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## *The Peace of Wild Things*

*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.*

*Poem by Wendell Berry*

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