

Greetings, Mary Oliver fans.

At our last meeting, we discussed Mary Oliver's poem **Bone**



*Understand,
I am always trying to figure out.
what the soul is, and where hidden,
and what shape.*

Patricia's suggestion for the April 16th is Oliver's poem, **The Rabbit**.

*it can't float away.
And the rain, everybody's brother,
won't help. And the wind all these days
flying like ten crazy sisters everywhere
can't seem to do a thing. No one but me,
and my hands like fire,
to lift him to a last burrow.*

2. Turning to the poem's middle:

How do you relate to this portion? When did you feel like the narrator, in healthcare or otherwise?

*while the body opens and begins
to boil. I remember
the leaping in the moonlight, and can't touch it,
wanting it miraculously
to heal and spring up
joyful.*

3. How do you interpret the final stanza of the poem? Does it bring you closure? A sense of deepened mystery? Hope?

*the day after I've shovelled
the earth over, in a field nearby
I find a small bird's nest lined pale
and silvery, and the chicks —
are you listening, death? — warm in the rabbit's fur.*

Our next meeting is Tuesday, April 16, 1:30-3:30 at D-349 Foul Bay Rd.

Please feel free to bring a friend.