

WHEN I AM AMONG THE TREES (EXCERPTS)

By Mary Oliver

When I am among the trees,
Especially the willows and the honey locust,
Especially the beech, the oaks, and the pines,
They give off such hints of gladness.
I would almost say that they save me, and daily.

Around me the trees stir in their leaves
And call out, "Stay awhile."
The light flows from their branches.

And they call me again,
"It's simple," they say,
"You too have come into the world to go easy, to be filled with light, and to shine."