

Luna by Mary Oliver

In the early curtains
of the dusk
it flew,
a slow galloping

this way and that way
through the trees
and under the trees.
I live

in the open mindedness
of not knowing enough
about anything.

It was beautiful.

It was silent.
It didn't even have a mouth.
But it wanted something,
it had a purpose

and a few precious hours
to find it,
and I suppose it did.
The next evening

it lay on the ground
like a broken leaf
and didn't move,
which hurt my heart

which is another small thing
that doesn't know much.
When this happened it was about
the middle of summer,

which also has its purposes
and only so many precious hours.
How quietly,
and not with any assignment from us,

or even a small hint
of understanding,
everything that needs to be done
is done.

