

A Tribute to Mary Oliver

Mary Oliver stepped up onto
the burgundy-skirted stage,
like a daisy springing up
amidst crimson roses,
smiling brilliantly.
She was here to read
Her Poetry!

She was, as I expected,
intriguingly different,
yet simple as a peasant,
plain but elegant, wearing
jeans and a yellow shirt.
We're anticipating
Her Poetry!

Three shades of yellow
like the rays of the sun,
burgundy diamonds in the
background, all reflecting in
her glass of water.
She began to read
Her Poetry!

She was bent slightly by the
fullness of years, but seemed
young, and ended each poem on a
high note like there was more to come.
More to her than just
Her Poetry!

As she finished
the crowd clapped,
and the glass of water
with its many-colored
reflections became a trophy.
We loved
Her Poetry!