

## **Before Dark**

by Wendell Berry

From the porch at dusk I watched  
a kingfisher wild in flight  
he could only have made for joy.

He came down the river, splashing  
against the water's dimming face  
like a skipped rock, passing

on down out of sight. And still  
I could hear the splashes  
farther and farther away

as it grew darker. He came back  
the same way, dusky as his shadow,  
sudden beyond the willows.

The splashes went on out of hearing.  
It was dark then. Somewhere  
the night had accommodated him

—at the place he was headed for  
or where, led by his delight,  
he came.