

**When I am among the trees** by Mary Oliver

When I am among the trees,  
especially the willows and the honey locust,  
equally the beech, the oaks, and the pines,  
they give off such hints of gladness.  
I would almost say that they save me, and daily.  
I am so distant from the hope of myself,  
in which I have goodness, and discernment,  
and never hurry through the world but walk slowly, and bow often.  
Around me the trees stir in their leaves and call out, "Stay awhile."  
The light flows from their branches.  
And they call again,  
"It's simple," they say, "and you, too,  
have come into the world to do this,  
to go easy, to be filled with light, and to shine."

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