



# The Truro Bear and Other Adventures: Poems and Essays

*Mary Oliver*

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

# The Truro Bear and Other Adventures: Poems and Essays

Mary Oliver

## The Truro Bear and Other Adventures: Poems and Essays Mary Oliver

From a poet who teaches us the beauty and magic of the natural world comes a reminder that this world includes "the creatures, with their / thick fur, their shy and wordless gaze. Their / infallible sense of what their lives / are meant to be."

In *The Truro Bear and Other Adventures*, Mary Oliver brings together ten new poems, thirty-five of her classic poems, and two essays, all about mammals, insects, and reptiles. The award-winning poet considers beasts of all kinds: bears, snakes, spiders, porcupines, humpback whales, hermit crabs, and, of course, her beloved and disobedient little dog, Percy, who appears and even speaks in thirteen poems, the closing section of this volume.

As Renée Loth has observed in the *Boston Globe*, "Mary Oliver, who won the Pulitzer Prize in poetry in 1983, is my choice for her joyous, accessible, intimate observations of the natural world . . . She teaches us the profound act of paying attention."

## The Truro Bear and Other Adventures: Poems and Essays Details

Date : Published October 1st 2008 by Beacon Press (first published January 1st 2008)

ISBN : 9780807068847

Author : Mary Oliver

Format : Hardcover 80 pages

Genre : Poetry, Writing, Essays, Environment, Nature, Animals, Literature, 21st Century

 [Download The Truro Bear and Other Adventures: Poems and Essays ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Truro Bear and Other Adventures: Poems and Essays ...pdf](#)

**Download and Read Free Online The Truro Bear and Other Adventures: Poems and Essays Mary Oliver**

---

## From Reader Review The Truro Bear and Other Adventures: Poems and Essays for online ebook

### **Peycho Kanev says**

#### The Other Kingdoms

Consider the other kingdoms. The  
trees, for example, with their mellow-sounding  
titles: oak, aspen, willow.  
Or the snow, for which the peoples of the north  
have dozens of words to describe its  
different arrivals. Or the creatures, with their  
thick fur, their shy and wordless gaze. Their  
infallible sense of what their lives  
are meant to be. Thus the world  
grows rich, grows wild, and you too,  
grow rich, grow sweetly wild, as you too  
were born to be.

#### Black Snake

I startled a young black snake: he  
flew over the grass and hid his face

under a leaf, the rest of him in plain sight.  
Little brother, often I've done the same.

---

### **Bryan says**

I've read this book as a break from Thoreau's *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. I smiled when I learned that I can't escape from Concord with this book as it also talks about our nature (flora and fauna). In fact, a line from Thoreau's *Concord* was mentioned by Mary Oliver in this book. I just kept on reading since I'm a nature lover—though not as avid as the two poets.

Truro is a simple book about our animal friends. What they do, how they get by, what they think and even what they say. Her poems are not complicated. They are pure, true to itself and 'eco-friendly'. Obviously, Oliver is a nature lover (I'm not sure if she's a natural historian) and admirer of words! Her words are gentle, pristine and compelling—just like how nature should be.

After reading this book, I asked myself, who are we in this world? We're part of nature yet we destroy it. We are nature yet we abuse it. If we are the highest life form in this world, why is it that we act so lowly—we have brains yet it is our "lower" animal friends who understand and know how to become a human being.

---

## David says

There are so many wonderful stories out there and I have read many poets who show much talent and creativity. Real talent, however, is evident when one finds a collection of poems that speaks to the heart and walks with one's soul. Nature provides such a wonderful canvas for creativity and acts almost like God's poetry if we just take the time to appreciate it. This collection shows the joy, beauty, and the precious gift that animals and nature truly are and is easily one of my all time favorites ???

---

## Jsarno49 says

This is a delightful collection of poems by Mary Oliver. For those of us who live in rural areas, her poetry reveals the reverence and joy of living surrounded by wildlife. In "Five A.M. in the Pinewoods" she describes her meeting with two deer. She concludes, "I was thinking:/so this is how you swim inward,/so this is how you flow outward,/so this is how you pray." She also includes 13 Percy poems about their new dog. These will bring a smile to any dog lover's face.

---

## Heather Bradley says

The last 10 poems about Percy, her dog, make the book a worthy buy! This is one I will go to again and again.

---

## Laura says

When I first opened this volume, I did not realize it included a number of previously published poems so I was surprised as I recognized a few. But Oliver's words, images and humor are always a pleasure, sometimes even more so the second or third time around.

My new favorites: carrying the snake to the garden, Swimming with otter, and the Percy poems.

I am so grateful that Oliver's poems and essays continue to anchor me to the earth and encourage my flights with the birds.

