

# *Where Does the Temple Begin, Where Does It End?*

by Mary Oliver

*There are things you can't reach. But  
you can reach out to them, and all day long.*

*The wind, the bird flying away. The idea of God.*

*And it can keep you as busy as anything else, and happier.*

*The snake slides away; the fish jumps, like a little lily,  
out of the water and back in; the goldfinches sing  
from the unreachable top of the tree.*

*I look; morning to night I am never done with looking.*

*Looking I mean not just standing around, but standing around  
as though with your arms open.*

*And thinking: maybe something will come, some  
shining coil of wind,  
or a few leaves from any old tree —  
they are all in this too.*

*And now I will tell you the truth.  
Everything in the world  
comes.*

*At least, closer.*

*And, cordially.*

*Like the nibbling, tinsel-eyed fish; the unlooping snake.  
Like goldfinches, little dolls of gold  
fluttering around the corner of the sky  
of God, the blue air.*

*Use to accompany Our Journey Visio Divina Reflection*