

**Goods** by Wendell Berry

It's the immemorial feelings  
I like the best: hunger, thirst,  
their satisfaction; work-weariness,  
earned rest; the falling again  
from loneliness to love;  
the green growth the mind takes  
from the pastures in March;  
The gayety in the stride  
of a good team of Belgian mares  
that seems to shudder from me  
through all my ancestry.