

Wendell Berry, *Father Louis and Beauty of Lost Causes*

By Dan Carpenter

The exemplary life
must be lived by some
One

Each of us loves or thinks about loving
a girl who shared our gray sheets off campus
a man we might have asked "Is this seat taken?"
Each of us aches for the child who died
becoming us
Each yearns and grieves for the guide

I know a farmer-poet who works horses between strip mines
and powerplant smokestacks
He husbands words whose shape and fate
are as snowflakes

He knew Merton
stopped in from down the road
walked the homely hillside
Kentucky men making talk
I'd die to overhear
pausing for the thunder of the bombers
sowing every so many strides
silence and laughter

Dan Carpenter, columnist for *The Indianapolis Star*, is author of the poetry collection *More Than I Could See* (2009) and has published poetry in *Poetry East*, *Illuminations*, *Pearl*, *Xavier Review*, *Tipton Poetry Journal* and elsewhere; his fiction has appeared in *The Laurel Review*, *Sycamore Review*, *Fiction*, *Hopewell Review* and other journals; a collection of his columns, *Hard Pieces: Dan Carpenter's Indiana*, was published in 1993.