

**Mary Oliver**  
**“Starlings in Winter”**

Chunky and noisy,  
but with stars in their black feathers,  
they spring from the telephone wire  
and instantly

they are acrobats  
in the freezing wind.  
And now, in the theater of air,  
they swing over buildings,  
  
dipping and rising;  
they float like one stippled star  
that opens,  
becomes for a moment fragmented,

then closes again;  
and you watch  
and you try  
but you simply can't imagine

how they do it  
with no articulated instruction, no pause,  
only the silent confirmation  
that they are this notable thing,

this wheel of many parts, that can rise and  
spin  
over and over again,  
full of gorgeous life.

Ah, world, what lessons you prepare for us,  
even in the leafless winter,  
even in the ashy city.  
I am thinking now  
of grief, and of getting past it;

I feel my boots  
trying to leave the ground,  
I feel my heart  
pumping hard. I want

to think again of dangerous and noble  
things.  
I want to be light and frolicsome.  
I want to be improbable beautiful and  
afraid of nothing,  
as though I had wings.