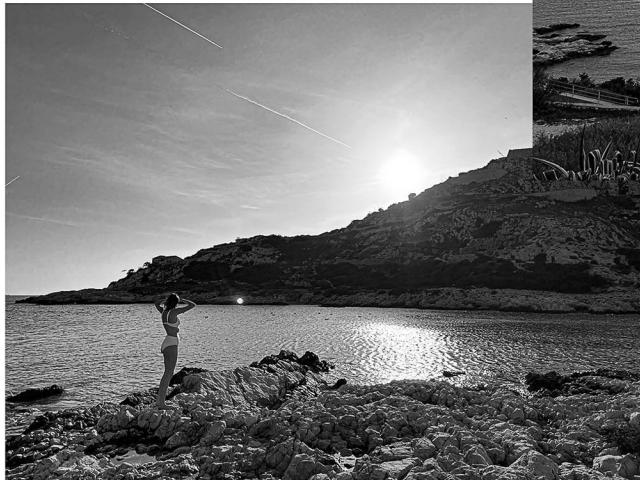
Meanwhile the sun
and the clear
pebbles of the rain



are moving
across the
landscapes,

over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.





Meanwhile the wild geese, high in
the clean blue air,
are heading home again.

Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting -
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.