

# Self-Portrait by Mary Oliver

I wish I was twenty and in love with life  
and still full of beans.

Onward, old legs!  
There are the long, pale dunes; on the other side  
the roses are blooming and finding their labor  
no adversity to the spirit.

Upward, old legs! There are the roses, and there is the sea  
shining like a song, like a body  
I want to touch

though I'm not twenty  
and won't be again but ah! Seventy. And still  
in love with life. And still full of beans.