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## *from* Sabbaths

Wendell Berry

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*4 from Sabbaths*

## II.

The pasture, bleached and cold two weeks ago,  
Begins to grow in the spring light and rain;  
The new grass trembles under the wind's flow.  
The flock, barn-weary, comes to it again,  
New to the lambs, a place their mothers know,  
Welcoming, bright, and savory in its green,  
So fully does the time recover it.  
Nibbles of pleasure go all over it.

## III.

Thrush song, stream song, holy love  
That flows through earthly forms and folds,  
The song of Heaven's Sabbath fleshed  
In throat and ear, in stream and stone,  
A grace living here as we live,  
Move my mind now to that which holds  
Things as they change.

The warmth has come.

The doors have opened. Flower and song  
Embroider ground and air, lead me  
Beside the healing field that waits;  
Growth, death, and a restoring form  
Of human use will make it well.  
But I go on, beyond, higher  
In the hill's fold, forget the time  
I come from and go to, recall  
This grove left out of all account,  
A place enclosed in song.

Design

Now falls from thought. I go amazed  
Into the maze of a design  
That mind can follow but not know,  
Apparent, plain, and yet unknown,  
The outline lost in earth and sky.  
What form wakens and rumples this?  
Be still. A man who seems to be  
A gardener rises out of the ground,  
Stands like a tree, shakes off the dark,  
The bluebells opening at his feet,  
The light one figured cloth of song.

## IV.

*To Mary*

A child unborn, the coming year  
Grows big within us, dangerous,  
And yet we hunger as we fear  
For its increase: the blunted bud

To free the leaf to have its day,  
The unborn to be born. The ones  
Who are to come are on their way,  
And though we stand in mortal good

Among our dead, we turn in doom  
In joy to welcome them, stirred by  
That Ghost who stirs in seed and tomb,  
Who brings the stones to parenthood.

## VIII.

The dark around us, come,  
Let us meet here together,  
Members one of another,  
Here in our holy room,

Here on our little floor,  
Here in the daylit sky,  
Rejoicing mind and eye,  
Rejoining known and knower,

Light, leaf, foot, hand, and wing,  
Such order as we know,  
One household, high and low,  
And all the earth shall sing.

—Wendell Berry