

Good Morning Mr. Wendell Berry

*for Wendell Berry
whose pages weigh
10,000 Ezra Pounds
upon my Kentucky home*

Sun rises over the farm.
The air is crisp, fresh,
and feels like a baby's skin.
The good earth is worked,
borrowed, tended to, loved.

There stands
 Mr. Wendell Berry

with his pen and his plow,
breaking mind and back –
cracking each wide open
so that light may spill into fields,
contacting what lay dormant there.