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| **In Blackwater Woods** |  |  | |  |
| Mary Oliver   |  | | --- | | Look, the trees | | are turning | | their own bodies | | into pillars | |  | | of light, | | are giving off the rich | | fragrance of cinnamon | | and fulfillment, | |  | | the long tapers | | of cattails | | are bursting and floating away over | | the blue shoulders | |  | | of the ponds, | | and every pond, | | no matter what its | | name is, is | |  | | nameless now. | | Every year | | everything | | I have ever learned | |  | | in my lifetime | | leads back to this: the fires | | and the black river of loss | | whose other side | |  | | is salvation, | | whose meaning | | none of us will ever know. | | To live in this world | |  | | you must be able | | to do three things: | | to love what is mortal; | | to hold it | |  | | against your bones  knowing | | your own life depends on it; | | and, when the time comes to let it | | go, | | to let it go. | |  | |

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