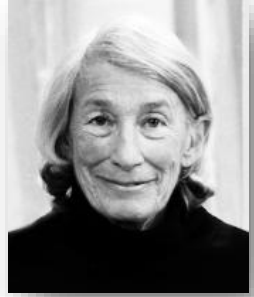


MARY OLIVER

1935-2019



The Journey

One day you finally knew
what you had to do, and began,
though the voices around you
kept shouting
5 their bad advice—
though the whole house
began to tremble
and you felt the old tug
at your ankles.
10 “Mend my life!”
each voice cried.
But you didn’t stop.
You knew what you had to do,
though the wind pried
15 with its stiff fingers
at the very foundations—
though their melancholy
was terrible.
It was already late
20 enough, and a wild night,
and the road full of fallen
branches and stones.
But little by little,
as you left their voices behind,
25 the stars began to burn
through the sheets of clouds,
and there was a new voice,
which you slowly
recognized as your own,
30 that kept you company
as you strode deeper and deeper
into the world,
determined to do

the only thing you could do—
35 determined to save
the only life you could save.

1986



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