---

## Eunice Moral says

I definitely loved the Percy poems!

---

## Robin says

Mary Oliver's poetry is like walking with a close friend while talking about all those things that "other" people would find a little strange.

---

## David says

“Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?”

---

## Snickerdoodle says

Mary Oliver's poetry lifts me, calms me, transports me to a place I've never been or to one I haven't been since a child ... and then shows me feelings I recognize but never quite knew how to express. As is to be expected, some poems will always be more resonant than others. Books of poetry aren't read like a novel. If you're racing through it, you're missing much of it. This book is anchored in her love and regard for animals. Their importance to the grand scheme of things is their own, of course, but we gain so much from our awareness of them, of nature.

---

## Chloe Burns says

beautiful, as always. mary oliver you make my heart so full.

---

## Smitha Murthy says

Awww, Mary Oliver's observation of nature humbles me. The collection of poems here includes one of my favorites - and the essay on the spider reminds me of just what I do here in my home. I have a spider spinning its web, and I just can't seem to sweep it away.

---

## Joshua Delos reyes says

### Black Snake

I startled a black snake: he  
flew over the grass and hid his face

under a leaf, the rest of him in plain sight.  
Little brother, often I've done the same.

Mary Oliver's *The Truro Bear and Other Adventures; Poems and Essays* taught me the simple pleasures of noticing.  
Just noticing.

*Listen, whatever it is you try  
to do with your life, nothing will ever dazzle you  
like the dreams of your body,*

*its spirit  
longing to fly while the dead-weight bones  
toss their dark mane and hurry  
back into the fields of glittering fire*

*where everything,  
even the great whale,  
throbs with song.*

---

## **Cynthia Egbert says**

What can I say? I have made it clear how much I love Mary Oliver and this collection is no different. I am including the poems from this collection that I just cannot live without and want to be able to reference again. However, the best part of this collection for me was the essay titled Swoon. I may have to type that one out for myself because it is so beautiful and...it is about a spider!

### **The Other Kingdoms**

Consider the other kingdoms. The trees, for example, with their mellow-sounding titles: oak, aspen, willow.

Or the snow, for which the peoples of the north have dozens of words to describe its different arrivals. Or the creatures, with their thick fur, their shy and wordless gaze. Their infallible sense of what their lives are meant to be. Thus the world grows rich, grows wild, and you too, grow rich, grow sweetly wild, as you too were born to be.

### **Whelks**

Here are the perfect fans of the scallops, quahogs, and weedy mussels still holding their orange fruit – and here are the whelks – whirlwinds, each the size of a fist, but always cracked and broken – clearly they have been travelling under the sky-blue waves for a long time.

All my life

I have been restless –

I have felt there is something more wonderful than gloss –

than wholeness –

than staying at home.

I have not been sure what it is.

But every morning on the wide shore

I pass what is perfect and shining  
to look for the whelks, whose edges  
have rubbed so long against the world  
they have snapped and crumbled –  
they have almost vanished,  
with the last relinquishing  
of their unrepeatable energy,  
back into everything else.  
When I find one  
I hold it in my hand,  
I look out over that shanking fire,  
I shut my eyes. Not often,  
but now and again there's a moment  
when the heart cries aloud:  
yes, I am willing to be  
that wild darkness,  
that long, blue body of light.

#### The Gift

After the wind-bruised sea  
furrowed itself back  
into the folds of blue, I found  
in the black wrack

a shell called the Neptune -  
tawny and white,  
spherical,  
with a tail

and a tower  
and a dark door,  
and all of it  
no larger

than my fist.  
It looked, you might say,  
very expensive.  
I thought of its travels

in the Atlantic's  
wind-pounded bowl  
and wondered  
that it was still intact.

Ah yes, there was  
that door  
that held only the eventual, inevitable  
emptiness.

There's that - there's always that.  
Still, what a house

to leave behind!  
I held it

like the wisest of books  
and imagined  
its travels toward my hand.  
And now, your hand.

The Summer Day  
Who made the world?  
Who made the swan, and the black bear?  
Who made the grasshopper?  
This grasshopper, I mean-  
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,  
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,  
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down-  
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.  
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.  
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.  
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.  
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down  
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,  
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,  
which is what I have been doing all day.  
Tell me, what else should I have done?  
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?  
Tell me, what is it you plan to do  
with your one wild and precious life?

Percy (One)  
Our new dog, named for the beloved poet,  
Ate a book which unfortunately we had  
Left unguarded.  
Fortunately it was the Bhagavad Gita,  
Of which many copies are available.  
Every day now, as Percy grows  
Into the beauty of his life, we touch  
His wild, curly head and say,

“Oh, wisest of little dogs.”

