

*Wendell Berry, in some lines entitled "The Peace of Wild Things,"
says it about as well as it can be put into words.*

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 may become,
I go and lay down where the wood-drake
Rests in his beauty on the water,
And where 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.