

BAZOUGEY

Where goes he now, that dark little dog
 who used to come down the road barking and shining?
He's gone now, from the world of particulars,
 the singular, the visible.

So, that deepest sting: sorrow. Still,
 is he gone from us entirely, or is he
a part of that other world, everywhere?

Come with me into the woods where spring is
 advancing, as it does, no matter what,
not being singular or particular, but one
 of the forever gifts, and certainly visible.

See how the violets are opening, and the leaves
 unfolding, the streams gleaming and the birds
singing. What does it make you think of?
His shining curls, his honest eyes, his
 beautiful barking.

—Mary Oliver