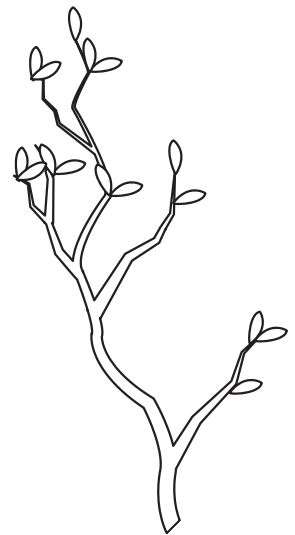


# **THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS**



by Wendell Berry

WHEN DESPAIR FOR THE WORLD GROWS IN ME  
AND I WAKE IN THE NIGHT AT THE LEAST SOUND  
IN FEAR OF WHAT MY LIFE AND MY CHILDREN'S LIVES MIGHT BE,  
I GO AND LIE DOWN WHERE THE WOOD DRAKE  
RESTS IN HIS BEAUTY ON THE WATER,  
AND THE GREAT HERON FEEDS.  
I COME INTO THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS  
WHO DO NOT TAX THEIR LIVES WITH FORETHOUGHT  
OF GRIEF. I COME INTO THE PRESENCE OF STILL WATER.  
AND I FEEL ABOVE ME THE DAY-BLIND STARS  
WAITING WITH THEIR LIGHT. FOR A TIME  
I REST IN THE GRACE OF THE WORLD, AND AM FREE.



## **WHAT BRINGS YOU PEACE?**

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