

## The Place I Want to Get Back To by Mary Oliver

The Place I want to get back to

is where  
in the pinewoods  
in the moments between  
the darkness

and first light  
two deer  
came walking down the hill  
and when they saw me

they said to each other, okay,  
this one is okay,  
let's see who she is  
and why she is sitting

on the ground, like that,  
so quiet, as if  
asleep, or in a dream,  
but, anyway, harmless;

and so they come  
on their slender legs  
and gazed upon me  
not unlike the way

I go out to the dunes and look  
and look and look  
into the faces of the flowers;  
and then one of them leaned forward

and nuzzled my hand, and what can my life  
bring me that could exceed  
that brief moment?  
For twenty years

I have gone every day to the same woods,  
not waiting, exactly, just lingering.  
Such gifts, bestowed,  
can't be repeated.

If you want to talk about this  
come to visit. I live in the house  
near the corner, which I have named  
Gratitude.