

*Blue Iris*  
*By Mary Oliver*

Now that I'm free to be myself, who am I?

Can't fly, can't run, and see how slowly I walk.

Well, I think, I can read books.

“What's that you're doing?”  
the green-headed fly shouts as it buzzes past.

I close the book.

Well, I can write down words, like these, softly.

“What's that you're doing?” whispers the wind, pausing  
in a heap just outside the window.

Give me a little time, I say back to its staring, silver face.  
it doesn't happen all of a sudden, you know.

“Doesn't it?” says the wind, and breaks open, releasing  
distillation of blue iris.

And my heart panics not to be, as I long to be,  
the empty, waiting, pure, speechless receptacle.