

## **Cormorants**

All afternoon the sea was a muddle of birds  
black and spiky,  
long-necked, slippery.

Down they went  
into the waters for the poor  
blunt-headed silver  
they live on, for a little while.

God, how did it ever come to you to  
invent Time?

I dream at night  
of the birds, of the beautiful, dark seas  
they push through.

*-Mary Oliver*

*from the 2005 collection, Thirst*

*written after the death of her partner, Molly Malone Cook*