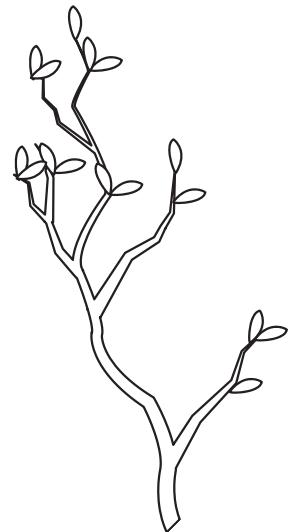


THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS



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?
