

## 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.

