

Crossing the Swamp

Here is the endless
wet thick
 cosmos, the center
 of everything – the nugget
of dense sap, branching
vines, the dark burred
 faintly belching
 . . . bogs. Here
is *swamp*, here
is struggle,
 closure –
 pathless, seamless,
peerless mud. My bones
 knock together at the pale
 joints, trying
 for foothold, fingerhold,
mindhold over
 such slick crossings, deep
 hipholes, hummocks*
 that sink silently
into the black, slack
earthsoup. I feel
 not wet so much as
 painted and glittered
with the fat grassy
mires, the rich
 and succulent marrows
 of earth – a poor
dry stick given
 one more chance by the whims
 of swamp water – a bough
 that still, after all these years,
could take root,
 sprout, branch out, bud –
 make of its life a breathing
 palace of leaves.

*low mounds of earth

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The speaker's relationship to the swamp is _____, but also _____.

Poetic Techniques:

Diction:

Details:

Sound Devices:

Organization/Form: