

The Cold

by Wendell Berry

*How exactly good it is
to know myself
in the solitude of winter,*

*my body containing its own
warmth, divided from all
by the cold; and to go*

*separate and sure
among the trees cleanly
divided, thinking of you*

*perfect too in your solitude,
your life withdrawn into
your own keeping*

*to be clear, poised
in perfect self-suspension
toward you, as though frozen.*

*And having known fully the
goodness of that, it will be
good also to melt.*