

WHAT IS THE GREATEST GIFT?

by Mary Oliver

What is the greatest gift?
Could it be the world itself — the oceans, the meadowlark,
the patience of the trees in the wind?
Could it be love, with its sweet clamor of passion?

Something else — something else entirely
holds me in thrall.

That you have a life that I wonder about
more than I wonder about my own.

That you have a life — courteous, intelligent —
that I wonder about more than I wonder about my own.

That you have a soul — your own, no one else's —
that I wonder about more than I wonder about my own.

So that I find my soul clapping its hands for yours
more than my own.