

Husbandry

Hugh Findlay

— *For my friend, Wendell Berry,
who does not know me*

Cutting down the young Elder because it
grew where it did not belong

I executed the task adroitly,
a surgical chop and done

It was just a sprigly thing, too young to
resist or make much complaint

Flouncing down like a pillow, resolute
on the pine straw bed of my yard

How sad and lovely, I thought to myself,
I kill and keep on breathing