

## Look Out

Come to the window, look out, and see  
the valley turning green in remembrance  
of all springs past and to come, the woods  
perfecting with immortal patience  
the leaves that are the work of all of time,  
the sycamore whose white limbs shed  
the history of a man's life with their old bark,  
the river quivering under the morning's breath  
like the touched skin of a horse, and you will see  
also the shadow cast upon it by fire, the war  
that lights its way by burning the earth.

Come to your windows, people of the world,  
look out at whatever you see wherever you are,  
and you will see dancing upon it that shadow.  
You will see that your place, wherever it is,  
your house, your garden, your shop, your forest, your farm,  
bears the shadow of its destruction by war  
which is the economy of greed which is plunder  
which is the economy of wrath which is fire.  
The Lords of War sell the earth to buy fire,  
they sell the water and air of life to buy fire.  
They are little men grown great by willingness  
to drive whatever exists into its perfect absence.  
Their intention to destroy any place is solidly founded  
upon their willingness to destroy every place.

Every household of the world is at their mercy,  
the households of the farmer and the otter and the owl  
are at their mercy. They have no mercy.  
Having hate, they can have no mercy.  
Their greed is the hatred of mercy.  
Their pockets jingle with the small change of the poor.  
Their power is the willingness to destroy  
everything for knowledge which is money  
which is power which is victory  
which is ashes sown by the wind.

Leave your windows and go out, people of the world,  
go into the streets, go into the fields, go into the woods  
and along the streams. Go together, go alone.  
Say no to the Lords of War which is Money  
which is Fire. Say no by saying yes  
to the air, to the earth, to the trees,  
yes to the grasses, to the rivers, to the birds  
and the animals and every living thing, yes  
to the small houses, yes to the children. Yes.

-by Wendell Berry (in *Given*, published 2005)