

## At Blackwater Pond

By Mary Oliver

At Blackwater Pond the tossed waters have settled  
after a night rain.

I dip my cupped hands. I drink

a long time. It tastes

like stone, leaves, fire. It falls cold

into my body, waking the bones. I hear them

deep inside me, whispering

*oh what is that beautiful thing*

*that just happened?*