

MAY 31ST, 2018

## "Angels," Mary Oliver

You might see an angel anytime and anywhere. Of course you have to open your eyes to a kind of second level, but it's not really hard. The whole business of what's reality and what isn't has never been solved and probably never will be. So I don't care to be too definite about anything. I have a lot of edges called Perhaps and almost nothing you can call Certainty. For myself, but not for other people. That's a place you just can't get into, not entirely anyway, other people's heads.

I'll just leave you with this. I don't care how many angels can dance on the head of a pin. It's enough to know that for some people they exist, and that they dance.