

August

By Mary Oliver

When the blackberries hang
swollen in the woods, in the brambles
nobody owns, I spend

5

all day among the high
branches, reaching
my ripped arms, thinking

10

of nothing, cramming
the black honey of summer
into my mouth; all day my body

15

accepts what it is. In the dark
creeks that run by there is
this thick paw of my life darting among

the black bells, the leaves; there is
this happy tongue.