White Owl Flies Into and Out of the Field

Alan Stringer
Mary Oliver

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White Owl Flies Into and Out of the Field

Mary Oliver

Fairly Fast

Mezzo-Soprano

Piano

mp

15

Mez.

Pno.
Slower, flexibly

Coming down out of the freezing sky

with its depth of light, like an angel, or a buddha with

wings, it was beautiful and accurate, striking the
snow and whatever was there with a force that left the imprint of the tips of its wings, five feet apart, and the grabbing thrust of its feet, and the indentation of what had been running through the
white valleys of the snow,

Fast again

and
then it rose, gracefully, and flew back to the frozen marshes, to lurk there.

like a little lighthouse, in the blue shadows, so I thought: maybe death isn't

darkness, after all, but so much light wrapping itself a -
round us, as soft as feathers, that we are instantly weary of looking, and

are instantly weary of looking, and shut out eyes, not without a -
maze-ment, and let ourselves be carried, as

through the translucence of mica, to the

river that is without the least dapple or
shadow, that is nothing but light,

scalding aortal light, in which we are washed and washed out of our bones.