

## The Gift

I wanted to thank the mockingbird for the vigor of his song.

Every day he sang from the rim of the field, while I picked  
blueberries or just idled in the sun.

Every day he came fluttering by to show me, and why not,  
the white blossoms in this wings.

So one day I went there with a machine, and played some songs of  
Mahler.

The mockingbird stopped singing, he came close and seemed  
to listen.

Now when I go down to the field, a little Mahler spills  
through the sputters of his song.

How happy I am, lounging in the light, listening as the music  
floats by!

And I give thanks also for my mind, that thought of giving  
a gift.

And mostly I'm grateful that I take this world so seriously.

Mary Oliver  
House of Light  
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