

ROBERT BLY

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*The Milkweed Pod*

Maybe you've heard the story about the boy  
Who came floating down here on a milkweed pod.  
He landed in a field. There wasn't much in his pockets  
When he looked—a claim check for a parcel, but no name.

He put on his shoes and started walking.  
Finally an old woman said to him: "You know up ahead  
There's a mountain—maybe you belong there.  
If you see an elk that looks good, talk to him."

He kept on the lookout. It took a while. One day,  
He saw an elk peeking out from a cave. The elk said:  
"You aren't their son any longer anyway.  
You are the child of whoever first told stories."