

### Three Elegiac Poems (the third)

III.

He goes free of the earth.  
The sun of his last day sets  
clear in the sweetness of his liberty.

The earth recovers from his dying,  
the hallow of his life remaining  
in all his death leaves.

Radiances know him. Grown lighter  
than breath, he is set free  
in our remembering. Grown brighter

than vision, he goes dark  
into the life of the hill  
that holds his peace.

He's hidden among all that is,  
and cannot be lost.

~ Wendell Berry