

# [PDF] Stag's Leap: Poems

Sharon Olds - pdf download free book

---



**Books Details:**  
Title: Stag's Leap: Poems  
Author: Sharon Olds  
Released: 2012-09-04  
Language:  
Pages: 112  
ISBN: 0375712259  
ISBN13: 978-0375712258  
ASIN: 0375712259

[CLICK HERE FOR DOWNLOAD](#)

---

pdf, mobi, epub, azw, kindle

## Description:

**About the Author** SHARON OLDS was born in San Francisco and educated at Stanford and Columbia universities. Her first book, *Satan Says* (1980), received the inaugural San Francisco Poetry Center Award. Her second, *The Dead and the Living*, was both the Lamont Poetry Selection for 1983 and winner of the National Book Critics Circle Award. *The Father* was short-listed for the T. S. Eliot Prize in England, and *The Unswept Room* was a finalist for the National Book Award and the National Book Critics Circle Award. Olds teaches in the Graduate Creative Writing Program at New York University and is one of the founders of NYU's writing workshops for residents of Goldwater Hospital, and for veterans who served in Iraq and Afghanistan.

**Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. The Last Hour**

Suddenly, the last hour  
before he took me to the airport, he stood up,  
bumping the table, and took a step  
toward me, and like a figure in an early  
science fiction movie he leaned  
forward and down, and opened an arm,  
knocking my breast, and he tried to take some  
hold of me, I stood and we stumbled,  
and then we stood, around our core, his  
hoarse cry of awe, at the center,  
at the end, of our life. Quickly, then,  
the worst was over, I could comfort him,  
holding his heart in place from the back  
and smoothing it from the front, his own  
life continuing, and what had  
bound him, around his heart—and bound him  
to me—now lying on and around us,  
sea-water, rust, light, shards,  
the little eternal curls of eros  
beaten out straight.

**Stag's Leap**

Then the drawing on the label of our favorite red wine  
looks like my husband, casting himself off a  
cliff in his fervor to get free of me.  
His fur is rough and cozy, his face  
placid, tranced, ruminant,  
the bough of each furculum reaches back  
to his haunches, each tine of it grows straight up  
and branches, like a model of his brain, archaic,  
unwieldy. He bears its bony tray  
level as he soars from the precipice edge,  
dreamy. When anyone escapes, my heart  
leaps up. Even when it's I who am escaped from,  
I am half on the side of the leaver. It's so quiet,  
and empty, when he's left. I feel like a landscape,  
a ground without a figure. *Sauve*  
*qui peut*—let those who can save themselves  
save themselves. Once I saw a drypoint of someone  
tiny being crucified  
on a fallow deer's antlers. I feel like his victim,  
and he seems my victim, I worry that the outstretched  
legs on the hart are bent the wrong way as he  
throws himself off. Oh my mate. I was vain of his  
faithfulness, as if it was  
a compliment, rather than a state  
of partial sleep. And when I wrote about him, did he

feel he had to walk around  
carrying my books on his head like a stack of  
posture volumes, or the rack of horns  
hung where a hunter washes the venison  
down with the sauvignon? Oh leap,  
leap! Careful of the rocks! Does the old  
vow have to wish him happiness  
in his new life, even sexual  
joy? I fear so, at first, when I still  
can't tell us apart. Below his shaggy  
belly, in the distance, lie the even dots  
of a vineyard, its vines not blasted, its roots  
clean, its bottles growing at the ends of their  
blowpipes as dark, green, wavering groans.

### **My Son's Father's Smile**

In my sleep, our son, as a child, said,  
of his father, *he smiled me*—as if into  
existence, into the family built around the  
young lives which had come from the charged  
bouquets, the dense oasis. That smile,  
those years, well what can a body say, I have  
been in the absolute present of a fragrant  
ignorance. And to live in those rooms,  
where one of his smiles might emerge, like something  
almost from another place,  
another time, another set  
of creatures, was to feel blessed, and to be  
held in mysteriousness, and a little  
in mourning. The thinness of his lips gave it  
a simplicity, like a child's drawing  
of a smile—a footbridge, turned over on its back, or seen  
under itself, in water—and the archer's  
bow gave it a curved unerring  
symmetry, a shot to the heart. I look back on that un-  
clouded face yet built of cloud,  
and that waning crescent moon, that look  
of deep, almost sad, contentment, and know myself  
lucky, that I had out the whole  
night of a half-life in that archaic  
hammock, in a sky whose darkness is fading, that  
first dream, from which I am now waking. --This text refers to the edition.

---

- Title: Stag's Leap: Poems
  - Author: Sharon Olds
  - Released: 2012-09-04
  - Language:
  - Pages: 112
  - ISBN: 0375712259
  - ISBN13: 978-0375712258
  - ASIN: 0375712259
-