

**June 10**

While I Am Writing a Poem to Celebrate Summer, the Meadowlark Begins to Sing, by Mary Oliver

*Mary Oliver, Owls and other Fantasies, pp 34-35*

Sixty-seven years, oh Lord, to look at the clouds,  
the trees in deep, moist summer,

daisies and morning glories  
opening every morning

their small, ecstatic faces-  
Or maybe I should just say

how I wish I had a voice  
like the meadowlark's

sweet, clear, and reliably  
slurring all day long..

from the fencepost, or the long grass  
where it lives

in a tiny but adequate grass hut  
beside the mullein and the everlasting,

the faint-pink roses  
that have never been improved, but come to bud

then open like little soft sighs  
under the meadowlark' whistles, its breath-praise,

its thrill-song, its anthem, its thanks, its  
alleluia. Alleluia, oh Lord.

