

Remembering the Amish

And I have seen them coming home on summer
nights
Or bent above the washbowl in the kitchen,
Haloed in the window by the low sun's leaving;
Soft voices in the fields of gentle men with horses.

And in the town they walk their own way,
As though a reverence for what lies beneath their
feet
Is in their shoes, and in their eyes a peace
No man may buy and few have ever found.

And sometimes when I meet them I feel like him
who went
With all his father's wealth and lived in laughter far
away
And woke one day to find he'd nothing left.
I feel like turning just like him for home -

That I may also start again.