

April 19, 2006

Welcome to "3rd Wednesday" for the TriBakery group.

Every third Wednesday of the month at the TriBakery group we postpone our normal group discussion so we can grow not only by the content discussed but likewise through the friendships formed. So get something to eat, and something to drink, sit down and introduce yourself to those around you. We hope you brought some of your work. Feel free to show it to those around you. If you are having trouble finding something to talk about perhaps the poem below could help stir discussion or in the very least it could make you think?

Enjoy,
Kirk

Poem:

I go among trees and sit still.
All my stirring becomes quiet
around me like circles on water.
My tasks lie in their places
where I left them, asleep like cattle.

Then what is afraid of me comes
and lives a while in my sight.
What it fears in me leaves me,
and the fear of me leaves it.
It sings, and I hear its song.

Then what I am afraid of comes.
I live for a while in its sight.
What I fear in it leaves it,
and the fear of it leaves me.
It sings, and I hear its song.

After days of labor,
mute in my consternations,
I hear my song at last,
and I sing it. As we sing,
the day turns, the trees move.

Wendell Berry, "1979 - #1", [A Timbered Choir: The Sabbath Poems 1979-1997](#)