

## *Going to Walden*

**Mary Oliver**

It isn't very far as highways lie.  
I might be back by nightfall, having seen  
The rough pines, and the stones, and the clear water.  
Friends argue that I might be wiser for it.  
They do not hear that far-off Yankee whisper:  
How dull we grow from hurrying here and there!

Many have gone, and think me half a fool  
To miss a day in the cool country.  
Maybe. But in a book I read and cherish,  
Going to Walden is not so easy a thing  
As a green visit. It is the slow and difficult  
Trick of living, and finding it where you are.