

Hurricane

Mary Oliver

It didn't behave
like anything you had
ever imagined. The wind
tore at the trees, the rain
fell for days slant and hard.
The back of the hand
to everything. I watched
the trees bow and their leaves
fall
and crawl back into the earth.
As though, that was that.
This was one hurricane
I lived through, the other one
was of a different sort, and
lasted longer. Then
I felt my own leaves giving up
and
falling. The back of the hand
to
everything. But listen now to
what happened
to the actual trees;

toward the end of that
summer they
pushed new leaves from their
stubbed limbs.
It was the wrong season, yes,
but they couldn't stop. "They
looked like telephone poles
and didn't
care. And after the leaves
came
blossoms. For some things
there are no wrong seasons.
Which is what I dream of for
me.