

**The Peace of Wild Things** – 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 may  
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.