

You do not have to be good.  
You do not have to walk on your knees  
for a hundred miles through the desert  
You only have to let the soft animal of you  
love what it loves.  
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will  
Meanwhile the world goes on.  
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebble  
are moving across the landscapes,  
over the prairies and the deep trees,  
the mountains and the rivers.  
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clouds  
are heading home again.  
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely  
the world offers itself to your imagination  
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and  
over and over announcing your place  
in the family of things.



LARRY FANNING

Mary Oliver  
**Wild Geese**