Morning Poem

Alan Stringer

Mary Oliver

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Morning Poem

Mary Oliver

Under the orange
sticks of the sun the
heaped ashes of the night
turn into leaves
again

Every morning
the world is created.

Piano

fasten themselves to the
high branches--

and the ponds appear like
black cloth
on which are

Painted islands of
summer lilies.

If it is your
nature to be
happy
you
swim away along the soft trails for hours, your imagination alighting everywhere.

And if your spirit carries within it the thorn that is heavier than lead--

if it's all you can do to keep trudging--

there is still somewhere deep within a beast shouting that the earth is exactly each pond with its blazing lilies what it wanted--

is a prayer
whether or not heard and answered lavishly, every morning, you have ever

whether or not dared to be happy, whether or not you have ever dared to pray.