

## THE SUMMER DAY

Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

This grasshopper, I mean—

the one who has flung herself out of the grass,  
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,  
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and  
down— who is gazing around with her enormous and  
complicated eyes. Now she lifts her pale forearms and  
thoroughly washes her face. Now she snaps her wings  
open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down  
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,  
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the  
fields, which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do  
with your one wild and precious life?

By Mary Oliver