

## WILD, WILD

This is what love is:  
the dry rose bush the gardener, in his pruning, missed  
suddenly bursts into bloom.  
A madness of delight; an obsession.  
A holy gift, certainly.  
But often, alas, improbable.

Why couldn't Romeo have settled for someone else?  
Why couldn't Tristan and Isolde have refused  
the shining cup  
which would have left peaceful the whole kingdom?

Wild sings the bird of the heart in the forests  
of our lives.

Over and over Faust, standing in the garden, doesn't know  
anything that's going to happen, he only sees  
the face of Marguerite, which is irresistible.

And wild, wild sings the bird.

—Mary Oliver