## MARY OLIVER

Oliver (1935) has won the Pulitzer Price and National Book Award for her poetry. She is a professor at Bennington College in Vermont

Wild Geese (From her book of poems Dream Work)

Listening Activity. Fill in the gaps.

You do not have to be good. You do not have to walk ...... your knees for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting. Meanwhile the sun and the ............ are moving across the landscapes, ..... pebbles of the rain the mountains and the rivers. Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air are heading ...... again. Whoever you are, no matter how ......the world offers itself to your imagination, calls to you ....... the wild geese, harsh and exciting-over and over announcing your ...... in the family of things.

Grammar Teams. Comment these items and find sentences which include the issues they pose.

You do not have to be good.

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting. [phonemic transcription + meaning + similar words?]
You only have to let the soft animal of your body love what it loves. [Look for the lyrics of Strawberry Hills]
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine. [phonemic transcription + kind of word]
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain [use of "the" in the poem]

are **moving across** the landscapes, over the prairies and the rivers, the mountains and the rivers. **Meanwhile** the wild geese, high in the clean blue air [cf. while/meanwhile, after/afterwards]

are heading home again.

Whoever you are, no matter how lonely, the world offers itself to your imagination, calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting--

**over and over** announcing your place in the family of **things**. [phonemic transcription]

Memorizing. Learn this poem by heart. Listen to its audio version at http://www.mujerpalabra.net/clasesytalleres/english/literature/oliver/oliver.htm

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for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and deep trees

over the prairies and deep trees, the mountains and the rivers.

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Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air are heading home again.

Whoever you are, no matter how lonely, the world offers itself to your imagination, calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting-over and over announcing your place in the family of things.