Percy and Books (Eight)  
Percy does not like it when I read a book.  
He puts his face over the top of it and moans.  
He rolls his eyes, sometimes he sneezes.  
The sun is up, he says, and the wind is down.  
The tide is out and the neighbor's dogs are playing.  
But Percy, I say, Ideas! The elegance of language!  
The insights, the funniness, the beautiful stories  
that rise and fall and turn into strength, or courage.  
Books? says Percy. I ate one once, and it was enough. Let's go.

## Cheryl says

I find little new gems every time, every way, every line, every breath. I read somewhere about the repetition required from certain religions; every week, the lord's prayer, every week the vowing to be a good catholic. I finally get it. The bolded I could read and read over and again and need to say out loud.

### The Other Kingdoms

Consider the other kingdoms.

The trees, for example, with their mellow-sounding titles:  
oak, aspen, willow. Or the snow, for which the peoples  
of the north have dozens of words to describe  
its different arrivals. Or the creatures,  
with their thick fur, their shy and wordless gaze.

**Their infallible sense of what their lives are meant to be.  
Thus the world grows rich, grows wild, and you too,  
grow rich, grow sweetly wild, as you too were born to be.**

### Humpbacks

**There is, all around us, this country of original fire.  
You know what I mean.  
The sky, after all, stops at nothing,  
so something has to be holding our bodies  
in its rich and timeless stables or else we would fly away.**

Off Stellwagen off the Cape, the humpbacks rise.  
Carrying their tonnage of barnacles and joy  
they leap through the water, they nuzzle back under it like children  
at play. They sing, too. And not for any reason you can't imagine.  
Three of them rise to the surface near the bow of the boat,  
then dive deeply, their huge scarred flukes tipped to the air.

We wait, not knowing just where it will happen;  
suddenly they smash through the surface,  
someone begins shouting for joy and you realize  
it is yourself as they surge upward and you see  
for the first time how huge they are, as they breach,  
and dive, and breach again through the shining blue flowers  
of the split water and you see them for some unbelievable  
part of a moment against the sky—

like nothing you've ever imagined— like the myth  
of the fifth morning galloping out of darkness,  
pouring heavenward, spinning; then they crash back  
under those black silks and we all fall back  
together into that wet fire, you know what I mean.  
I know a captain who has seen them playing with seaweed,

swimming through the green islands,  
tossing the slippery branches into the air. I

know a whale that will come to the boat  
whenever she can, and nudge it gently along  
the bow with her long flipper. **I know several lives worth living.**  
**Listen, whatever it is you try to do with your life,**

**nothing will ever dazzle you like the dreams of your body,**  
**its spirit longing to fly while the dead-weight bones toss**  
**their dark mane and hurry back into the fields of glittering**  
**fire where everything, even the great whale, throbs with song.**

Whelks

Here are the perfect fans of the scallops,  
quahogs, and weedy mussels  
still holding their orange fruit—  
and here are the whelks— whirlwinds,  
each the size of a fist, but **always cracked and broken**  
— **clearly they have been traveling under the sky-blue waves for a long time.**

*All my life I have been restless— I have felt  
there is something more wonderful than gloss  
— than wholeness— than staying at home.*  
**I have not been sure what it is. But every morning  
on the wide shore I pass what is perfect and shining  
to look for the whelks, whose edges have rubbed  
so long against the world they have snapped and crumbled—  
they have almost vanished, with the last relinquishing  
of their unrepeatable energy, back into everything else.**  
**When I find one I hold it in my hand, I look out over that shaking fire,  
I shut my eyes. Not often, but now and again  
there's a moment when the heart cries aloud:  
yes, I am willing to be  
that wild darkness,  
that long, blue body of light.**

The Truro Bear

**But the seed has been planted, and when has happiness ever required much evidence to begin its leaf-  
green breathing?**

Pipefish

**I opened my hands— like a promise I would keep my whole life, and have— and let it go. I tell you this  
in case you have yet to wade  
into the green and purple shallows where the diminutive pipefish wants to go on living. I tell you this  
against everything you are— your human heart, your hands passing over the world, gathering and  
closing, so dry and slow.**

## The Summer Day

Who made the world? Who made the swan, and the black bear?  
Who made the grasshopper? This grasshopper, I mean—  
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,  
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,  
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down—  
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.  
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.  
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.  
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.  
I do know how to pay attention,  
how to fall down into the grass,  
how to kneel down in the grass,  
how to be idle and blessed,  
how to stroll through the fields,  
which is what I have been doing all day.  
Tell me, what else should I have done?  
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?  
*Tell me, what is it you plan to do  
with your one wild and precious life?*

---