

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 CHILDRENS 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