

27 October 2018

## Mindful

Every Day  
I see or hear  
something  
that more or less

kills me  
with delight,  
that leaves me  
like a needle

in the haystack  
of light.  
It is what I was born for—  
to look, to listen,

to lose myself  
inside this soft world—  
to instruct myself  
over and over

in joy,  
and acclamation.  
Nor am I talking  
about the exceptional,

the fearful, the dreadful,  
the very extravagant—  
but of the ordinary,  
the common, the very drab

the daily presentations.  
Oh, good scholar,  
I say to myself,  
how can you help

but grow wise  
with such teachings  
as these—  
the untrimmable light

of the world,  
the ocean's shine,  
the prayers that are made  
out of grass?

- Mary Oliver