**A Settlement** by Mary Oliver

**Look**, it’s spring. And last year’s loose dust has turned  
into this soft willingness. The wind-flowers have come  
up trembling, slowly the brackens are up-lifting their  
curvaceous and pale bodies. The thrushes have come  
home, none less than filled with mystery, sorrow,  
happiness, music, ambition.

**And** I am walking out into all of this with nowhere to  
go and no task undertaken but to turn the pages of  
this beautiful world over and over, in the world of my mind.

\* \* \*  
Therefore, dark past,  
I’m about to do it.  
I’m about to forgive you

**for everything.**

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