White Owl Flies Into and Out of the Field

Alan Stringer

Mary Oliver

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Mary Oliver

Fairly Fast

Mezzo-Soprano

Piano

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
27 Slower, flexibly

then it rose, grace-fu-ly, and flew back to the fro-zen mar-shes, to lurk there,

29 like a lit-tle light-house, in the blue sha-dows, so I thought: may-be death is n't

32 dark-ness, af-ter all, but so much light wrap-ping it-self a-

- 5 -
round us, as soft as feathers, that we are instantly weary of looking, and shut out eyes, not without a
maze-ment, and let ourselves be carried, as

through the trans-lu-cence of mi-ca, 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.